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Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"'Tis Spring, and 'tis Snowing."

'Tis spring and 'tis snowing,
The little child said,
I thought that the cold days were over,
But the snow is blowing
All over the bed,
Where I looked for the daisy and clover.

The robin's sweet singing
This morning I heard,
When the sun was shining so brightly;
What sorrow 'tis bringing
The dear, gentle bird,
With its little heart beating so lightly.

'Tis so cold and so lonely,
Why what will it do,
When I in my warm bed am sleeping?
Sweet bird, if you only
The little girl knew,
I know you would come to her keeping.

Yet it would not listen
To the little girl's words,
But flew far away o'er the meadow;
And bright tears would glisten
For the little cold birds,
And cast o'er the young heart a shadow.

But cunningly hidden
In a last year's nest,
Where the cold wind the dead leaves was bringing,
It will stay until bidden,—
The pretty red breast—
By the sun, to begin its glad singing.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GRAY.

Select Literature.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER

—OF—

OXNEY COLNE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

IN the parish of Oxney Colne there are only two decent houses. The larger and better is the parsonage, in which lived the parson and his daughter; and the smaller is the freehold residence of a certain Miss Le Smyrger who was an old maid, with a pedigree and blood of her own, a hundred and thirty acres of fee simple land on the borders of Dartmoor, fifty years of age, a constitution of iron, and an opinion of her own on every subject under the sun.

And now for the parson and his daughter. The parson's name was Woolsworthy — or Woolathy as it was pronounced by those who lived around him—the Rev. Saul Woolsworthy; and his daughter was Patience Woolsworthy, or Miss Patty, as she was known to the Devonshire world of those parts. That name of Patience had not been well chosen for her, for she was a hot-tempered damsel, warm in her convictions, and inclined to express them freely. She had but two closely intimate friends in the world, and by both of them this freedom of expression had been fully permitted to her since she was a child. Miss Le Smyrger and her father were well accustomed to her ways, and on the whole well satisfied with them. The former was equally free and equally warm-tempered as herself, and as Mr. Woolsworthy was allowed by his daughter to be quite paramount on his own subject—for he had a subject—he did not object to his daughter being paramount on all others. A pretty girl was Patience Woolsworthy at the time of which I am writing, and one who possessed much that was worthy of remark and admiration had she lived where beauty meets with admiration, or where force of character is remarked. But at Oxney Colne, on the borders of Dartmoor, there were few to appreciate her, and it seemed as though she herself had but little idea of carrying her talent further afield, so that it might not remain forever wrapped in a blanket.

She was a pretty girl, tall and slender, with dark eyes and black hair. Her eyes were perhaps too round for regular beauty, and her hair was perhaps too crisp; her mouth was large and expressive; her nose was finely formed, though a critic in female form might have declared it to be somewhat broad. But her countenance altogether was very attractive—if only it might be seen without that resolution for dominion which occasionally marred it, though sometimes it even added to her attractions.

It must be confessed on behalf of Patience Woolsworthy that the circumstances of her life had peremptorily called upon her to exercise dominion. She had lost her mother when she was sixteen, and had neither brother nor sister. She had no neighbors near her fit either from education or rank to interfere in the conduct of her life, excepting always Miss Le Smyrger. Miss Le Smyrger would have done anything for her, including the whole management of her morals and of the parsonage household, had Patience been content with such an arrangement. But much as Patience had ever loved Miss Le Smyrger, she was not content with this, and therefore she had been called on to put forth a strong hand of her own. She had put forth this strong hand early, and hence had come the character which I am attempting to describe. But I must say on behalf of this girl that it was not only over others that she thus exercised dominion. In acquiring that power she had also acquired the much greater power of exercising rule over herself.

She had taken her outlook into life, weighing the things which she had and those which she had not, in a manner very unusual, and, as a rule, not always desirable for a young lady. The things which she had not were very many. She had not society; she had not a fortune; she had not any assurance of future means of livelihood; she had not high hope of procuring for herself a position in life by marriage; she had not that excitement and pleasure in life which she read of in such books as found their way down to Oxney Colne Parsonage. It would be easy to add to the list of the things which she had not; and this list against herself she made out with the utmost vigor. The things which she had, or those rather which she assured herself of having, were much more easily counted. She had the birth and education of a lady, the strength of a healthy woman, and a will of her own. Such was the list as she made it out for herself, and I protest that I assert no more than the truth in saying that she never added to it either beauty, wit, or talent.

Miss Le Smyrger was not given to extensive hospitality, and it was only to those who were bound to her, either by ties of blood or of very old friendship, that she delighted to open her doors. As her old friends were very few in number, as those few lived at a distance, and as her nearest relations were higher in the world than she was, and were said by herself to look down upon her, the visits made to Oxney Colne were few and far between.

But now, at the period of which I am writing, such a visit was about to be made. Miss Le Smyrger had a younger sister who had inherited a property in the parish of Oxney Colne equal to that of the lady who now lived there; but this younger sister had inherited beauty also, and she therefore, in early life, had found sundry lovers, one of whom became her husband. She had married a man even then well to do in the world, but now rich and almost mighty; a member of Parliament, a lord of this and that board, a man who had a house in Eaton Square, and a park in the north of England; and in this way her course of life had been very much divided from that of our Miss Le Smyrger. But the lord of the Government board had been blessed with various children, and perhaps it was now thought expedient to look after Aunt Penelope's Devonshire acres. Aunt Penelope was empowered to leave them to whom he pleased; and though it was thought in Eaton Square that she must, as a matter of course, leave them to one of the family, nevertheless a little cousinly intercourse might make the thing more certain. I will not say that this was the sole cause for such a visit, but in these days a visit was to be made by Captain Broughton to his aunt. Now Captain John Broughton was the second son of Alfonso Broughton, of Clapham Park and Eaton Square, Member of Parliament, and Lord of the aforesaid Government Board.

"And what do you mean to do with him?" Patience Woolsworthy asked of Miss Le Smyrger when that lady walked over from the Colne to say that her nephew John was to arrive on the following morning.

"Do with him? Why, I shall bring him over here to talk to your father."

"He'll be too fashionable for that, and papa won't trouble his head about him if he finds that he doesn't care for Dartmoor."

"Then he may fall in love with you, my dear."

"Well, yes; there's that resource at any rate, and for your sake I dare say I should be more civil to him than papa. But he'll soon get tired of making love to me, and what you'll do then I can not imagine."

Captain Broughton came to Oxney Colne, staid there a fortnight—the intended period for his projected visit having been fixed at three or four days—and then went his way. He went his way back to his London haunts, the time of the year then being the close of the Easter holidays; but as he did so he told his aunt that he should assuredly return to her in the autumn.

"And assuredly I shall be happy to see you, John—if you come with a certain purpose. If you have no such purpose you had better remain away."

"I shall assuredly come," the Captain had replied, and then he had gone on his journey.

The summer passed rapidly by, and very little was said between Miss Le Smyrger and Miss Woolsworthy about Captain Broughton. In many respects—nay, I may say, as to all ordinary matters—no two women could well be more than that, they had the courage each to talk to the other with absolute truth as to things concerning themselves—a courage in which dear friends often fail. But, nevertheless, very little was said between them about Captain John Broughton. All that was said may be here repeated.

"John says that he shall return here in August," Miss Le Smyrger said, as Patience was sitting with her in the parlor at Oxney Colne, on the morning after that gentleman's departure.

"He told me so himself," said Patience; and as she spoke her round dark eyes assumed a look of more than ordinary self-will. If Miss Le Smyrger had intended to carry the conversation any further she changed her mind as she looked at her companion. Then, as I said, the summer ran by, and toward the close of the warm days of July, Miss Le Smyrger, sitting in the same chair in the same room, again took up the conversation.

"I got a letter from John this morning. He says that he shall be here on the third."

"Does he?"

"He is very punctual to the time he named."

"Yes; I fancy that he is a punctual man," said Patience.

"I hope that you will be glad to see him." said Miss Le Smyrger.

"Very glad to see him," said Patience, with a bold, clear voice; and then the conversation was again dropped, and nothing further was said till after Captain Broughton's second arrival in the parish.

Four months had then passed since his departure, and during that time Miss Woolsworthy had performed all her usual daily duties in their accustomed course. No one could discover that she had been less careful in her household matters than had been her wont, less willing to go among her poor neighbors, or less assiduous in her attentions to her father. But not the less was there a feeling in the minds of those around her that some great change had come upon her. She would sit during the long summer evenings on a certain spot outside the parsonage orchard, at the top of a small sloping field in which their solitary cow was always pastured, with a book on her knees before her, but rarely reading. There she would sit, with the beautiful view down to the winding river below her, watching the setting sun, and thinking, thinking, thinking—thinking of something of which she had never spoken. Often would Miss Le Smyrger come upon her there, and sometimes would pass by her even without a word; but never—never once did she dare to ask her of the matter of her thoughts. But she knew the matter well enough. No confession was necessary to inform her that Patience Woolsworthy was in love with John Broughton—ay, in love, to the full and entire loss of her whole heart.

On one evening she was so sitting till the July sun had fallen and hidden himself for the night, when her father came upon her as he returned from one of his rambles on the moor. "Patty," he said, "you are always sitting there now. Is it not late? Will you not be cold?"

"No, papa," she said, "I shall not be cold."

"But won't you come to the house? I miss you when you come in so late that there's no time to say a word before we go to bed."

She got up and followed him into the parsonage, and when they were in the sitting-room together, and the door was closed, she come up to him and kissed him. "Papa," she said, "would it make you very unhappy if I were to leave you?"

"Leave me!" he said, startled by the serious and almost solemn tone of her voice. "Do you mean for always?"

"If I were to marry, papa?"

"Oh, marry! No; that would not make me unhappy. It would make me very happy, Patty, to see you married to a man you would love—very, very happy; though my days would be desolate without you."

"That is it, papa. What would you do if I went from you?"

"What would it matter, Patty? I should be free at any rate, from a load which often presses heavily on me now. What will you do when I shall leave you? A few more years, and all will be over with me. But who is it, love? Has any body said anything to you?"

"It was only an idea, papa. I don't often think of such a thing; but I did think of it then." And so the subject was allowed to pass by. This had happened before the day of the second arrival had been absolutely fixed and make known to Miss Woolsworthy.

And then that second arrival took place. The reader may have understood from the words with which Miss Le Smyrger authorized her nephew to make his second visit to Oxney Colne that Miss Woolsworthy's passion was not altogether unauthorized. Captain Broughton had been told that he was not to come unless he came with a certain purpose; and having been so told, he still persisted in coming. There can be no doubt but that he well understood the purport to which his aunt alluded. "I shall assuredly come," he had said. And true to his word, he was now there.

Patience knew exactly the hour at which he must arrive at the station at Newton Abbott, and the time also which it would take to travel over those twelve up-hill mile from the station to Oxney. It need hardly be said that she paid no visit to Miss Le Smyrger's house on that afternoon; but she might have known something of Captain Boughton's approach without going thither. His road to the Colne passed by the parsonage gate, and had Patience sat even at her bedroom window she must have seen him. But on such an evening she would not sit at her bedroom window—she would do nothing which would force her to accuse herself of a restless longing for her lover's coming. It was for him to seek her. If he chose to do so, he knew the way to the parsonage.

Miss Le Smyrger — good, dear, honest, hearty Miss Le Smyrger, was in a fever of anxiety on behalf of her friend.

"John," she said as soon as the first greetings were over, "do you remember the last words that I said to you before you went away?" Now, for myself, I much admire Miss Le Smyrger's heartiness, but I do not think much of her discretion. It would have been better, perhaps, had she allowed things to take their course.

"I can't say that I do," said the Captain. At the same time the Captain did remember very well what those last words had been.

"I am so glad to see you, so delighted to see you, if—if—if—" and then she paused, for with all her courage she hardly dared to ask her nephew whether he had come there with the express purport of asking Miss Woolsworthy to marry him.

To tell the truth—for there is no room for mystery within the limits of this story—to tell, I say, at a word the plain and simple truth, Captain Broughton had already asked that question. On the day before he left Oxney Colne he had in set terms proposed to the parson's daughter, and, indeed, the words, the hot and frequent words, which previously to that had fallen like sweetest honey into the ears of Patience Woolsworthy, had made it imperative on him to do so. When a man in such a place as that has talked to a girl of love day after day, must not he talk of it to some definite purpose on the day on which he leaves her? Or if he do not, must he not not submit to be regarded as false, selfish, and almost fraudulent? Captain Broughton, however, had asked the question honestly and truly. He had done so honestly and truly, but in words, or perhaps, simply with a tone, that had hardly sufficed to satisfy the proud spirit of the girl he loved. She by that time had confessed to herself that she loved him with all her heart; but she had made no such confession to him. To him she had spoken no word, granted no favor, that any lover might rightfully regard as a token of love returned. She had listened to him as he spoke, and bade him keep such sayings for the drawing-rooms of his fashionable friends. Then he had spoken out and had asked for that hand—not, perhaps, as a suitor tremulous with hope—but as a rich man who knows that he can command that which he desires to purchase.

"You should think more of this," she had said to him at last. "If you would really have me for your wife, it will not be much to you to return here again when time for thinking of it shall have passed by." With these words she had dismissed him, and now he had again come back to Oxney Colne. But still she would not place herself at the window to look for him, nor dress herself in other than her simple morning country dress, nor omit one item of her daily work. If he wished to take her at all, he should wish to take her as she really was, in her plain country life, but he should take her also with full observance of all those privileges which maidens are allowed to claim from their lovers. He should curtail no ceremonious observance because she was the daughter of a poor country parson who would come to him without a shilling, whereas he stood high in the world's books. He had asked her to give him all that she had, and that all, she was ready to give without stint. But the gift must be valued before it could be given or received. He also was to give her as much, and she would accept it as being beyond all price. But she would not allow that that which was offered to her was in any degree the more precious because of his outward worldly standing.

She would not pretend to herself that she thought he would come to her that afternoon, and therefore she busied herself in the kitchen, and about the house, giving directions to her two maids as though the day would pass as all other days did pass in that household. They usually dined at four, and she rarely, in these summer months, went far from the house before that hour. At four precisely she sat down with her father, and then said that she was going up as far as Helpholme after dinner. Helpholme was a solitary farm-house in another parish, on the border of the moor, and Mr. Woolsworthy asked her whether he should acompany her.

"Do, papa," she said, "if you are not too tired." And yet she had thought how probable it might be that she should meet John Broughton on her walk. And so it was arranged; but, just as dinner was over, Mr. Woolsworthy remembered himself.

"Gracious me," he said, "how my memory is going! Gribbles, from Ivybridge, and old John Poulter, from Bovey, are coming to meet here by appointment. You can't put Helpholme off till to-morrow?"

Patience, however, never put off any thing, and therefore at six o'clock, when her father had finished his slender modicum of toddy, she tied on her hat and went on her walk. She started forth with a quick step, and left no word to say by which route she would go. As she passed up along the little lane which led toward Oxney Colne she would not even look to see if he was coming toward her; and when she left the road, passing over a stone stile into a little path which ran first through the upland fields, and then across the moor ground toward Helpholme, she did not look back once, or listen for his coming step.

She paid her visit, remaining upward of an hour with the old bedridden mother of the farmer of Helpholme. "God bless you, my darling!" said the old lady as she left her; "and send you some one to make your own path bright and happy through the world." These words were still ringing in her ears with all their significance as she saw John Broughton waiting for her at the first stile which she had to pass after leaving the farmer's haggard.

"Patty," he said, as he took her hand, and held it close within both his own, "what a chase I have had after you!"

"And who asked you, Captain Broughton?" she answered, smiling. "If the journey was too much for your poor London strength, could you not have waited till to-morrow morning, when you would have found me at the parsonage?" But she did not draw her hand away from him, or in any way pretend that he had not a right to accost her as a lover.

"No; I could not wait. I am more eager to see those I love than you seem to be."

"How do you know whom I love, or how eager I might be to see them? There is an old woman there whom I love, and I have thought nothing of this walk with the object of seeing her." And now, slowly drawing her hand away from him, she pointed to the farm-house which she had left.

"Patty," he said, after a minute's pause, during which she had looked full into his face with all the force of her bright eyes; "I have come from London to-day, straight down here to Oxney, and from my aunt's house close upon your footsteps after you, to ask you that one question. Do you love me?"

"What a Hercules!" she said, again laughing. "Do you really mean that you left London only this morning? Why, you must have been five hours in a railway carriage and two in a post-chaise, not to talk of the walk afterward. You ought to take more care of yourself, Captain Broughton!"

He would have been angry with her—for he did not like to be quizzed—had she not put her hand on his arm as she spoke, and the softness of her touch had redeeemed the offense of her words.

"All that I have I done," said he, "that I may hear one word from you."

"That any word of mine should have such potency! But let us walk on, or my father will take us for some of the standing stones of the moor. How have you found your aunt? If you only knew the cares that have sat on her dear shoulders for the last week past, in order that your high mightiness might have a sufficiency to eat in these desolate half-starved regions."

"She might have saved herself such anxiety. No one can care less for such things than I do."

"And yet I think I have heard you boast of the cook of your club." And then again there was silence for a minute or two.

"Patty," said he, stopping again in the path; "answer my question. I have a right to demand an answer. Do you love me?"

"And what if I do? What if I have been so silly as to allow your perfections to be too many for my weak heart? What then, Captain Broughton?"

"It cannot be that you love me, or you would not joke now."

"Perhaps not, indeed," she said. It seemed as though she were resolved not to yield an inch in her own humors. And then again they walked on.

"Patty," he said, once more, "I shall get an answer from you to-night—this evening; now, during this walk; or I shall return to-morrow, and never revisit this spot again."

"Oh, Captain Broughton, how should we ever manage to live without you?"

"Very well," he said; "up to the end of this walk I can bear it all; and one word spoken then will mend it all."

During the whole of this time she felt that she was ill-using him. She knew that she loved him with all her heart; that it would nearly kill her to part with him; that she had heard his renewed offer with an ecstasy of joy. She acknowledged to herself that he was giving proof of his devotion as strong as any which a girl could receive from her lover. And yet she could hardly bring herself to say the word he longed to hear. That word once said, and then she knew that she must succumb to her love forever! That word once said, and she must continue to repeat it into his ears till perhaps he might be tired of hearing it! And now he had threatened her, and how could she speak it after that? She certainly would not speak it unless he asked her again without such a threat. And so they walked on again in silence.

"Patty," he said, at last, "by the heavens above us, you shall answer me. Do you love me?"

She now stood still, and almost trembled as she looked up into his face. She stood opposite to him for a moment, and then placing her two hands on his shoulders, she answered him. "I do, I do, I do," she said, "with all my heart; with all my heart—with all my heart and strength." And then her head fell upon his breast.

Captain Broughton was almost as much surprised as delighted by the warmth of the acknowledgment made by the eager-hearted, passionate girl whom he now held within his arms. She had said it now; the words had been spoken; and there was nothing for her but to swear to him over and over again with her sweetest oaths, that those words were true—true as her soul. And very sweet was the walk down thence to the parsonage gate. He spoke no more of the distance of the ground, the length of his day's journey. But he stopped her at every turn that he might look into the brightness of her eyes, and prolong his hour of delight. There were no more gibes now on her tongue, no raillery at his London finery, no laughing comments on his coming and going. With downright honesty she told him every thing: how she had loved him before her heart was warranted in such a passion; how, with much thinking, she had resolved that it would be unwise to take him at his first word, and had thought it better that he should return to London, and then think over it; how she had almost repented of her courage when she had feared, during those long summer days, that he would forget her; and how her heart had leaped for joy when her old friend had told her that he was coming.

"And yet," said he, "you were not glad to see me!"

"Oh, was I not glad? You cannot understand the feelings of a girl who has lived secluded as I have done. Glad is no word for the joy I felt. But it was not seeing you that I cared for so much. It was the knowledge that you were near me once again. I almost wish now that I had not seen you till to-morrow." But as she spoke she pressed his arm, and this caress gave the lie to her last words.

"No: do not come in to-night," she said, when she reached the little wicket that led up to the parsonage. "Indeed you shall not. I could not behave myself properly if you did."

"But I don't want you to behave properly."

"Oh! I am to keep that for London, am I? But nevertheless, Captain Broughton, I will not invite you either to tea or supper to-night."

"Surely I may shake hands with your father."

"Not to-night—not till—. John, I may tell him, may I not? I must tell him at once."

"Certainly," said he.

"And then you shall see him to-morrow. Let me see—at what hour shall I bid you come?"

"To breakfast."

"No, indeed. What on earth would your aunt do with the broiled turkey and the cold pie? I have got no cold pie for you."

"I hate cold pie."

What a pity! But, John, I should be forced to leave you directly after breakfast. Come down—come down at two or three; and then I will go back with you to Aunt Penelope. I must see her to-morrow." And so at last the matter was settled, and the happy Captain, as he left her, was hardly resisted in her attempt to press her lips to his own.

When she entered the parlor in which her father was sitting there still were Gribbles and Poulter discussing some knotty point of Devon lore. So Patience took off her hat, and sat herself down, waiting till they should go. For full an hour she had to wait, and then Gribbles and Poulter did go. But it was not in such matters as this that Patience Woolsworthy was impatient. She could wait, and wait, and wait, curbing herself for weeks and months, while the thing waited for was in her eyes good; but she could not curb her hot thoughts or her hot words, when things came to be discussed which she did not think to be good.

"Papa," she said, when Gribbles's long-drawn last word had been spoken at the door, "do you remember how I asked you the other day what you would say if I were to leave you?"

"Yes, surely," he replied, looking up at her in astonishment.

"I am going to leave you now," she said. "Dear, dearest father, how am I to go from you?"

"Going to leave me," said he, thinking of her visit to Helpholme, and thinking of nothing else.

"Yes, dearest," she said; and as she spoke she now knelt at his knees. "I have been asked in marriage, and I have given myself away."

"Well, my love, if you will be happy—"

"I hope I shall; I think I shall. But you papa?"

"You will not be far from us."

"Oh yes; in London."

"In London?"

"Captain Broughton lives in London generally."

"And has Captain Broughton asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, papa—who else? Is he not good? Will you not love him? Oh, papa, do not say that I am wrong to love him?"

He embraced her, and told her, with all his enthusiasm, that he rejoiced in her joy, and would be happy in her happiness. "My own Patty," he said, "I have ever known that you were too good for this life of ours here." And then the evening wore away into the night, with many tears but still with much happiness.

Captain Broughton, as he walked back to Oxney Colne, made up his mind that he would say nothing on the matter to his aunt till the next morning. He had taken a step in life, the most important that a man is ever called on to take, and he had to reflect whether or no he had taken it with wisdom.

"Have you seen her?" said Miss Le Smyrger, very anxiously, when he came into the drawing-room.

"Miss Woolsworthy you mean," said he. "Yes, I've seen her. As I found her out I took a long walk and happened to meet her. Do you know, aunt, I'll go to bed; I was up at five this morning, and have been on the move ever since."

Miss Le Smyrger perceived that she was to hear nothing that evening, so she handed him his candlestick and allowed him to go to his room.

But Captain Broughton did not immediately retire to bed, nor when he did so was he able to sleep at once. Had this step that he had taken been a wise one? He was not a man who, in worldly matters, had allowed things to arrange themselves for him, as is the case with so many men. He had formed views for himself, and had a theory of life. Money for money's sake he had declared to himself to be bad. Money as a concomitant to things which were in themselves good he had declared to himself to be good also. That concomitant, in this affair of his marriage, he had now missed. Well, he had made up his mind to that, and would put up with the loss. He had means of living of his own, though means not so extensive as might have been desirable. That it would be well for him to become a married man, looking merely to that state of life as opposed to his present state, he had fully resolved. On that point, therefore, there was nothing to repent. That Patty Woolsworthy was good, affectionate, clever, and beautiful he was sufficiently satisfied. It would be odd indeed if he were not so satisfied now, seeing that for the last four months he had declared to himself daily that she was so with many inward asservations. And yet, though he repeated now again that he was satisfied, I do not think that he was so fully satisfied of it as he had been throughout the whole of those four months. It is sad to say so, but I fear—I fear that such was the case. When you have your plaything how much of the anticipated pleasure vanishes, especially if it have been won easily!

So far he got that night; when the morning came he went a step further, and began mentally to criticise her manner to himself. It had been very sweet, that warm, that full, that ready declaration of love. Yes, it had been very sweet; but—but—when, after her little jokes, she did confess her love, had she not been a little too free for feminine excellence? A man likes to be told that he is loved, but he hardly wishes that the girl he is to marry should fling herself at his head!

Ah me! yes; it was thus he argued to himself as on that morning he went through the arrangements of his toilet. "Then he was a brute," you say, my pretty reader. I have never said that he was not a brute. But this I remark, that many such brutes are to be met with in the beaten paths of the world's high highway. The heart of this country-bred girl had fallen at the first word from his mouth. Had she not so confessed to him? She was very nice—very nice indeed. He loved her dearly. But had he not sold himself too cheaply?

I by no means say that he was not a brute. But whether a brute or no, he was an honest man, and had no remotest dream, either then, on that morning, or during the following days on which such thoughts pressed more thickly on his mind, of breaking away from his pledged word. At breakfast on that morning he told all to Miss Le Smyrger, and that lady, with warm and gracious intentions, confided to him her purpose regarding her property. "I have always regarded Patience as my heir," she said, "and shall do so still."

"Oh, indeed!" said Captain Broughton.

"But it is a great, great pleasure to me to think that she will give back the little property to my sister's child. You will have your mother's and thus it will all come together again."

"Ah!" said Captain Broughton. He had his own ideas about property, and did not, even under existing circumstances, like to hear that his aunt considered herself at liberty to leave the acres away to one who was by blood quite a stranger to the family.

"Does Patience know of this?" he asked.

"Not a word," said Miss Le Smyrger. And then nothing more was said upon the subject.

On that afternoon he received the parson's benediction and congratulations with a good grace. Patience said very little on the occasion, and indeed was absent during the greater part of the interview. The two lovers then walked up to Oxney Colne, and there were more benedictions and congratulations. "All went merry as a marriage bell," at any rate as far as Patience was concerned. Not a word had yet fallen from that dear mouth, not a look had yet come over that handsome face, which tended in any way to mar her bliss. Her first day of acknowledged love was a day altogether happy, and when she prayed for him as she knelt beside her bed, there was no feeling in her mind that any fear need disturb her joy.

I will pass over the next three or four days very quickly, merely saying that Patience did not find them so pleasant as that first day after her engagement. There was something in her lover's manner—something which at first she could not define—which by degrees seemed to grate against her feelings. He was sufficiently affectionate, that being a matter on which she did not require much demonstration; but joined to his affection there seemed to be—she hardly liked to suggest to herself a harsh word, but could it be possible that he was beginning to think that she was not good enough for him? And then she asked herself the question—was she good enough for him? If there were doubt about that, the match should be broken off, though she tore her own heart out in the struggle. The truth, however, was this—that he had begun that teaching which he had already found to be so necessary. Now, had any one essayed to teach Patience, German or Mathematics, with that young lady's free consent, I believe that she would have been found a meek scholar. But it was not probable that she would be meek when she found a self-appointed tutor, teaching her manners and conduct without her consent.

So matters went on for four or five days, and on the evening of the fifth day Captain Broughton and his aunt drank tea at the parsonage. Nothing very especial occurred; but as the parson and Miss Le Smyrger insisted on playing backgammon with devoted perseverance during the whole evening, Broughton had a good opportunity of saying a word or two about those changes in his ladylove which a life in London would require; and some word he said also—some single slight word—as to the higher station in life to which he would exhalt his bride. Patience bore it—for her father and Miss Le Smyrger were in the room—she bore it well, speaking no syllable of anger, and enduring, for the moment, the implied scorn of the old parsonage. Then the evening broke up, and Captain Broughton walked back to Oxney Combe with his aunt.

"Patty," her father said to her before they went to bed, "he seems to me to be a most excellent young man."

"Dear papa," she answered, kissing him.

"And terribly deep in love," said Mr. Woolsworthy.

"Oh I don't know about that," she answered, as she left him, with her sweetest smile. But though she could thus smile at her father's joke, she had already made up her mind that there was still something to be learned as to her promised husband before she could place herself altogether in his hands. She would ask him whether he thought himself liable to injury from this proposed marriage; and though he should deny any such thought, she would know from the manner of his denial what his true feelings were.

And he, too, on that night, during his silent walk with Miss Le Smyrger, had entertained some similar thoughts. "I fear she is obstinate," he had said to himself, and then he had half accused her of being sullen also. "If that be her temper, what a life of misery I have before me!"

"Have you fixed a day yet?" his aunt asked him as they came near to her house.

"No, not yet: I don't know whether it will suit me to fix it before I leave."

"Why, it was but the other day you were in such a hurry."

"Ah—yes—I have thought more about it since then."

"I should have imagined that this would depend on what Patty thinks," said Miss Le Smyrger, standing up for the privileges of her sex. "It is presumed that the gentleman is always ready as soon as the lady will consent."

"Yes, in ordinary cases it is so; but when a girl is taken out of her own sphere—"

"Her own sphere! let me caution you, Master John, not to talk to Patty about her own sphere."

"Aunt Penelope, as Patience is to be my wife and not yours, I must claim permission to speak to her on such subjects as may seem suitable to me." And then they parted—not in the best humor with each other.

On the following day Captain Broughton and Miss Woolsworthy did not meet till evening. She had said, before those ill omened words had passed her lover's lips that she would probably be at Miss Le Smyrger's house on the following morning. Those ill-omened words did pass her lover's lips and then she remained at home. This did not come from sullenness, nor even from anger, but from a conviction that it would be well that she should think much before she met him again. Nor was he anxious to hurry a meeting. His thought—his base thought—was this: that she would be sure to come up to the Colne after him; but she did not come, and therefore in the evening he went down to her, and asked her to walk with him.

They went away by the path that led to Helpholme; and little was said between them till they had walked some mile together. Patience, as she went along the path, remembered almost to the letter the sweet words which had greeted her ears as she came down that way with him on the night of his arrival; but he remembered nothing of that sweetness then. Had he not made an ass of himself during these last six months? That was the thought which very much had possession of his mind.

"Patience," he said at last, having hitherto spoken only an indifferent word now and again since they had left the parsonage, "Patience, I hope you realize the importance of the step you and I are about to take?"

"Of course I do," she answered: "what an odd question that is for you to ask!"

"Because," said he, "sometimes I almost doubt it. It seems to me as though you thought you could remove yourself from here to your new home with no more trouble than when you go from home up to the Colne."

"Is that meant for a reproach John?"

"No, not for a reproach, but for advice. Certainly not for a reproach."

"I am glad of that."

(Concluded on last page).

The Middlesex Journal,
S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
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No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, $1.00, each subsequent insertion 25 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 20 cents. One Square, per year, $12.00; six months, $7.00; three months, $4.00.—Half a Square, per year, $6.00; six months, $3.50, three months, $2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, *leaded*, 20 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn:—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & Co.
East Woburn:—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
Stoneham:—E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading:—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading:—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Winchester:—JOSIAH HOVEY.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston; and JOHN STILES, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861

READING MATTER ON OUTSIDE.—First Page—Poetry, 'Tis Spring, and 'tis Snowing; The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne.
Last Page—Newsboy in Scotland; The King and the Seidlitz Powders, &c.

OUR TROUBLES.

The latest news from Washington is of a warlike character, more so than any we have yet received. Persons who have just returned from that place, say that civil war is imminent, and that within a very short time. Some say that they should not be surprised to see Lincoln compelled to flee from Washington ere the end of the present month. These reports do not come from office seekers or mere politicians, but from men in high places and who ought to know whereof they assert. Very much depends upon the action of Virginia. So far she has stood proof against everything that the Secessionists could bring to bear upon her. Every nerve has been strained to make her waver, but all in vain; she has stood firm, and showed herself true as of old. Long may the birth-place of Washington prove a terror to evil-doers.

If all the horrors of civil war are to be brought upon us, then the sooner they come the better. If the South is bent on measuring swords with us, we know of no better time than the present for that purpose, as we now have thousands of men out of employment, who would, doubtless, be ready and willing to take up arms in defense of their country's rights at a moment's notice. One week's warning, or even less, would be sufficient time for us to place an army of 150,000 men in the field, armed, equipped and ready for any work that they might be called upon to perform. When the hour of need comes—and may it never come—New England will not be found asleep, or skulking behind a bush, but wide awake and ready to face any enemy of her country, even though he should come in the garb of a brother, to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

PRETENSION.

The daily intercourse of men with men, in the walks of business and of social life, affords the best opportunity for observing and studying the different phases of human character. As no two faces are identical in their physiognomy, so no two minds are alike in what constitutes the distinguishing characteristics of an individual. Some men have the organ of self esteem only moderately developed, and are, consequently, always modest and distrustful of themselves; while those in whom this organ is largely developed look upon their own abilities, as it were, through a magnifying glass, and consider themselves equal to any place and any undertaking. It is always well to call philosophy to our aid, and not allow ourselves to be annoyed by the actions and pretensions of such men. In one sense they are not to blame for what they do, any more than the baloon is to blame for seeking the upper regions of space when the cords that held it down are cut loose. Its gaseous inflation compels it to rise above the heavily laden things that are about it. Fill a balloon with gold, and it could not rise; it must be filled with gas, or it will remain where it is placed. So, too, fill the mind with the real and substantial; let discipline and knowledge be poured into it in full measure, till it is justly entitled to be called wise, and what is the result? It is sure to give the possessor a calm, modest confidence in his own abilities, because he knows what his real strength is. Leverrier, conscious of his mathamatical ability to solve the problems of astronomy, told the world where another planet could be found. Huge telescopes were turned to the place designated by him, and there the planet was seen, pursuing its silent course, as it had ever since done the Creator's hand first impressed motion upon it. We hear no boasting, bragging, and vain pretension on the part of this astronomer, before whom we are ready to bow with uncovered heads. How quickly he would sink in our estimation should anything of the kind fall from his lips.

In business what do we think of the man who is constantly boasting how much money he has, and what an extensive business he is doing? How do bank officers regard such men? Is it not with distrust and careful watchfulness? The lunatic who talks about his kingdom, his throne, and his subjects is not, however he may talk, a king. Neither is the noisy boaster, a man of true courage. It is deeds, not words; facts, not pretensions, that give confidence. Those who possess the most, know the most, and do the most, usually make the least noise about it. Peas rattle the loudest in empty bladders.

Modesty and freedom from pretension are the most pleasing to society generally. Pretension may outstrip modest merit for a time in the race; but the race is not always gain by him who is the swiftest at the beginning, nor the battle by him who boasts the loudest of his strength. Sooner or later we shall all find one true level, and be judged according to what we really are, not what we pretended to be. Better by far, is it, for each one so to advance in the great struggle of life that he may continue to hold on his way—whether in business, or in things pertaining to a higher existence—even to the end. When once the empty pretender begins to fall, there are not wanting those who are ready to accelerate his downward course by aid rendered willingly and gratuitously.

MR. MARCH'S LECTURE.—Mr. March delivered the closing lecture of his course last Monday evening. The subject was London. We are glad to say that the almost enthusiastic interest with which these lectures have been received, was continued to the last, and regrets were felt at their close. It has been shown by these lectures what will best please and interest an audience. A simple statement of facts as seen by the eye of the speaker, illustrative of the manners, habits and customs of the people among whom he travelled, has had the power to rivet the closest attention. And the same is true of Rev. Mr. Lindley, who spoke in the same place upon the manner and customs of the people among whom he has labored for the last twenty-five years. Already we have heard the wish expressed that Mr. March would deliver four or five lectures more, at a future time, upon subjects not yet touched upon by him. He said but little of Venice, almost nothing of Germany, Scotland and Ireland. We trust that arrangements will be made the ensuing winter, for a continuance of these exceedingly agreeable and instructive lectures, in the same place.

TOWN MEETING.—The following are the Sections of the General Statutes, which the town will have to act upon at the ensuing meeting:—

"*Chapter* 45.—Sect. 7. In cities in which the city council, and in towns in which the inhabitants, have adopted the provisions of this and the following section, the mayor and aldermen or selectmen may establish and grade sidewalks in such streets as in their judgment the public convenience may require, and may assess the abutters on such sidewalks one-half the expense of the same, the residue being paid by such city or town. All assessments so made shall be a lien upon the abutting lands in the same manner as taxes are a lien upon real estate.

Sect. 8. No sidewalk constructed or graded in a city or town shall be dug up or obstructed in any part thereof, without the consent of the mayor and aldermen of the city, or of the selectmen of the town, in which such sidewalk is established.

Sect. 9. City councils may by ordinance provide for the removal of snow and ice from sidewalks in such portions of their cities as they deem expedient, which ordinance shall determine the time and manner of removal, and shall affix penalties not exceeding fifty dollars to any violations of its provisions by any owner or tenant of the estate abutting upon the sidewalk from which the snow and ice are required to be removed."

[We publish the last section, but still cannot see how the town can adopt it, as it refers especially to cities and not towns.]

"*Chapter* 24.—Sect. 49. No association, society, or club, organized as firemen, shall be allowed in any city or town except by the written permission of the mayor and aldermen or selectmen.

Sect. 50. Whoever joins, belongs to, or assembles with, such association, society, or club, existing without such permission, shall be punished by fine not less than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the house of correction for a term not exceeding three months,"

TOWN LIBRARY.—We learn from the Librarian that 3000 volumes were drawn from the Library during the month of March. It is well that so many of our citizens are disposed to improve the leisure afforded them by the present dull state of business, in cultivating a taste for reading.

NEW BUILDING.—It is expected that the Woburn Bank will soon erect a large building on the site of the old house south of Lyceum Hall. Plans are now before the Directors awaiting their decision. This change has long been needed, and when completed will add much to the appearances of our centre of business.

NORTH WOBURN, April 4, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—The undersigned respectfully request that you will publish in your paper the following statement, in relation to the recent reunion of the Congregational Society and Church in North Woburn:

In the code of By-Laws adopted by the Society, Dec. 22, 1858, the second and eighth articles read as follows:—

Art. 2. The objects of this Society shall be to establish and regularly maintain Evangelical or gospel preaching.

Art. 8. Additions or alterations may be made to these By-Laws, at any regular meeting of the Society, by a majority of the members present and voting thereon: *Provided*, that notice of the intended additions or alterations shall have been given at a previous legal meeting of the Society, not more than three months nor less than two weeks before such additions or alterations are made.

In January, 1859, the Church at a business meeting, adopted the following Preamble and Resolution:

Whereas, a Congregational Society was formed in North Woburn on the 12th day of March, 1849, pledged by their By-Laws to the support of Evangelical Congregational preaching, and on the faith of said pledge this Church was formed Nov. 22d, of the same year, by members from other Evangelical Churches dismissed and recommended for that purpose; and

Whereas, said Society has recently altered its By-Laws and introduced preachers of a different denomination into the pulpit; therefore,

Resolved, that all connection between this Church and said Society has ceased and terminated.

On Tuesday evening, March 26th, 1861, the Society altered the second and eighth articles of its By-Laws, so that they read as follows:

Art. 2. The objects of this Society shall be to establish and regularly maintain what is usually termed Evangelical preaching.

Art. 8. Additions or alterations may be made to these By-Laws, at any regular meeting of the Society, by a *majority* of the members present and voting thereon: *Provided*, that notice of the intended additions or alterations shall have been given at a previous meeting: *Provided, also*, that no alterations in the character and objects of the Society, as expressed in Art. 2d of these By-Laws, or in so much of this Eighth Article as relates to Art. 2d, shall be made, except at an annual meeting of the Society, notice of the intended alteration to have been given at the annual meeting one year previous to the time such alterations are made.

In consequence of the above alterations in the By-Laws of the Society, the Church on the same evening, at a business meeting, rescinded the Preamble and Resolution adopted in Jan., 1859, it being mutually agreed that the alterations in the By-Laws of the Society, and the rescinding of the Preamble and Resolution by the Church, should restore the relation between the two organizations that existed previous to Jan., 1859.

The votes in the society altering the By-Laws, and in the church rescinding the Preamble and Resolution, were entirely unanimous.

M. F. WINN,
JOSIAH LINSCOTT,
C. R. THOMPSON,
STEPHEN NICHOLS,
CHARLES CARTER,
J. W. MCDONALD,
J. P. TYLER.

☞ The next meeting of the Selectmen will be held on Thursday evening, April 18th.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Whiting's Organ Concert at Tremont Temple.

It is said that no one can do more than one thing well at a time. But "this is not exactly true,"—as one of our late lamented ministers used to say,—"for here is my aunt Betsey; she can rock, knit and talk all at the same time." We were reminded of the saying of our old parson on hearing Mr. Whiting's performance, as there is hardly any person who does more things at once than an organist. For instance, he has to turn over leaves, pull out and push in the registers and strike the keys with his hands; play the pedals with one foot and control the swell with the other; look at three parts at once, and at the same time add the criticism of the ear to that of sight and touch. So a good organist is fairly entitled to great credit, and a place among those who do things that "cannot be done."

Mr. Whiting's Concert, last Thursday afternoon, was attended by a large and intelligent looking audience. It was a decided success, and the organ seemed brighter and fresher than at the Soiree, while the Bowdoin Street Choir added a pleasing variety to the occasion. All the organ pieces were well received. The Fantasia, composed by Mr. Whiting, was noticed with marked attention, and Mr. W. was warmly applauded both before and after its performance. There is one advantage in the Tremont Temple organ over most instruments—the pedal key board is so exposed that the intricate and delicate motions of the feet in playing are visible as well as audible. It is wonderful to hear trilling with the feet, executed as rapidly as is ordinarily done with the fingers. Among other pieces which were very acceptable, were "Variations upon God Save the Queen," in which some beautiful solo stops were brought out with great effect;—"Overture to William Tell," (appreciated because so well known); "Oberon," by Weber;—and the Fugue by Bach.

The vocal pieces were performed by the Bowdoin Street Choir, consisting of fifty powerful and well trained voices, under the direction of Mr. Edwin Bruce. This choir is too well known and admired to require much notice. The Soprano was extremely fine, as was also the Bass. The Alto and Tenor did not have sufficient prominence to rendar them well distinguished. Mr. Howard M. Dow, an organist of eminent ability, accompanied the choir in the first part of the Programme finely, but retired rather unexpectedly at the intermission, to go out of town, thus leaving Mr. Whiting to accompany the choir in the pieces of the 2d part, without having rehearsed them at all. He was not found wanting, however, in this emergency.

We take pleasure in congratulating Mr. Whiting upon the success of this Concert. His rare abilities as an organist will give him many valued musical friends, and render his home in Boston very pleasant to him.

FALL OF SNOW.—A remarkable fall of snow, for the season, took place the present week, commencing on Monday night and continuing all day Tuesday, and into Wednesday. The depth in the woods has been ascertained to be *twenty-one* inches.

☞ At the annual meeting of the Baptist Sabbath School, last Thursday evening, the following officers were chosen:—Superintendant, E. J. Jenks; Clerk and Treasurer, T. V. Sullivan; Directress, Mrs. E. J. Jenks. The two first named persons were re-elected.

RETURNED.—Mr. Joseph McCarthy has returned to Woburn and re-purchased his former residence and manufactory at the Watering Station. He intends entering more extensively than heretofore, into his old business. We wish him success.

☞ We understand that Mr. G. E. Whiting played the organ at John B. Gough's lectures in Boston, this week.

☞ Hon. Henry Wilson has furnished us with a copy of the "Report of the Military Academy for 1860," for which he has our thanks.

"G."—Your very interesting article upon the Organ is crowded out this week. It will appear in our next.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal

THE STRIKE. The lasters in John Hill &Co's shoe factory, deeming their present wages rather small, have been engaged for the last two or three weeks in getting up a strike. They chose a committee to wait upon their employers, but they refused to increase their wages; when they commenced to evacuate the premises. But the Finishers, rather than lose them, raised their wages at their own expense. This we think is hardly right, for the Finishers' wages should be increased as well as the lasters.

S. OF T.—On Monday evening the following officers were installed by the Sons of Temperance for the next quarter:—O. A. Edgell, W. P; D. H. Messer, W. A; S. E. Brown, R. S; H. A. Sanborn, A. R. S; G. M. Quinby, F. S; D. M. Howe, T; J. H. Brown, C; F. Pinkham, A. C; M. M. Howard, I. S; A. Wyman, O. S.

SCHOOLS.—The spring term of all the Grammar and Primary Schools will commence next week Monday.

DANCE.—The Ladies connected with John Hill & Co's., Shoe manufactory gave their closing dance at the factory, on Friday evening of last week. It was very fully attended and all seemed to have a good time.

TOWN MEETING.—The Town Meeting, on Monday last, drew together a large number of voters, and a great deal of business was transacted.

THE SNOW STORM.—The snow storm of last Tuesday, took many by surprise, for people had laid away their sleighs, little expecting so severe a storm in the warm month of Spring. On Wednesday, men were busily engaged in breaking out the high drifts of snow, which had blown into the roads. Notwithstanding the severity of the storm the Mails have arrived at the usual time.

THE ZOUAVES.—At a meeting of the Zouave Base Ball Club, at their room, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—President, Rufus Pierce; Vice President, Geo. M. Young; Secretary and Treasurer, Sumner Richardson 2d. The Zouaves will be out for practice as soon as circumstances will permit. Where are the Jacksons?

FAST DAY.—Public service was held at the Congregational Church at two o'clock in the afternoon. Sermon by Rev. Wm. J. Batt.

SPECTATOR.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TOWN REPORTS.—From the Annual Reports of the Town Officers for the financial year ending March 15, 1861, I gather the following items. Paid out on account of Schools, for Teachers Wages, $3054.00; Fuel, $333.69; Care of and Cleaning School-houses, $108.50; Books and Painting, $76.21; Sundries, $50.79; Furniture and Repairs of same, $42.02; Repairs of Houses and appurtenances, $242.61, making in all, $4007.82; of this some $400.00 were unusual expenses incurred in the way of repairs,—work which had been deferred from year to year, till it could no longer be neglected. Some discussion arose in the Town Meeting as to the right to use the appropriation for schools for any other purpose than the wages of the teachers, fuel, and the care of the buildings. Whatever the fact may be, one thing is certain, the School Committee, unless the town otherwise directs, are required to keep the school-houses in good order, procuring a suitable place for the schools, where there is no school-house, providing fuel and all other things necessary for the comfort of the scholars therein, at the expense of the town. The Committee have unlimited power, and can spend whatever they think the good of the schools may require, and the town must pay the bills whether an appropriation is made or not, for the same.

For Highways and Bridges, the sum of $1669.38 was expended; For Town Officers,—Selectmen acting also as Overseers of Poor, $195.00; Assessors and Clerk, $550.63; Police Officers, $30.00; Clerk, $35.00; Treasurer and Collector, $125.00; Total, $935 63. Fire Department, $348.07; Pauper Account, $707.89.

Of the Incidental Expenses, $859.49 was for streets ordered to be laid out by vote of the town and by the County Commissioners; $119.00 for filling in over Stoneham Branch Railroad; $134.66 for liquors; $107.89 for Lamp Posts, setting and lighting the same with gas; $600.42 for Sundries; Total, $1821.46. Cemetery, $190.80; Library—67 Books, $110.60, other expenses, $79.53; Total, $190.33.

The Liquor Agency shows the following result, H. K. Stanton held the office over from the previous year two months, and he reports:

Stock on hand, March 5th, 1860, $166.29; Purchased in two months, 23.57; Agent's Salary 10.33; Net gain, to balance, 14.16; Total $214.35. Amount of sales, $120.42; Stock transferred, $93.93; Total, 214.35.

Josiah Hovey was agent for the remainder of the year, and he reports:

Amount received from former Agent, $93.93; Purchased, $228.09; Agent's salary for ten months, $75.00; Total, 397.02. Amount of sales, $315.42; On hand March 15th, 1861, $75.07. Loss, $6.53; Total, $397.02.

The Treasurer's Account is as follows, viz: Balance on hand March 15th, 1860, $915.77; Received from School Fund, 83.02; Liquor Agents, $214.65; Temporary Loans, $3,600; Tax List, committed, $10601.93; Total, $15,415.37. Paid out to orders of Selectmen, $3603.32; State tax $290.70; Interest, $585.50; Abatements, $276.09; Taxes, uncollected, estimated at $1000.00; Total, $11,755.61. Estimated balance due from Treasurer, $3659,76.

The present indebtedness of the town is estimated at $14,002.46, which will probably be increased by the course of the Treasurer, to a larger amount.

LIBRARY.—The number of persons who have signed the By-Laws during the year is 84; the whole number that have signed since the Library was established is 468. The whole number of books taken from the Library during the year is 3,600, an average of 75 per week. The present number of volumes is 1155, together with five periodicals which are furnished regularly.

SCHOOLS.—The highest number in actual attendance upon the schools any one term was 349. The lowest number, 364. Average attendance through the year, 318. This is 94 per cent. of the mean number reported as belonging to the schools. The actual cost of educating each child, $11.26. The Report of the Committee first speaks of the schools in detail; next the usual tabular statement; the arrangement for the ensuing year; the appointment of teachers, in which the assurance is given that the applicants who may be graduates of our High School shall have the preference, other things being equal; the necessity for the repairs which were made on the school-houses, the provision which had been made for keeping them in repair, and the further wants of the same; the need of a new High School-house; a superintendent of schools; a Grammar School with a plan of study marked out; closing with some general remarks on the importance of a more thorough training in the elementary branches, referring to the failures of many of the applicants for admission to the High School, to answer the questions propounded them at the last examination, and citing numerous examples of the abominable spelling of the words given out.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—The Board of School Committee as organized on Thursday evening of last week, by the choice of Rev. R. T. Robinson as Chairman, E. A. Wadleigh, Secretary, A. D. Weld, Prudential Committee, James Russell, Superintendent of schools. The latter officer is in accordance with the suggestions made in the Report. His duty will be to visit each school in town, as often at least as once a month, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with its wants and condition, to advise and assist the teacher, and report from time to time to the general Committee. He will be paid for his services simply at the rate established by law, viz: one dollar and a half per day; the other members of the Committee to visit the schools from time to time as they can make it convenient, to attend and conduct the several examinations, and have the entire management and control of all the schools as now, they to serve without compensation. It is fortunate that the Committee have one of their own number more at leisure, who has had experience in the management of schools who is willing to assume this important and responsible position at the insignificant price named. This plan will undoubtedly have a salutary influence upon the schools. It was also voted by the Committee to have no sessions of the schools on any of the holidays prescribed in the General Statutes. Mr. Wm. H. Wescott, a graduate of Exeter Academy, has been appointed teacher of the Gifford School, and entered upon his duties. He is to receive eight dollars per week for his services.

RELIGIOUS.—The Baptist Society have invited a Mr. Nason to become their pastor and he has accepted the invitation. The amount of salary will depend upon certain contingencies which time alone can show. He will enter upon his duties soon.

EXCELSIOR.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"Pro Bono Publico."

The good people of Winchester are, at the present time, literally "in a peck of troubles." What with the defalcation of their town Treasurer, the controversy concerning the Post Office, the Liquor Agency, &c., they are truly in a pitiable condition; but, aside from all this there is a *nuisance* in every sense of the word, which every sober minded person wishes to have abated. I refer to the bowling alley, vulgarly called the "rat pit." This alley is carried on in open defiance of the law, a license for the same having been refused by the Selectmen of the town, it being in their estimation a nuisance; yet in spite of their decision it is continued. Is it not their duty to execute the law? Upon this point it is very explicit. General Statutes chap. 88, sec. 70, it reads thus: "Whoever without such license,—referring to a license which may be given by the authorities of a town or city—keeps, or suffers to be kept, in a house, building, yard, or dependency thereof, by him actually occupied or owned, a table for the purpose of playing at billiards, or a bowling alley, for the purpose of playing at bowls, for hire, gain or reward, or for hire, gain or reward suffers any person to resort to the same for such purpose, shall forfeit for every such offense, a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars."

That is the law; it is plain, it is just; why should it not be executed? "Small beginnings lead to great results." If the law is violated in this instance with impunity, it may be in an affair of greater importance, if indeed there can be anything of greater importance than the establishing upon a firm basis, the morals of our young men. There *respectable* young men, whose influence upon younger brothers and friends is fearfully great, meet those whom upon the street, or in any public assembly they would scorn to recognize, meet them upon a common footing, descend to their level, listen to their low, vulgar conversation and obscene jokes; the very air is tainted, it reeks with vice, and exhales a deadly vapor which poisons the minds of the young and lays the foundation for greater vices. Mothers, can you trust your daughters with those who frequent such places? Fathers, whose sons are now your pride, rouse and wipe out this foul blot! Mothers pray that those manly sons, your comfort and strength, may shun this first step to vice! Pray that they may not be led by this to seek the wanton's smile, the gambler's fatal snare, and the destroying wine cup! "JUS."

Winchester, April 2d,

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

It is becoming quite fashionable, I believe, at the present day, to close the services on the Sabbath with a Doxology which generally includes one verse. This practice, however, hardly gives time for sleepers to wake up, and moreover indicates the want of a proper appreciation on the part of the minister of the true relation which the choir sustains to the worship of the Sabbath, and the promotion of the best interests of the society. Church music, it seems to me, is too little appreciated by many societies; and if larger appropriations were made to promote this object, it would be actual economy, for no minister, at the present day, can hardly expect to remain long in any town that has any vitality to it, if church music there is at a low ebb. *Good* music will attract people to church and keep them awake while there, when a dry doctrinal discourse will not do either. And as I am upon musical matters this week, I will most respectfully suggest, without intending any particular local application, that the selection of hymns be left to the chorister, for I am unable to see why the hymn should indicate the theme of the discourse, any more than the prayer which precedes it. Besides, this arrangement would be very convenient for the choir, as they could have the rehearsals at any time they chose, and an exchange of pulpits would not interfere with a proper preparation by the choir, as is sometimes the case, to say nothing of the hymns that are sometimes given out, but cannot be adapted to any thing that can be called music. Sometimes the entire list of hymns for the day will be of the same metre, an occurence that happened in this town not a month ago. Such a variety is very like being *entertained* by the delicious repast of brown bread and a little butter thereon for breakfast, a little butter and brown bread for dinner, and brown bread without butter for supper. If the hymn books contain sentiments at variance with the adopted creed of the church, and inconsistent with true worship, then let them be pointed out and the chorister would govern himself accordingly; if they do not, then why may not the plan suggested above work well? I recollect that a hymn was once given out in this town, the first word of the first verse of which was "Unconquerable." The chorister scratched his head and said to one near him, that he would go almost any considerable distance if he supposed there was any probability of meeting with a musical genius that could find or make a tune adapted to those words. There is no telling what he might have accomplished had he started on such a tour. He might not have travelled farther than Boston, for music is thrashed out there at the present day by the bushel, but much of it has about the same affinity to real music as putty to a stove funnel.

Mr. F. J. Bancroft of this town, organist, who has been in attendance upon his brother's school in Wilmington the present winter, extended an invitation to a considerable number of his friends to participate in the exercises of the school last Monday evening. The invitation was cheerfully accepted, the occasion being designed as a complimentary benefit to Mr. B. Suffice it to say that the school appeared well, and everything passed off very pleasantly. In coming out of the hall we first encountered a *shower* of snow. We did not think much of the snow, for this is the third time, I believe, that we have been treated to a coating of "the poor man's manure" this season, on similar occasions. Well, we hastened along the way to that celebrated establishment—Bond's Bakery—under the escort of William Poole, Esq., foreman of the establishment. No time was lost in gaining admission, and just about no time at all was wasted in making known to the stomach the contents of "heaps" and "bushels" of good things which the hand of man never before soiled. Having some regard to the horse flesh which was to draw us home, (for Mr. P. informed us that the horse cars would run not that night) we tarried not over half an hour, thinking too that the proprietor might be under the painful necessity of disappointing his customers the next day if we tarried longer. But before I close I will relate an incident which almost made my eyes water, when I saw friend Poole gather up a box of crackers, little and then not so little, and then hand it to your very humble servant. My first enquiry, after exit from the *very pleasant* enclosure (especially when one is cold and hungry) was, "which end of your wagon, Mr. driver, has the strongest springs?" On being told, "the tail end of course," I bounded therein and steadfast did I remain until home was reached. I forgot to mention that by the politeness of Mr. Poole we were shown the machinery that makes so many "little trucks" and the preparations that had been made for the next day's work. Many thanks to friend Poole for the very acceptable *present*. Although not much acquainted in Wilmington, methinks I should have comparatively little difficulty in finding the "surroundings" hereafter. May his manly form never grow less, and the luster of his eye never become dim. May prosperity attend him in every right way, and may the same be the lot of his other half, together with the "little responsibilities" that are so common in the family circle, making home so pleasant.

Mr. Whitney's singing school closed on the evening of March 28th by a concert, in which the school sung part first of the programme, consisting of ten pieces. This class, it is believed, has been eminently successful, and a foundation has been laid which, if properly improved, cannot but result in the rapid advancement of correct musical taste among us. Those who have attended through the term for the purpose of making real progress in musical attainments, will not regret the time and efforts put forth in so laudable an undertaking, while those who have attended for other and ulterior purposes had far better have staid away. But to the second part of the programme I now turn my attention. About the same number of pieces, as in part first, were performed, though necessarily occupying much more time. The first piece, a Trio, was exquisitely rendered by Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Soprano at Dr. Putnam's church, Roxbury, Messrs. Whitney of Boston, and F. Harnden of Reading. Of the two last named I need not say a word, as their musical reputation is well known in this town and vicinity and nothing I could say would add thereto. But Mrs. Sawyer, I am constrained to say, possesses a clear, ringing and melodious voice, with extraordinary compass, sustaining the highest notes without apparent effort, at once modulating her voice with great precision and ease, not unlike in comparison to a nicely adjusted piece of mechanism, it being perfectly at her command. Mrs. S. is decidedly the best soprano singer that I have heard at a concert in this town since my residence here, which is nearly thirty years. The second piece was a song, sung by Miss S. J. Fitch, contralto at Kings Chapel, Boston. Her singing in this piece did not make so very favorable an impression as afterward, as it was manifest she was laboring under the great disadvantage of a cold. But I must pass over some of the pieces, and next I came to a song, "The Dearest spot" sung by Miss Fitch. This piece exhibited the beauties of her well trained and highly cultivated voice which to be fully appreciated *must be heard*. Miss F. possesses the sweetest and most melodious alto voice it has been my fortune yet to hear; she seems to sing as though she felt the force of every word, and with that ease and elegance so delightful to every lover of all that is beautiful in music. Her distinct enunciation of the words was truly admirable. "Somebody's waiting for somebody" was a fine thing and was brilliantly executed by Mrs. Sawyer, and the audience demanded its repetition in a manner which demonstrated their appreciation of the artist. But I have already extended this article at perhaps too great length, but I must not omit to say that in all the pieces in part second, the voices were accompanied by Mr. J. D. Mansfield, Organist at Park Street Church, Boston, on the piano-forte, and the skillful manner in which he presided, showed much ability and familiarity with the instrument.

LENO.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The following are some of the proceedings at the annual town meeting on Monday. At 9 o'clock A. M., the meeting was called to order by James O. Boswell, Esq. the Clerk of last year. Rev. D. W. Phillips appropriately addressed the throne of grace. Hon. P. H. Sweetser was elected to preside over the meeting. Under article second the various town offices were filled for the ensuing year. But few changes were made in the principal officers. Town Clerk, C. H. Shepard; Treasurer, James F. Emerson; Selectmen, Edward Mansfield, Thomas Green and John Purington; Assessors, Lilley Eaton, James Oliver and Stillman A. Eaton; Overseers of the Poor, Hiram Sweetser, Stephen Lufkin & Wm. Oliver; School Committee, Lilley Eaton and E. A. Upton; Constables, C. H. Davis, Thomas B. Walker and A. N. Jones; Trustees to the Public Library, P. H. Sweetser, Lucius Bebee, Geo. O. Carpenter, D. B. Wheelock, E. A. Upton, J. O. Boswell, and J. M. Sweetser; Surveyor of Highways, C. H. Davis, Joseph Hartshorn, Asaph Evans, James J. Mansfield, Augustus A Walton and Geo. W. Oliver; Collector of taxes, James Oliver. In addition to the foregoing—Surveyors of Lumber, Wood &c.—Fence viewers, Field-drivers &c., were chosen in the usual numbers. $4500 were appropriated for Schools, $200 of which for the support of an evening school; $4000 for ordinary town charges; $2500 for the payment of the interest and principal of the town debt; $2400 for the support of Highways, fifty per cent discount to those who pay in money before the first of July; $300 for the maintainance of the Town Library. The selectmen were instructed to purchase the Hay Scales recently erected on the common by P. C. Wheeler.

Other business of importance was transacted with the usual good feeling and promptness. The meeting was dissolved a little before 5 o'clock P. M.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher lectured before the South Reading Literary Association on Monday evening, in the Congregational Meeting House. Our people generally, who could be present were there, and good delegations from neighboring towns. It is useless to describe the lecture to those who have heard Mr. Beecher, and those who have not would not appreciate the description. No regrets were heard for having spent a quarter for a ticket.

On Monday evening, a team belonging to Hon. Thomas Emerson, in charge of Mr. Page ran into the fence on the Common. It was dark, but the driver, in turning near the Baptist Meeting House, to go to the place of the lecture, thought he was keeping clear of all obstructions, until the horse was brought up against the fence, or had actually leaped it and was thrown down. Mr. Page received a cut in the head, and Mr. Fowle, Station Master, who was also in the wagon, was sprained in the neck, and has not since been able to attend to his duty.

A very large quantity of snow has fallen during the present week, even more than in the storm on the last of March, when it required a great amount of labor to make the roads, passable. From Monday evening April 1st, to the Wednesday following, it is judged, that, upon a level, some 18 inches of snow fell; and the writer was told by one who had measured it in several places in the woods, that he found it to average 24 inches deep.

The public schools in town will not commence until the second Monday in the month, April 15th.

M.

879 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON, FEB. 1, 1861.

Messrs. Editors:

A sincere feeling of personal gratitude towards Dr. Flagg, (late Cummings & Flagg,) 25 Tremont street, accompained, I believe, with a truly philanthropic motive, prompts me to speak of the following incident, illustrating the incalculable benefit of the use of *Ether*. I had endured, as best I could, the excruciating pain and vast inconvience, from the gradual decay of all my teeth; fearing a l the time, still more, the pain of extraction, yet convinced there was no other remedy. I was ignorant of the effects of Ether, supposing it intolerable to a nervous and sensitive person. Dr. Flagg, however, persuaded me to take it, and then removed eleven teeth, without any feeling of pain on my part, or any knowledge of the precise moment of the operation. In a few days I quietly submitted to the inhalation of Ether again, when seventeen teeth and roots were extracted with the same result. In a short time my gums, when sufficiently healed, were fitted to a temporary set artificial teeth, affording me more comfort for the year while I used them, than I had known for long time. These were replaced by a permanent set, which, *in every respect*, I do not hesitate to say, *cannot be surpassed*, except by natural teeth. I cannot withhold my acknowledgments to Dr. Flagg, for the superior skill and kind treatment which I have received at his hands.

Yours, truly,
GEORGE BAXTER, JR.

[The correspondent, in the above tribute to the practical skill of Dr. Flagg, does that gentleman but simple justce. As a dentist, he stands in the front rank of his profession. He has worked his way up, through all the intermediate degrees. By long practic and studious application, fostered by a love of his art, and stimulated by a laudable ambition to excel, he has achived many triumps. The tokens of his success—beautiful beyond compare—are in the mouths of thousands, whose tongues, in gratitede, like the writer of the above, speak loudly and confidently in his praise. He is prompt and decisive in his operations; understands exactly what is to be done in every case, and the best way to do it.

We are glad to see that he is meeting with the success which his professional skill so richly deserves—EDS. BOSTON TRAVELLER.]

"*He remembered the Forgotten*," was beautifully said of Howard the Philanthropist. It also supplies to every man who brings the ameliorations, comforts and enjoyments of life within the reach of persons and classes who are otherwise deprived of their advantages. Especially may it be said of him who laboriously seeks and finds new means of preserving health, "the poor man's capital and the rich man's power." We think this eulogium properly applies to J. C. Ayer of Lowell, the renowned chemist of NewEngland who, spurning the trodden paths of fame, devotes his entire abilities and acquirements to the discovery of Nature's most effectual remedies for disease. When the hidden blessing has been revealed, he proceeds to supply it to all mankind alike through druggists, at such low prices that poor and rich may alike enjoy its benefits-*Journal & Enquirer, Portland Maine.*

CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE.—The New England Carpet Company, of Boston, have an advertisement in our issue of to-day, which purchasers of carpetings should read.

TOWN WARRANT.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn in said County, GREETING:

IN the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn qualified to vote in town affairs, to meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of April, A.D. 1861, at 3½ of the clock, P.M., to act on the following articles, viz:—

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To choose all necessary town officers for the year ensuing.

Art. 3. To hear and act on the report of the School Committee.

Art. 4. To hear and act on the report of the School Committee, in relation to naming the several schools in town.

Art. 5. To hear and act on the report of the Chief Engineer of the fire department.

Art. 6. To determine if the town will instruct the Clerk to cause the By-Laws of the town, the Rules and Ordinances of the Fire Department, together with the Sections of the General Statutes adopted by the town, to be printed, or do anything in relation thereto.

Art. 7. To see if the town will authorize their Treasurer to hire money for the use of the town, in anticipation of taxes, such money to be hired under the instruction and authority of the Selectmen.

Art. 8. To see if the town will adopt Sections 7, 8, and 9, of Chapter 45, of the General Statutes, in relation to sidewalks.

Art. 9. To see if the town will adopt Sections 49 and 50, Chapter 24, of the General Statutes, in relation to volunteer engine companies.

Art. 10. To see if the town will authorize the Treasurer to make such changes with the town debt as the Selectmen may direct, by their approval of all notes given, and the same to be attested by the Town Clerk.

Art. 11. To see if the town will instruct their Treasurer to hire money to pay any portion of the town debt, or do or act any thing in relation to the same.

Art. 12. To see if the town will choose a committee to revise the By-Laws of the town or do any thing in relation thereto.

And you are directed to serve this warrant posting up attested copies thereof at each of the public meeting-houses in said town, seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting and causing the same to be published in the *Middlesex Journal* and *Woburn Budget*.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands, at Woburn, this third day of April, A. D. 1861.

JOHN CUMMINGS, JR.,
WILLIAM TOTMAN,
ELBRIDGE TRULL,
JOSEPH KELLEY,
E. N. BLAKE,
W. T. GRAMMER,
} SELECTMEN OF WOBURN.

A true copy, Attest: EDWARD SIMONDS, Constable of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX ss. Reading, March 30th, 1861.

To all persons whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Taxes assessed upon the following premises situated in said Reading, for the years hereafter stated, have not been paid, and are due; and that I shall sell at Public Auction, at the store of JONATHAN FROST, in said Reading, on MONDAY, the TWENTY-NINTH day of APRIL next, at three o'clock, in the afternoon, so much of each of said estates and premises as shall be necessary to pay the taxes so assessed, and all lawful charges thereon, unless the same are paid before the said time of sale.

The following are the names of the persons assessed, a general description of the several estates and premises, and the amount of the taxes assessed and due thereupon, respectively; and the owners are all non-residents so far as they are known.

1 W. F. CLAFLIN—One-fourth of an acre, more or less, of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on the corner of Warren and Forest Avenues, and is Lot numbered 17, on a plan of land in the town of Reading, Mass, belonging to Amos Cummings, jr and G. B. Parott, Surveyor, and recorded with said Middlesex Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 9; and formerly owned by Nathaniel Vaughn. It is bounded, North by Warren Avenue; West by Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 18 on said plan, and East by Lot No. 16 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $9.36
Highway Tax for 1859, .51

2 LOT NO 65, unknown owner—This is about ½ of an acre of land, with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Forest Avenue, and is numbered 65 upon the above mentioned Plan of A. Cummings, jr., and formerly owned by E. E. Pratt; Bounded, East by said Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 64; West by land of heirs of J. Prescott, Esq., and North by Lot No. 66, as marked on said Pla .
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.76

3 LOT 18, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land, about ¼ of an acre, situate on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 18 on said Cummings' Plan; Bounded, Westerly by said Avenue; Northerly by Lot No. 17, and Southerly by Lot No. 19 on said Plan.
State County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

4 LOT 39, PARK AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land on Park Avenue, on said Cummings' Plan, and numbered 39 thereon; Bounded, Southerly by Park Avenue; Easterly by lot No. 40, and Westerly by Lot No. 38 on said plan, and containing about ¼ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

5 LOTS 61, 62, 63, 64, unknown owner—About one half acre of land on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 61, 62, 63, 64 on said Cummings' Plan, of a triangular shape and bounded East by said Forest Avenue; West by land of heirs of J. Prescott, and North by Lot No. 65 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

6 LOT 32, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ¼ of an acre situate on the corner of Centre and Forest Avenue, and is numbered 32 on said Cummings' Plan, and bounded Northerly by said Centre Avenue; Westerly by said Forest Avenue; Easterly by Lot No. 31, and Southerly by Lot No. 33.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

7 LOT 30, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land situate on said Centre Avenue, and is numbered 30 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue; East by Lot 29; South by lot 36; West by Lot 31 on said plan, containing about ¼ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $0.78

8 LOT 27, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ¼ of an acre on Centre Avenue and numbered 27 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue; East by Lot 26; South by Lot 39, and West by Lot 28 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

9 DANIEL H. SHIRLEY—A lot of land on Washington street, so called, in Reading, and is bounded Northerly by said street, and is Lot No. 15 on a plan of part of the estate of the late Edmund Parker, Esq., and surveyed by Joseph Bancroft, June, 1847, and recorded in said Registry, Book of Plans No. 2, page 88.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04
Highway Tax for 1859 .17

10 WILLIAM L. BATTLES—A parcel of land situate at a place called Fairmount, in said Reading, and bounded—Northerly by North street; Westerly by Second street; Southerly by Hopkins and South streets, and is composed of the Lots numbered 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, on a plan of Fairmount belonging to Wm. L. Brown, Esq., made by E. Bucknam, and recorded in said Middlesex Registry, Book of Plans 6, page 30.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.56
Highway Tax for 1859, .50

11 ALPHA HUNTON—One-half acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Ash street, and bounded East by Ash street, leading to South Reading; North and West by land of B. E. Beard; South by land of E. Crouch.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $8.58

12 P. ULMER—2½ acres of land on Bear Hill, consisting of lots numbered 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102 103, 104, 105 on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount, and described in deed from Wm. L. Brown to said Ulmer, dated 18th Dec., 1858, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 812, page 162.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.34
Real Estate for 1859, 1.63

13 MR. PAINE, or unknown owner—About 1½ acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situated on Main and Ash Streets, and a little North of the track of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and bounded South by a lane which separates it from said track; West by said Main and Ash streets, and North by a street laid out, but not fully graded and occupied.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $18.82
Highway Tax for 1859, 1.60

14 J. M. DANE—About three acres of land on Ash street, and bounded West by Ash street; South by lands of Jaquith and others; East by land of Boston and Maine Railroad, and North by land late of H. Kingman, deceased, described in deed of G. Winn *et ux* to said Dane, dated October 1st, 1855, and recorded in said Registry, Book 724, page 38.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $7.80

15 LOT 31, unknown owner—Contains ¼ of an acre of land situate on Ash street, as laid out on E. Parker's plan, and is numbered 31 on the above mentioned plan of part of Edmund Parker's estate, bounded Northerly by Ash street on said plan, and Westerly by Lot No. 32 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

16 GEORGE W. IRELAND—Three fourths of an acre of land with a house thereon, situate on Washington street, so called, and is same land described in a deed of J. C. Smith to said Ireland, dated 5th November, 1856, recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 752, page 441.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $8.32
Highway Tax for 1859, .65

17 WILLIAM EGAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land on Bear Hill, the same being lots numbered 30 and 31, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

18 JOHN W. BOWKER—About one-eighth of an acre of land on said Bear Hill, the same being numbered Lot 117, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

19 GEORGE M. MCLELLAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land situate on Park Avenue, and numbered 42 on above mentioned Cummings' plan, and is bounded South by said Avenue; West by Lot No. 41; North by land of T. Sweetser, and East by Lot No. 43.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62
Highway Tax for 1859, .10

20 J. W. PEPPER—Three acres on Bear Hill, and numbered on said plan of Fairmount as follows—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.86

21 STATE LOAN AND FUND ASSOCIATION—About three and three fourths of an acre of land on Summer street, and on Bear Hill, with a dwelling house thereon, now occupied by Mrs. William Pierce; and bounded Northerly by said Summer street, and on all other sides by land now or formerly of Wm. L. Brown, Esquire.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $10.92
Highway Tax for 1859, .79

22 WRIGHT NEWHALL'S HEIRS—Four acres of land, more or less, in Cedar Swamp, so called, situate near the stone town bound between the towns of said Reading and Lynnfield, and lying between two lots of land belonging to John Perkins of Lynnfield.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.83

23 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of Hawkes' lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.31

24 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of C. Green's lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.16

25 DAVID TAYLOR—Thirteen acres of land, more or less, situate in said Cedar Swamp, East of J. W. Walcott's lot and adjoining the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

26 ANTHONY CHASE, or unknown—The easterly half of a lot of land called the Lambert Swamp Lot, which lot contains six acres and sixteen rods, more or less; and is bounded Easterly by land of Samuel Pratt; Southerly by the several lands of David Pratt, jr. and Nathan P. Pratt, Esq.; Westerly by land of J. Brooks Nichols and others, and Northerly by lands of Joseph L. Pratt and Asa P. Pratt. Said lot was formerly conveyed by Jeremiah Lovejoy to William Lovejoy, and by the latter to Thomas C. Day, and said Day sold one-half of said lot to said Chase.
State, County and Town Tax for 1859, $1.45
Do. do. do. 1860, .62
Highway Tax for 1858, .15
Do. do. 1859, .17

27 LAMBERT LOT, unknown owner—The westerly half of the above bounded Lambert Swamp Lot. Each half contains three acres and eight rods more or less.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

GEORGE BATCHELDER,
Collector of the Town of Reading.

INTERESTING TO THE PUBLIC!

PERSONS troubled with Contracted Limbs of many years standing, Stiff Joints or Rheumatism, can be effectually cured, by using

DR. HANSONS Stimulating Ointment

which is sold at Wholesale & Retail at the Depot NO. 145 HANOVER STREET, up one flight of stairs.

Boston Price Fifty cents per bottle, and if the patient is not benefited the money will be refunded. Advice gratis. Feb. 7th—3m.

Diaries for 1861!

ALL styles of Diaries for 1861, can found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

SHERIFF'S SALE

MIDDLESEX ss. March 26, 1861.

BY VIRTUE of an Execution which issued on a judgment in favor of J. Quincy Blake, of Bedford, in our said County of Middlesex, at the term of the Superior Court holden at Cambridge, for and within our County of Middlesex aforesaid, on the Second Monday of December last, to wit, on the twenty-fifth day of February A. D. 1861, I have taken all the right in equity that Abner B. Lane of Bedford, aforesaid, had on the Thirtieth day of November A. D 1857, when the same was attached on the original writ or which the said Lane now has to redeem certain Mortgaged Real Estate lying in Bedford in said County, to wit:

A certain tract of land in the Northerly part of Bedford with the buildings thereon, containing eighteen acres more or less—Bounded, beginning at the North Westerly corner of the premises on the road leading from Bedford to Billerica; thence Easterly and bounded Northerly on land belonging to the wife of O. W. Lane, as the wall now stands, in a straight line to land of J. Smith; thence running Westerly on said Smith's land to land of G. Dutton in a straight line as the wall now stands to an angle in the wall; thence Northerly as the wall runs on land of Levi Bailey to an angle in the wall; thence Westerly as the wall now runs to an angle in the wall; thence Northerly as aforesaid; thence Westerly as aforesaid to said road; thence Northerly on said road as the wall now stands to the bound first mentioned: being the same premises mortgaged to Wm. L. Whitney of Cambridge, and recorded in Middlesex registry of deeds (South District,) Book 649, Page 237, to which reference may be had. And on MONDAY the TWENTY-NINTH day of APRIL next, at four o'clock, P. M., at my office in Woburn, in said County, I shall offer for sale to the highest bidder said right in equity of redemption, to satisfy said Execution and all costs and charges of sale.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.

Carpets for the People!

Quality is the Test of Cheapness!

Crossley's Best Tapestries and velvets,—the best carpets of English production, now opening by the New England Carpet Co., 75 Hanover street, opposite American House, Boston.

20,000 **Yards Elegant Tapestry Brussels,** for 80 cents per yard. These goods were bought subject to manufacturers' slight imperfections, at a recent auction sale in New York. They are of the most elegant styles, rich and gorgeous colors, and modern patterns. The imperfections are slight, and scarcely perceptible, and of such a nature as not to injure the durability or appearance of the goods, and will be retailed at 80 cents per yard, and no deduction in price on account of wholesale purchases. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite the American House, Boston.

Royal Velvet Carpets,

For $1 12½ per yard — 20 pieces from the New York auction sales, just opened by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite the American House, Boston.

Kidderminster Carpets,

Subject to slight imperfections in matching,—for 55 cents peryard. These goods are heavy, all wool, bright colors, and modern styles and are the cheapest carpets in the market. Just received by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Boston.

Superfines and Three-Plys,

Of the best quality now opening by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Boston.

A New Carpet.

CROSSELEY'S IMPROVED ELECTROTYPE,—Recommended for its durability, permanency of colors, elegant styles, and beautiful designs, for sale at 62½ cents per yard, by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street Boston.

Real Brussels.

There has long been a want of a place where the real full frame Brussels could be had without paying the extravagant profits usually demanded for them. In order to meet this want, we have placed in our retail department a general assortment of Chintz, Mosaic, Persian, Turkey, and other popular designs, from the most celebrated makers in England and this country, and shall henceforth keep constantly on hand the fullest and most complete stock of this particular sort of carpet. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite American House, Boston.

Floor Oil Cloths.

No person should be induced to purchase without first seeing those made by the new method of enameling the surface, rendering them very beautiful and durable. For sale by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite American House, Boston.

Feoor Oil Cloths.

"GET THE BEST."

The enamelled and satin finished goods now opening by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, Boston.

Look Out.

As the name of our firm has been very closeyl imitated by others, purchasers are reminded that we occupy our old warehouse, the entrance to which is numbered 75 Hanover street.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.

Mortgagees' Sale of Real Estate, in Stoneham.

PURSUANT to a power of sale, and for breaches of the conditions contained in a mortgage of Real Estate, given to us by Thomas Gould of Stoneham, in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Yeoman, dated October 4th, A.D. 1859, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds, Lib. 826, Fol. 159, Martha M. Gould, wife of said Thomas Gould, joining in said mortgage in release of both dower and homestead in and to said premises. We shall sell by public auction, on MONDAY, the TWENTY-SECOND day of April next, at four o'clock in the afternoon, upon the premises, all the right, title and interest in and to said premises, which were conveyed by said mortgage, and all the right, title and interest in the same premises remaining in the said Thomas Gould upon the giving of said mortgage, such sale to be made for breaches of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the money secured thereby.

Said premises consists of a certain tract or parcel of land situated in said Stoneham, on the easterly side of Pond Street, containing forty acres, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the South-westerly corner of the premises at said Street, and by land of Pamelia Gould; thence the line runs easterly by said Pamelia Gould's land to Doleful Pond, so called; thence Northerly and Easterly by said Pond to land of Atwood & Dyer; thence Northerly and Easterly by said Atwood & Dyer's land to land of Jesse Green; thence Northerly by said Green's land, and land of Cyrus Hay, and land late of Peter Hay, to land of Joseph W. Barrett; thence Westerly by said Barrett's land, and land of Elbridge Gerry, and land of Ira Gerry, to land late of James Hadley; thence Southerly and Westerly by said land late of James Hadley to land late of Reuben Richardson; thence Southerly by said land late of Reuben Richardson, and land of John Buckman, and said Pond Street, to the point of beginning.

Terms and conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

ELBRIDGE GERRY, } Mortgagees.
ALFRED DIKE, }

SILAS DEAN, Auctioneer.

Stoneham, March 27, 1861.—3w.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS.

THE MAKORA ARABICA,

DISCOVERED BY A

Missionary while traveling in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are threatened with Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Bronchitis should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Asthma, Scrofula and impurities of the blood should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

It cures Consumption.
It cures Bronchitis.
It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds.
It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and impurities of the Blood.

This unequalled remedy is now for the first time introduced to the public.

It was providentially discovered by a missionary while travelling in Arabia. He was cured of Consumption by its use after his case was pronounced hopeless by learned physicians in Europe.

He has forwarded to us in writing, a full account of his own extraordinary cure, and of a number of other cures which have come under his observation and also a full account of the medicine.

At his request, and impelled by a desire to extend a knowledge of this remedy to the public, we have had his communication printed in pamphlet form for free distribution. Its interest is enhanced by an account which he gives of some of the scenes of the Syrian massacres, which he obtained from those who suffered in that awful tragedy.

This pamphlet may be obtained at our office, or it will be sent free by mail to all who apply for it.

We import the MAKORA ARABICA direct from Smyrna through the house of Cleon & Gylippus, and we have always on hand a full supply put up in bottles ready for use with full directions.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sent by mail, on receipt of price, and 24 cents for postage.

For sale wholesale and retail by

LEEDS, GILMORE & CO,
Importers of Drugs and Medicines,
61 Liberty St., New York.

SOLD ALSO BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

PERPETUAL ALMANACS, telling any date in this century, at the Woburn Bookstore.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL

Printing Establishment,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WE call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

Printing of Every Description.

All classes of the community can have their wants supplied in any style of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS,
INSURANCE POLICIES,
BANK CHECKS,
NOTE BOOKS,
BLANK RECEIPTS,
LEGAL BLANKS.
BILL HEADS,
CATALOGUES,
SERMONS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
PAMPHLETS,
ORDER OF EXERCISES,
BUSINESS CARDS,
ADDRESS CARDS,
BALL CARDS,
ORDER OF DANCES,
SHOW BILLS,
POSTERS,
AUCTION BILLS,
SHOP BILLS,
MILK BILLS,
LABELS,
&c., &c., &c.

Particular attention paid to printing

Posters of all sizes; also Visiting, Marriage, Invitation, Ball and Business Cards.

☞ Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS *STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER, LBANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c.*, has just been added to the former tock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS!

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry, Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Intermediate and Primary Schools.

American and English Family, Pocket and School Bibles and Testaments, a very large stock; Psalmist, Watts and Select, Plymouth Collection, and Christian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post, Political and Ornamental Writing Papers White, Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes.—Gillott's and Commercial Pens and Holders of various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and Indelible Ink. Covered, Plain, Transparent, and Porcelain Slates. Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper. Whitney's Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Ink Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Faber's, Carpenters, and Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders, Drawing Books, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Tearers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes. Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

JUVENILE BOOKS,

in Cloth, Morocco, and paper covers.

Blank Books and Memorandums of all kinds in general use, Full and Half-Bound Ledgers. Journals, Day Books, and Letter Books. Tablet Paper and Ivory Memorandums, Writing and Exercise Books, School Journals, &c.

HOUSE PAPERS.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand, and supplied to order.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff, Back, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crotchet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and Toys of all kinds.

A CARD TO GENTLEMEN!

THE Subscriber desires to thank his friends and customers for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him for many years past, and begs to solicit a continuance of their favors. Gentleman in want of

Elegant, Rich & Fashionable Garments,

—AS WELL AS—

Clothing for Common Wear,

are solicited to examine my

New Stock of Cloths, Vestings, Coatings, and Pantaloonery,

the largest ever exhibited in this town, and which has been selected with much care from the latest importations and best domestic manufactures.

These GOODS, many of which are adapted to

FALL AND WINTER WEAR,

are offered to the public at

LOW AND UNIFORM PRICES.

Employing the most skillful workmen for each garment, I guarantee to give those who favor me with their orders, GARMENTS which, for

FIT AND FINISH,

they will at once appreciate, and of such durability as, it is believed, will give perfect satisfaction. I have also a large assortment of appropriate

FABRICS FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.

A select assortment of GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS constantly on hand.

G. R. GAGE.

Sleigh for Sale!

A NEW SLEIGH, which has been used but a very short time, is offered for sale.
Woburn, Dec. 1, 1860. Apply at this Office.

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without injury

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of

MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN,
148 Hanover Street, Boston.

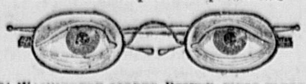
Cherry Wine Bitters.

DR. WHEELER'S CHERRY WINE BITTERS have gained a repetition for excellence in driving out of the human system such complaints as dyspepsia, nervous debility, scrofulous humors, eruptions of the skin, hysteria, headache, jaundice, languor, vertigo, flatulency.

They combat with other disease, viz. lowness of spirits, diarrhœa, dysentery, and readily conquer.

Prepared only by Lewis Wheeler, Druggist, corner Custom House and Broad street, Boston, and for sale every where. 14—3m

Patent and Improved Spectacles



284 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, FIRST FLOOR UP STAIRS.

DISEASE OF THE EYE MEDICALLY TREATED.

PROF FRANKS & SON, of New York. Professor Franks, Oculist, Optician by Diploma to the New York Eye Hospital, Life Governor of the Eye Infirmary, Lecturer on the Eye, and Patentee, will attend. These spectacles seldom or even require changing to others of stronger magnifying powers, never tire the Eyes, and can be seen through as well by candle as daylight.

REFERENCES.

Hon. Millard Fillmore, ex Pres. of the U. States.
Hon. Thos. H. Seymour, late Governor of Conn.
Hon. James Y. Smith, Merchant, Providence, R. I.
Hon E. Huntington, ex-Lieut. Governor of Mass.
Hon Robert B Cranston, Mayor of Newport, R. I.
Prof. B. Stillman, M. D., Yale College, N. Haven.
Prof. E. Ives, M. D., Yale College, New Haven.
Prof. J. Knight, M. D., Yale College, New Haven.
Prof. W. Hooker, M. D., Yale College, N. Haven.
Prof. P. A. Jewett, Yale College, New Haven.
Prof. C. Hooker, M. D., Yale College, New Haven.
Prof. Mott, M. D., New York Medical University.
Prof. M. Payne, M. D., N. Y. Medical University.
Prof. C. R. Gilman, M. D., N. Y. Med. University.
Prof. A. C. Post, M. D., N. Y. Med. University.
G. Wilkes, M. D., New York Eye Infirmary.
A. Dubois, M. D., New York Eye Infirmary.
Mark Stephenson, M. D., New York Eye Hospital.
Isaac Wood, M. D., New York Eye Hospital.
D. L. Rogers, M. D., New York Eye Hospital.
J. P. Garrish, M. D., New York Eye Hospital.
E. H. Dixon, Editor of the New York Scalpel.
D. M. Reese, Editor of New York Med. Gazette
H. D. Bulkley, Editor of N. Y. Medical Times.
W. S. Charnley, Pres. Quinipiack Bank, N. Haven.
P. Hammond, Cashier City Bank, Worcester.
H. Pillsbury, President Merchants' Bank, Lowell.
C. Boswell, President Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Hartford. 13—1y.

BININGER'S OLD KENTUCKY BOURBON

"1849 RESERVE"

THE established popularity of this CHOICE OLD BOURBON as a medicinal agent, renders it superfluous to mention in detail the characteristics which distinguish it from the ordinary grade of Kentucky Whiskeys.

Being distilled in 1848, and manufactured expressly for us with great care, it can be relied upon as a strictly pure stimulant, and peculiarly effective for the treatment of Lung Complaints, Dyspepsia, derangement of the Stomach, Nervousness, &c

As a curative agent it has a tendency to recreate and strengthen; while age having contributed its genial charm and enriched it with a delicous flavor and an oily body, it affords a pleasant incentive to the preservaton or recovery of health, through the agreable medium of a well pleased palate.

Put up in a variety of attractive forms, in iron bound, of one and two dozen bottles each, and sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

A. M. BININGER & CO.
Established (1778.)
Sole proprietors, No. 19 Broad St. N.Y.

For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO. Nos. 11 and 12, Marshall st., WEEKS & POTTER SETH E. PECKER, D. GOODNOW & CO., REED CUTLER & CO., M. S. BURR & CO., STEPHEN WEEKS, T. L SMITH, S. PIERCE & CO., C. S. DAVIS & CO., and JAS. MACKINTIRE. 24—1y

THE LATEST NEWS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has made arrangements for a supply of the principal Daily and Weekly Newspapers, and Monthly Magazines, all of which will be furnished at the earliest moment after publication, and at the lowest prices. The following papers constantly on hand, and for sale:

DAILY.	WEEKLY.
Boston Post,	Ballou's Pictorial,
" Herald,	New York Ledger,
" Bee,	Middlesex Journal
" Traveller,	Lowell Vox Populi,
" Ledger,	Gazette,
" Transcript,	and others.

ALSO—Harpers' and Putnam's Magazines, Godey's Lady's Book, &c. Newspapers and Magazines of all kinds will be furnished at short notice

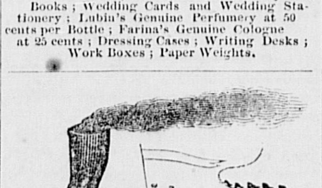
JOSIAH HOVEY,
Winchester, June. Lyceum Building

TO LET.

THE subscriber has several PLEASANT ROOMS in his new building on Union street, which he is desirous of letting for some light business. Particulars will be given on application.

L. W. COOPER.
Woburn, Dec. 15th, 1860.—tf

CAN be had at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, all styles of Envelopes and Writing Papers; Inkstands and Inks; Ink Erasers; Steel Pens and Quills; Penhandles; Pencils; Wallets; Purses; Portmannaies; Portfolios; Thermometers; Hair, Tooth and other Brushes; Flags; Drums; Toys, Dolls; Backgammon Boards; Chessmen; Dominoes; Games; Shopping Bags; Water Color Paints; Diaries for 1860; Account and all other Blank Books; Legal and Probate Blanks; Check, Order and Hay Scale Books; Wedding Cards and Wedding Stationery; Lubin's Genuine Perfumery at 50 cents per Bottle; Farina's Genuine Cologne at 25 cents; Dressing Cases; Writing Desks; Work Boxes; Paper Weights.



Ladies' and Gentlemen's

BOOTS & SHOES

OF WOBURN MANUFACTURE.

☞ Also J. Fletcher & Son's famous goods constantly on hand and for sale by

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

Winter Style!

—OF—

HATS AND CAPS

For 1860,

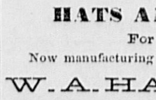
Now manufacturing at

W. A. HASLAM'S,

COR. OF MAIN & WALNUT STS., WOBURN.

☞ **Silk Hats Warranted Waterproof**

HATS and CAPS, made to order at short notice Old Hats renovated and made to look as good as new.



DR. C. T. LANG,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.,
WOBURN CENTRE, MASS.

Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank.

THIS Bank pays interest on all sums from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Regular dividends five per cent. Extra dividends every fifth year. Interest not withdrawn is added to the principal. Bank hours every Saturday from 2 to 4 o'clock, in City Bank rooms West Lynn, near Lynn Common Depot. Depositors from other towns than Lynn, can deposit every day from 8½ to 12 and from 1 to 2.

B. V. FRENCH, *Treasurer.*
Dec. 8, 1860.—1y.

SOMETHING NEW!

I AM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of

LIGHT AND DARK GOODS

—FOR—

SPRING CLOTHING.

G. R. GAGE.

Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Manufacturers at Augusta, Me., would respectfully inform their former customers and the public generally, that they have opened on

CHARLESTOWN STREET, NO. 24,

(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles, (mostly from St. John lumber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.

☞ Particular attention paid to orders by mail or express. E. K. ROBINSON & CO.

Business Cards.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, April 1st, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON, for—

Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.00 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.00 p m
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.00 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.00 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.00, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.00, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00, 5.15, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.15, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10 p m., Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.35 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.43, 9.39, a m, 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7.55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m. 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 † p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30 p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Wednesdays at 10.30 P. M.,

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant
B. L. and N. & L. R. R.
March 30th, 1861.

A. E. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

No. 3 Wade's Block.

Woburn, April, 1854.

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
Woburn Centre
Jan. 21, 1860. tf

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1858. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY,

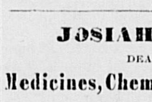
DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,

School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL, ... WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7



HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,

PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satsisfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by leaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

T. RICKARD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Residence on BENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant Street, on the right.

Woburn, Dec, 4. tf

PERSONS'

WOBURN AND BOSTON EXPRESS,

Will leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a. m., and Boston at 2 o'clock, p. m.

OFFICES: J. S. Ellis and W. Woodberry's Store Woburn; No. 6 Court Square, and 46 North Market Street. Boston

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Pilling's Factory," for the purpose of

Grinding Corn, Rye, &c,

is now prepared to wait upon such in that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days.

BENJ. MANSFIELD.
Nov. 12, 1859 tf

APRIL MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN.
BALLOU'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

1861! 1861!!

Bill Heads! Bill Heads!

BUSINESS MEN can be supplied with BILL HEADS, in any quantity, at the *JOURNAL OFFICE*, at short notice, in good style, and at prices sa low as in the city, or elsewhere.

Magazines for 1861!

All Magazines are supplied at the

WOBURN BOOK STORE

at prices less than publishers' rates, together with the saving of postage.

HARPER for 1861,	$.40.
GODEY, "	.40.
PETERSON, "	.00.
ATLANTIC, "	.40.
ECLECTIC, "	4.80.

and all other Magazines at proportionate rates.

☞ Persons wishing to commence with the New Year, should subscribe at once

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

IT CAN BE DONE.

OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.
March 13th, 1861.—2m

TO FARMERS, 80,000 BARRELS POUDRETTE, made by Lodi Manufacturing Co., for sale in lots to suit purchasers. This is the CHEAPEST FERTILIZER in market. $3 worth will manure an acre of corn, will increase the crop from one third to one-half, and will ripen the crop two weeks earlier. Price over seven Barrels $1.50 per barrel. A pamphlet, with satisfactory evidence and full particulars will be sent gratis to any one sending address to

LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
125 Commercial St, Boston, Mass
Boston Feb. 7th—3m.

Business Cards.

H. HARRIMAN,

HARNESS AND COLLAR M

Corner of Ockley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices

Repairing neatly done.

Nov. 20.

WILLIAM WINN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estat attended to on reasonable terms

Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

A. B COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street

At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

ALSO, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

☞ *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.*

(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).
Nov1, 1858. ytf

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand

☞ SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.

Woburn, Feb. 14.

CHARLES A. SMITH,

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.*

East Woburn, Sept. ytf

PERRY, BELL & EATON,

Manufacturers and dealers in

HARD, SOFT AND FANCY SOAPS.

☞ *Soap made expressly for Curriers' use.*

All orders promptly attended to.

NORTH WOBURN, MASS.
Feb. 14. 1y

E. D. HAYDEN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

NO. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN, MASS.
Feb. 13. ytf

Central Market

Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.
Oct 8, 1859. tf

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING,
J. F. PICKERING.
Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

ASTHMA. For the Instant Relief and Permanent Cure of this distressing complaint use

FENDT'S

BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & Co., 458 Broadway, New-York.

Price, $1 per box; sent free by post.
For sale by all Druggists. 10—1y.

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT

BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.

☞ New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale.

Winchester, Sept. 1. GEORGE ALLEN. tf

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Apply at this Office.
Woburn, January 11, 1861.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASMATIC & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medicine will be needed.*

Sold in Woburn, at the WOBURN BOOK STORE B. W. CONANT'S and ELBRIDGE TRULL'S, and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co., Tremont street, Carter, Colcord & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carny, and Weeks & Porter, Washington street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

T. A. SWEETSER,
Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.
January 25th, 1860.—1y

AMERICAN STEAM AND GAS PIPE WORKS.

WILLIAM G. PIKE, manufacturer and dealer in STEAM and GAS PIPE of all sizes; Brass and Iron Fittings, of all kinds; Steam Boilers, Valves, Cocks, Heaters, Coils Condensers Gas Lighting Apparatus, and everything connected with Steam and Gas.

No 29 Haverhill street Boston.

Steam Apparatus, for Warming Factories, Hotels, Public Institutions and Private Dwellings.
Feb. 6th—3m.

BOOKS BOOKS.

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book sellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

JOSIAH HOVEY.
Lyceum Building, Winchester, June 7

GARDINER'S

Rheumatic & Neuralgia Compound.

A sure cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia in its worst form. The undersigned hereby certify that they have used "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" for the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and have in every case found immediate and permanent relief. We have full confidence in its healing qualities, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with these harrassing diseases, as one of the safest and best medicines ever offered to the public.

S. HANCOCK, JR., 20 South Market st. Boston; W. H. ALLEN, Boston; HENRY A. FULLER, 18 South Market st, Boston; SAMUEL WALES, JR., City Hotel, Boston; GEO. H PLUMMER, 1 Maverick square, East Boston; HENRY D. GARDINER, Webster st, East Boston; ABRAM WEEKS, Webster st, Boston, Capt. CHAS. G. DOLLIVER East Boston.

The best medicine for the disease I ever saw, CHAS. A. SMITH, No 1 Old State House Boston.

Have been afflicted with Rheumatism in its worst form and was entirely cured by the use of one bottle. A. W. BRYER, Matthews Building, Commercialst, Boston.

Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has entirely relieved me from sufferings of several years' standing. W. E. HODGKINS, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.

After suffering with Rheumatism for twenty years I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles of Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound. NORMAN T. AYERS, 75 Franklin street, Boston.

The Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has been taken by hundreds of people for Scrofulous Humors with great benefit. It may be given to children with perfect safety.

At wholesale by MACY & JENKINS, 67 Liberty st., New York; for sale in Woburn by B. W. CONANT, and E. TRULL; in North Woburn, by A. & E. E. THOMPSON; in Wilmington, by S. B. NICHOLS; Winchester, JOSIAH HOVEY, and the dealers throughout the country.

Principal Depot—87 Kilby st., Boston.

None genuine unless signed by
Sept. 8—1y CHAS. F. GARDINER.

LAWSON'S

NEURALGIC AND RHEUMATIC

Curative and Nerve Tonic:

For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.

THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

WILMINGTON DEPOT, May 16th, 1859.

PETER LAWSON My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr Leavitt, our worthy station agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,

L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficancy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.

I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly.

T. FOSTER FARMER.
Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheefully to the afflicted. Yours truly, J. B EATON.
Road-Master Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

DRACUT, Nov. 19, 1860.

HON. PETER LAWSON:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it vry often and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, that I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,

WILLIAM McCUTCHEON.

PETER LAWSON, Lowell, Mass, proprietor.
M. S. BURR & CO., No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston General Agents for the United States.

The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY. 21—1y.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

Bellingham's Celebrated

STIMULATING UNGUENT,

For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

The Stimulating Unguent

is prepared by Dr. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

WHISKERS, OR A MUSTACHE,

in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp, it will cure BALDNESS, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn RED or towy hair DARK and restore gray hair to its original color leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Unguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price One Dollar a box—for sale by all Druggists and Dealers; or a box of the "Unguent" (warranted to have the desired effect) will be sent to any who desire it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1.18. Apply to or address HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO.,
DRUGGISTS, &c.,
21—6m. 24 William Street, New York.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES!!

PENNSYLVANIA

SALT MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S

Saponifier.

THE READY FAMILY SOAP MAKER, AND UNIVERSAL CLEANSER.

WILL make hard water soft, clean Paint, remove Ink from Type, Grease from Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.

One Box costs.......................... .25 cents
4 to 4½ lbs. refuse grease, usually given away, at about 1 cent per lb., say .... .20

45 cents

Forty-five cents, therefore, is the cost of a barrel of FIRST RATE SOFT SOAP.

Recipe for making different kinds of Soap, SENT FREE by addressing depot or Company.

LEWIS, JAMES & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ The *SAPONIFER* can be had of any respectable store-keeper in the Country.

Almanacs for 1861!

BROWN'S, Thomas', Pilgrim's and Christian Almanacs for 1861 also as soon as published, the Boston and Lady's Almanacs, at the Woburn Bookstore.

(Concluded from first page).

"But I should wish to make you think how great is the leap in the world which you are about to take." Then again they walked on for many steps before she answered him.

"Tell me, then, John," she said, when she had sufficiently considered what words she would speak; and as she spoke a dark bright color suffused her face, and her eyes flashed almost with anger. "What leap do you mean? Do you mean a leap upward?"

"Well, yes; I hope it will be so."

"In one sense, certainly, it would be a leap upward. To be the wife of the man I loved; to have the privilege of holding his happiness in my hand; to know that I was his own—the companion whom he had chosen out of all the world—that would, indeed be a leap upward; a leap almost to heaven, if all that were so. But if you mean upward in any other sense—"

"I was thinking of the social scale."

"Then, Captain Broughton, your thoughts were doing me dishonor."

"Doing you dishonor!"

"Yes, doing me dishonor. That your father is, in the world's esteem, a greater man than mine is doubtless true enough. That you, as a man, are richer than I am as a woman is doubtless also true. But you dishonor me, and yourself also, if these things can weigh with you now."

"Patience—I think you can hardly know what words you are saying to me."

"Pardon me, but I think I do. Nothing that you can give me—no gifts of that description—can weigh aught against that which I am giving you. If you had all the wealth and rank of the greatest lord in the land, it would count as nothing in such a scale. If—as I have not doubted—if in return for my heart you have given me yours, then—then—then you have paid me fully. But when gifts such as those are going, nothing else can count even as a make-weight."

"I do not quite understand you," he answered, after a pause. "I fear you are a little high-flown." And then, while the evening was still early, they walked back to the parsonage almost without another word.

Captain Broughton at this time had only one more full day to remain at Oxney Colne. On the afternoon following he was to go as far as Exeter, and thence return to London. Of course it would be expected that the wedding-day would be fixed before he went, and much had been said about it during the first day or two of his engagement. Then he had pressed for an early time, and Patience, with a girl's diffidence, had asked for some little delay. But now nothing was said on the subject; and how was it probable that such a matter could be settled after such a conversation as that which I have related? That evening, Miss Le Smyrger asked whether the day had been fixed. "No," said Captain Broughton harshly; "nothing has been fixed." "But it will be arranged before you go." "Probably not," he said; and then the subject was dropped for the time.

"John," she said, just before she went to bed, "if there be any thing wrong between you and Patience, I conjure you to tell me."

"You had better ask her," he replied. "I can tell you nothing."

On the following morning he was surprised by seeing Patience on the gravel path before Miss Le Smyrger's gate immediately after breakfast. He went to the door to open it for her, and she, as she gave him her hand, told him that she came up to speak to him. There was no hesitation in her manner, nor any look of anger in her face. But there was in her gait and form, in her voice and countenance, a fixedness of purpose which he had never seen before, or at any rate had never acknowledged.

"Certainly," said he. "Shall I come out with you, or will you come up stairs?"

"We can sit down in the summer-house," she said; and thither they both went.

"Captain Broughton," she said—and she began her task the moment that they were both seated—

"You and I have engaged ourselves as man and wife, but perhaps we have been over-rash."

"How so?" said he.

"It may be—and indeed I will say more—it is the case that we have made this engagement without knowing enough of each other's character."

"I have not thought so."

"The time will perhaps come when you will so think, but for the sake of all that we most value, let it come before it is too late. What would be our fate—how terrible would be our misery, if such a thought should come to either of us after we have linked our lots together!"

There was a solemnity about her as she thus spoke which almost repressed him—which for a time did prevent him from taking that tone of authority which on such a subject he would choose to adopt. But he recovered himself. "I hardly think that this comes well from you," he said.

"From whom else should it come? Who else can fight my battle for me; and, John, who else can fight that same battle on your behalf? I tell you this, that with your mind standing toward me as it does stand at present, you could not give me your hand at the altar with true words and a happy conscience. Is it not true? You have half repented of your bargain already. Is it not so?"

He did not answer her; but getting up from his seat walked to the front of the summer-house, and stood there with his back turned upon her. It was not that he meant to be ungracious, but in truth he did not know how to answer her. He had half repented of his bargain.

"John," she said, getting up and following him so that she could put her hand upon his arm, "I have been very angry with you."

"Angry with me!" he said, turning sharp upon her.

"Yes, angry with you. You would have treated me like a child. But that feeling has gone now. I am not angry now. There is my hand; the hand of a friend. Let the words that have been spoken between us be as though they had not been spoken. Let us both be free."

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Certainly I mean it." As she spoke these words her eyes were filled with tears in spite of all the efforts she could make to restrain them; but he was not looking at her, and her efforts had sufficed to prevent any sob from being audible.

"With all my heart," he said; and it was manifest from his tone that he had no thought of her happiness as he spoke. It was true that she had been angry with him—angry, as she had herself declared; but nevertheless, in what she had said and what she had done she had thought more of his happiness than of her own. Now she was angry once again.

"With all your heart, Captain Broughton! Well, so be it. If with all your heart, then is the necessity so much the greater. You go to-morrow. Shall we say farewell now?"

"Patience, I am not going to be lectured."

"Certainly not by me. Shall we say farewell now?"

"Yes, if you are determined."

"I am determined. Farewell, Captain Broughton. You have all my wishes for your happiness." And she held out her hand to him.

"Patience!" he said. And he looked at her with a dark frown, as though he would strive to frighten her into submission. If so, he might have saved himself any such attempt.

"Farewell, Captain Broughton. Give me your hand, for I can not stay." He gave her his hand, hardly knowing why he did so. She lifted it to her lips and kissed it, and then leaving him, passed from the summer-house down through the wicket gate, and straight home to the parsonage.

During the whole of that day she said no word to any one of what had occurred. When she was once more at home she went about her household affairs as she had done on the day of his arrival. When she sat down to dinner with her father he observed nothing to make him think that she was unhappy; nor during the evening was there any expression in her face, or any tone in her voice, which excited his attention. On the following morning Captain Broughton called at the parsonage, and the servant-girl brought word to her mistress that he was in the parlor. But she would not see him. "Laws, miss, you ain't a quarreled with your beau?" the poor girl said. "No, not quarreled," she said; "but give him that." It was a scrap of paper containing a word or two in pencil. "It is better that we should not meet again. God bless you!" And from that day to this, now more than ten years, they never have met.

"Papa," she said to her father that afternoon, "dear papa, do not be angry with me. It is all over between me and John Broughton. Dearest, you and I will not be separated."

It would be useless here to tell how great was the old man's surprise, and how true his sorrow. As the tale was told to him no cause was given for anger with any one. Not a word was spoken against the suitor, who had on that day returned to London with a full conviction that now at least he was relieved from his engagement. "Patty, my darling child," he said, "may God grant that it be for the best!"

"It is for the best," she answered, stoutly. "For this place I am fit; and I much doubt whether I am fit for any other."

On that day she did not see Miss Le Smyrger, but on the following morning, knowing Captain Broughton had gone off—having heard the wheels of the carriage as they passed by the parsonage gate on his way to the station—she walked up to the Colne.

"He has told you, I suppose?" said she.

"Yes," said Miss Le Smyrger. "And I will never see him again unless he asks your pardon on his knees. I have told him so. I would not even give him my hand as he went."

"But why so, thou kindest one? The fault was mine more than his."

"I understand. I have eyes in my head," said the old maid. "I have watched him for the last four or five days. If you could have kept the truth to yourself and bade him keep off from you, he would have been at your feet now, licking the dust from your shoes."

"But, my dear friend, I do not want a man to lick dust from my shoes."

"Ah, you are a fool. You do not know the value of your own wealth."

"True; I have been a fool. I was a fool to think that one coming from such a life as he has led could be happy with such as I am. I know the truth now. I have bought the lesson dearly, but perhaps not too dearly, seeing that it will never be forgotten."

There was but little more said about the matter between our three friends at Oxney Colne. What, indeed, could be said? Miss Le Smyrger for a year or two still expected that her nephew would return and claim his bride; but he has never done so, nor has there been any correspondence between them.

Patience Woolsworthy had learned her lesson dearly. She had given her whole heart to the man; and, though she so bore herself that no one was aware of the struggle, nevertheless the struggle within her bosom was very violent. She never told herself that she had done wrong; she never regretted her loss; but yet—yet!—the loss was very hard to bear. He also had loved her, but he was not capable of a love which could do much injury to his daily peace. Her daily peace was gone for many a day to come.

Her father is still living; but there is a curate now in the parish. In conjunction with him and with Miss Le Smyrger she spends her time in the concerns of the parish. In her own eyes she is a confirmed old maid; and such is my opinion also. The romance of her life was played out in that summer.

Patience never sits now lonely on the hill-side thinking how much she might do for one whom she really loved. But with a large heart she loves many, and, with no romance, she works hard to lighten the burdens of those she loves.

As for Captain Broughton, all the world knows that he did marry that heiress with whom his name was once before connected, and that he is now a useful member of Parliament, working on committees three or four days a week with a zeal that is indefatigable. Sometimes, not often, as he thinks of Patience Woolsworthy a smile comes across his face.

The King and the Seidlitz Powder.—On the first consignment of seidlitz powders in the capital of Delhi, the monarch became deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing dose. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to the king how it should be used. Into the goblet he put the twelve blue papers and having added the water the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered exploded, and in his full agonies exclaimed, "Hold me down!" Then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he laid during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spirting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.

Newsboy in Scotland;

—OR—

HONESTY AND AFFECTION AMONG THE WRETCHED.

"Scotchman, Xpress, Mercury, fusees penny a hunder—this day's Scotchman, sir!" shouted a shrill, piping, ragged little fellow, at the end of a cold, wet, bitter day in October, as we stood at the door of the New Royal in Princess street, while stopping for a day or two in Edinburgh a short time since.

"No, we don't want any."

"Fusees, penny a hunder, sir; this day's papers, sir—half price, sir—only a bawbee," persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith.

"Get along, don't want any," growled my travelling companion, Phillips.

"They're good fusees, sir, penny a hunder."

"Don't smoke."

"They're good fusees, sir, hundred and twenty for a penny, sir," coming round on my flank.

"No, don't want 'em, my boy."

The keen, blue face, with its red, bare feet ingrained with dirt, and a bundle of scanty rags, looked piteously up to me, moved off a little, but still hovered around us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the Ragged School of Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the streets no more. Some how in this instance that pledge wouldn't stand by me, but gave way.

"Give me a penny worth, young'un."

"Yes, sir—they dinna smell."

"Ah, I havn't got a copper, nothing less than a shilling; so, never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow."

"Buy them the nicht, if you please. I'm very hungry, sir."

His little old face, which had lightened up, now fell, for, from his bundle of papers, I saw his sales had been but few that day.

"I'll gang for change, sir."

"Well, I'll try you—there is a shilling—now be a good boy, and bring me the change to-morrow morning to the hotel—ask for Mr. Turner."

"As sure's death, sir, I'll bring the change the morn," was the promise of the boy before he vanished with the shilling.

"Well, Turner," said Phillips, as we strolled along Princess street, "you don't expect to see your ragged friend again, do you?"

"I do."

"The boy will dishonor his I. O. U., as sure as—"

"Well, I won't grieve about the money, but I think I can trust the boy."

"Can? Why, you have trusted him."

"Well, we'll see."

"Yes, a good many remarkable things, but not young brimstone and your money."

Next morning was spent in seeing the lions. On our return to the inn I inquired:

"Waiter, did a little boy call for me today?"

"Boy, sir?—call, sir? No sir."

"Of course, he didn't," said Phillips.

"Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?"

"Indeed, I did."

Late in the evening a small boy was introduced, who wished to speak with me. He was a duodecimo edition of the same octavo of the previous day, a shoeless, shirtless, shrunk, ragged, wretched, keen witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city. He was so very small, and cold and child-like—though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin, blue, cold face down which tears had worn their weary channel—that I saw at once the child was not my friend of the previous night.

He stood for a few moments diving and rummaging into the recesses of his rags; at last he said:—

"Are you the gentleman that bought fusees frae Sandy yesterday?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Weel, here's seven pence (counting out divers copper coins.) Sandy canna come; he's no weel; a cart run over him the day, and broken his legs, and lost his bannet, and his fusees, and your fourpence piece, and his knife, and he's no weel. He's no weel, ava, and the doc—tor says he's dee—deein, and—and that's a' he can gie you noo." And the poor child commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying.

I gave him food, for though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the display on the tea table.

"Are you Sandy's brother?"

"Ay, sir," and the flood gates of his heart again opened.

"Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?"

"We bide in Blackfriars Wynd, in the Coogate. My mither's dead; and father's awa' and we bide whiles wi' our gudemither," sobbing bitterly.

"Where did this accident happen?"

"Near the college, sir."

Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretched places of these ancient cities by day, and here I entered one by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, winding stair, until, climbing many flights in total darkness, he opened a door, whence a light maintained a feeble, unequal struggle with the thick, close-smelling, heavy gloom. My courage early gave way as the dismal spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly spacious in extent, but scarcely made visible by one fluttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an overcrowded mass of wretched beings sleeping on miserable beds spread out upon the floor, or squatted or reclining upon the cold, unfurnished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate, quarreling drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was changed. His sharp, pallid face was clammy and cold—beads of the sweat of agony standing on his brow—his bruised and mangled body lay motionless and still, except when sobs and moanings heaved his fluttering breast. A bloated woman, in maudlin drunkenness, (the dead or banished father's second wife, and not his mother,) now and then bathed his lips with whiskey and water, while she applied to her own a bottle of spirits, to drown the grief she hiccupped and assumed. A doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony, for his case was hopeless, even though he had been taken at first, as he ought to have been, to the infirmary in the neighborhood, but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it and had him placed on a less miserable bed of straw; and setting a woman, an occupant of the room, to attend him during the night, I gave what directions I could, and left the degraded, squalid home.

Next morning I was again in Blackfriars Wynd. Its close, pestilential air, and lowering antique, dilapidated mansions, (the abode of the peerage in far off time,) now struck my senses. Above a doorway was carved upon the stone:—"Except ye Lord do build ye house, ye builder build in vain."

I said the room was spacious—it was almost noble in its proportions. The walls of paneled oak sadly marred, a massive marble mantel piece of cunning carving ruthlessly broken and disfigured, enameled tiles around the fire place once representing some Bible story, now sore despoiled and cracked, and the ceiling festooned with some antique fruits and flowers, shared in the general vandal wreck. With the exception of a broken chair, furniture there was none in that stifling den. Its occupants, said the surgeon, whom I found at the sufferer's bed, were chiefly of our cities' pests, and the lad's stepmother—who had taken him from the ragged school that she might drink of his pitiful earnings—was as sunk in infamy as any there.

For the patient, medical skill was naught, for he was sinking fast. The soul looking from his light blue eyes was slowly ebbing out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and thin, but consciousness returned and his lamp was flickering up before it sunk forever. As I took his feeble hand a flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face.

"I got the change, and was comin'—"

"My poor boy, you were very honest. Have you any wish—anything, poor child, I can do for you? I promise to—"

"Reuby, I'm sure I'm deein'—who will take care of you noo?"

Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying, and throwed himself prostrate on the bed.

"O Sandy, Sandy, Sandy!" sobbed his little heart.

"I will see to your brother."

"Thank you, sir! Dinna—dinna leave me, Reu—Reu—by. I'm com—comin', comin'."

"Whist! whist!" cried little Reuby, looking up, and turning round to implore some silence in the room. That moment the calm smile that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his life imperceptibly rippled out.

The honest boy lies in the Canongate churchyard, not far from the gravestone put up by Burns to the memory of Ferguson, his brother poet, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's ragged school, and receive excellent accounts of him and from him.

☞ One of our cotemporaries disposes of the virtue of early rising as follows:—

"We have watched those fellows who are the early risers, and as a general thing they are the first chaps who go to the groceries of a morning. It is all moonshine about the smartest and greatest men being the earliest risers. It might have been so in old times, but now-a-days, when you see a chap moving about very early, you may be certain he is after suthin'."

☞ A Hartford inventor has produced a machine that will make one hundred thousand pencils in a day. The Boston *Gazette* says Ike Partington hopes some fellow'll invent a machine for doing sums with 'em, for he's about sick of it.

☞ A book was printed in Cromwell's time with the following title: "Eggs of Charity, laid by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with Water of Divine Love—Take ye and eat."

Is it any wonder that Dickens' later plots are complicated, when one of his earliest novels was All-of-a-Twist?

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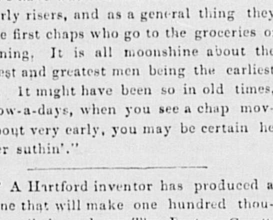

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
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SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them. Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.

From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.

Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses for *bilious dysentery and diarrhœa*. Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and *purify the fountains of the blood*.

JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, etc.

From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.

Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of *costiveness*. If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are worse. I believe *costiveness* to originate in the liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.

I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the *natural secretion* when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to *cleanse the stomach* and *expel worms*. They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

PULASKI HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.

HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating *neuralgic pains*, which ended in *chronic rheumatism*. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SENATE CHAMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.

DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured, by your Pills, of *Rheumatic Gout*—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

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THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a knawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

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Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A Prayer for the first "Republican" President.

Father, we pray Thee, let Thy care be given
To guard and guide the "man of destiny;"
Let ministering spirits from Thy holy heaven
The faithful watchers o'er his pathway be.
Oh, give him strength, that he may never falter
Each duty to perform—by Thee made plain;
The tottering stones of Freedom's sacred altar—
May he make firm and beautiful again.

O'er discord's waves the sweet dove he is sending;—
May it bring back the olive leaves of Peace.
To all this strife, Oh, bring a peaceful end,
And bid the angry, troubled waters cease.
May the bright stars upon our Nation's banner,
By wild clouds, hidden lonlier than the night,
Gleam from the darkness, by Thy kind voice bidden,
And shine henceforth with purer, steadier, light.

Once more, we ask Thee that Thy care be given
To guard and keep our Nation's honored head;
By ministering spirits from Thy holy Heaven
May he be safely in life's pathway led.
And not alone for him, is our weak prayer ascending,—
Who calmly stands upon the "Rock of Liberty;"
We pray for her whose gentle life with his is blending,
That she a true heart-helper e'er may be.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GRAY.

Select Literature.

THE WAGER FOR LIFE.

A Sketch from a Judge's Note Book.

WHEN George the Third was king, and when the royal princes of that period were in that state of age which hovers between boyhood and manhood—when the throes of that gigantic social earthquake in France, called the first revolution, were agitating Europe—there existed, in a smaller and more localized degree, as much consternation in and about the Court of St. James, on account of a series of dashing, insolent robberies, that the aristocracy of the court suffered from, as may be supposed to be felt by the crowned heads of Europe at the aggressions of the French Directory.

It was one man who apparently caused all the consternation among the officials of the court,—one man who went by the name of the Black Highwayman.

From the assault of this man there seemed to be no ordinary means of safety. And yet it was so well known where he was to be looked for, if not found, that it seemed perfectly marvellous he should succeed in escaping in the manner he, from day to day, or rather from night to night, did.

On the road from St. James's to Kew, and from St. James's to Windsor, this Black Highwayman had established himself, and although many plans were devised for his capture, none had succeeded.

Sometimes, when hard pressed, he would appear merely to cross a hedge, and then disappear.

Sometimes he would only take such a turn of a road as would suffice to place him for a few seconds out of sight of his pursuers; and when they came up to the spot, he was gone as if he had vanished into the air, or been swallowed up by the solid earth.

He was a mystery, a subject of comment and of conversation in all the court circles, and many and wonderful were the anecdotes which were told of him.

But no anecdote in which there was any ferocity, any rudeness, or any apparent desire to commit bloodshed, could be told of the Black Highwayman.

If ever a public robber could be said to merit the name of a perfect gentleman, most certainly he was the man.

He would rob you with so much grace, and suavity, and politeness, that some folks had parted with their money in a manner that puzzled them to say whether they had given it or been robbed of it.

If he stopped ladies, he was the pink, the pearl, the cream of politeness. His voice was attuned to the most melodious accents of the highest class of society; and no drawing room, where the *creme de le creme* of English aristocracy was to be found, could echo to such urbane and gentle sounds as come from between the lips of the Black Highwayman, as he would say, "Ladies, your money, if you please!"

And there was one peculiarity about him, that he never would take anything but money.

It was freely believed that if the crown jewels—if the whole Regalia were on the road—and if the Black Highwayman were to meet the same in the custody of a single Yeoman of the Guard, that he would let it pass free.

Another peculiarity was, that he never robbed any but ladies and gentlemen.

Poor men—tradesmen—professional men, with two exceptions, he let go free.

The two exceptions were lawyers and members of the Established Church; those he fleeced without the least compunction.

But he did that in a most polite and most complacent way.

It would be, "Sir, with many apologies, I arrest your further progress for a moment, to request your money of you;" or, "Really, gentlemen, you will think me very rude, but unless you prefer a bullet in your brains, you will be so good as to let me have your purses!"

Against such pursuasions who could be proof?

The Black Highwayman prospered, and must have made an excellent thing of his profession.

But I have not yet explained why he was named Black Highwayman. It was simply because his whole costume was black, and one-half of his face was hidden by a visor or mask of the same hue.

A close-fitting black dress enveloped him from head to foot; and there were people who said that his horse likewise was clothed in black completely.

The ladies who had had the good fortune to be stopped and robbed by so polite an individual, declared the only things white they could see were the brilliant teeth, when he smiled in the bland way he was in the habit of speaking to them when he demanded their purses.

But when one night he was set upon by mounted officers of the police, and shot two and unhorsed a third, the fourth said he moved aside a piece of cloth or silk that covered his breast, and that, embroidered in silver, he there saw a skeleton's hand, which struck the fourth officer as so awful a sight, that he at once ran away.

At length, a reward of one thousand pounds was offered for the capture of the Black Highwayman, and it was intimated by the Secretary of State that his most gracious Majesty would clear the royal road between St. James and the two royal residences of Kew and Windsor of such a pest as the Black Highwayman.

Several of the cadets of noble families, who were on their preferment at court, said they would do it; and one young man named Allison, who was a royal page, and just about of an age to be transferred from that condition into the Guards swore he would do it.

The king smiled.

The queen took an extra pinch of snuff, and smiled likewise.

Lord Worsley, who was then Prime Minister, looked gracious; and young Allison departed full of valor to his enterprise.

St. George, when he went forth to slay the dragon—or Moore, of Moore Hall, with pikes abundant, when he sallied from his castle gate on a similar expedition, might have felt some terrors; but not so young Allison, the page actual, and the guardsman expectant.

His plan was this:—

He would take up his station at the commencement of the road on which all the assaults of the Black Highwayman had taken place, and he would be the escort of any one who should travel on that road.

Mounted on a good horse, and well armed, he would ride on about a hundred paces before any horseman and any carriage, and if he met the Black Highwayman, woe betide him.

It was, or it ought to have been, a moonlight night in April, when Allison set out on this expedition; but just as he was going, he almost ran against a gentleman of the bedchamber of St. James' Palace, a certain Captain Davidson, who was generally believed to be a nearer relative of the royal family than he thought proper to avow.

At all events, then, Captain Davidson was always in some situation about the palace, and he held the rank of captain, though unattached, and received his full pay as such.

He was one of what, at this time, made up quite a large list of pensioners on the army chest. They were called "King's Captains," and they were people who never had any military culture, had never seen any military service, and never expected to do so; but to whom the rank and pay of captain were given, as one mode of placing in their pockets money enough for just a plain subsistence.

This Davidson, however, was provided for in other ways, and he enjoyed a good deal of favor from the king, who was evidently partial to him.

It was this captain, then, who either ran against young Allison, or against whom young Allison ran, as he was making his way along a corridor of the palace, to leave it and go to the King's Mews for his horse.

"I beg your pardon!" said Davidson.

"And I yours, Captain."

"Don't mention it. I'm sure it was my clumsiness."

"Nobody else, Captain Davidson, will call you clumsy. I fancy I was in too great a hurry. You know I have set my life upon the enterprise I am on."

"Enterprise?"

"Yes. Were you not in the 'presence' when I said I would take, alive or dead, the Black Highwayman?"

"Dear me, no!"

"Oh, yes!" added Allison, drawing himself up to his full height, which, after all, was not very imposing,—"oh, yes! I must do it, or die."

"You don't say so!"

"I do, indeed! You know somobody must do it."

"But are you going alone?"

"Quite alone."

"Hazardous!"

"Very no doubt. But what would you? Is a whole court to be vexed, brow-beaten, bullied, and robbed, by a cur of a highwayman?"

"Certainly not. Well, I wish you very good fortune, I am sure, Allison. Of course you go well armed?"

"Of course I do. I am going for my pistols now; I have them in my rooms."

"Well, I would advise you to shoot the fellow off-hand at once, for you know he has, by all accounts, as many doubles as a hare."

"Oh, I'll do it—I'll do it! Come in."

They had reached the outer door Allison's room,

"No, I shall hinder you."

"Not at all. Come in."

They both entered the rooms together.

"It will be a feather in your cap," said Captain Davidson, "and a thousand pounds in your purse, if you succeed in this matter."

"Of course it will. But now, Davidson, I tell you what I will do."

"What?"

"You are a good fellow, and a strong fellow, and I feel quite sure you are a bold fellow!"

"Oh, you are very good!"

"No, you are very good!"

"No, no! I say what I think, and no more. Come, now, five hundred pounds are not to be despised. I will take you with me, and we will share alike."

"Well—I—a——"

"Come, say the word!"

"My dear Allison, now that we are quite alone, and as I am quite sure that you will not repeat what I am about to say to my prejudice, I don't mind telling you that I wouldn't shoot, or attempt to shoot the Black Highwayman, for ten thousand pounds paid me now down on this table!"

Allison turned pale.

"You—would—not!"

"I certainly would not!"

"Well—but—but—eh?—you don't think—that is, you don't mean to say you think the affair so very dangerous?"

"Dangerous is not the word."

"Not the word?"

"No! It is something that danger is nothing to. I only hope you have arranged all your affairs!"

"God bless me!"

"But I only detain you! I feel that I am hindering you, and that you want to be off at once, so I will not stay another moment."

Allison got paler still.

"Where are your pistols?" said Captain Davidson.

"Here."

"Loaded?"

"Oh, yes! With two slugs in each."

"Well, there is nothing like precaution. I wish you luck, that's all. Your priming seems all right, too. Powder dry, and all that sort of thing. By the by, I tell you who will be glad to go with you."

"Who?—who?"

"Colonel Witchett. You know. You will find him in the guard-room."

"You think he will?"

"Sure of it. Go and broach the matter to him; I will wait here for you."

"I will."

Allison ran off, and was away about ten minutes; and when he returned he said, with a down-cast look—

"No. Colonel Witchett won't go. He pretended to feel offended, and said he was not a thief taker."

"Ah! did he?"

"Yes. But he added, that when he met the Black Highwayman he would be able to give a good account of him."

"Well, well. It can't be helped. You go alone, my dear Allison, and much good may it do you, and much luck may you have. Good night."

Allison was nervous, but he looked again at the priming of his pistols. All was right, and he went off on foot to the Mews for his horse.

Now, before Allison, the king's page, reaches the bit of the road on which the exploits of the highwayman had taken place, I will briefly depict it to the reader.

The route to Windsor was likewise, for some part of the distance, the route to Kew.

There was a cross-road of three miles extent, which was very beautifully wooded,—which was, in fact, the only good and practicable road on which carriages and horses could proceed with comfort. It was the road on which the court always traveled; and, in fact, had been cut on purpose to avoid either a considerable detour or some rutty, disagreeable lane.

On both sides of this new road there were tall hedges, with here and there trees, which formed a very pleasing and natural canopy over the road, as in the summer time their branches intermingled.

There were stacks of hay in the adjacent fields, and here and there a barn and a hovel, or laborer's cottage, but no habitation of any pretensions could be seen from the road, which had been cut through the fields, and copses, and plantations, only during the last eight or ten years.

It was on this three miles, then, of the route between London and Windsor, that the redoubtable Black Highwayman was to be found; and it was at the commencement of this road, at a spot where stood a very magnificent group of Spanish chestnuts, that at half-past eight o'clock in the evening of that April day young Mr. Allison, the page, took up his station.

Had the light fleecy veil of clouds that hung between the earth and sky not been present, a young moon would have enlightened the road; but as it was, everything had a hazy look, which the diffused moonlight through the clouds produced, and which was aided in its effects by a white misty vapor which seemed to ascend from the fields.

Allison had no special information in regard to the passage of any particular personages across that road on this night in question; but he thought it possible that Lord Worsley, the Prime Minister, might go to Windsor, inasmuch as the court was about to proceed there in the morning, and it was a common thing, on such occasions, for the minister to go overnight.

As Allison waited, he grew calmer and more self-possessed; and as minute after minute passed away, and no highwayman appeared, he began to think that he would, on that night at all events, hold his vigil for nothing, and to be quite impatient that no adventure broke the monotony of his watch.

Then he heard the unmistakable sound of horses' feet.

Allison drew back right into the shadow of the trees, and in a few moments, through the misty and mysterious light that was about the road, he saw a dark figure approach at a hard gallop, mounted on a tall horse.

"Halt!" exclaimed the king's page, as he darted out from the shadow of the trees. "Halt! Who and what are you?"

The dark-looking rider checked the horse, and then a woman's voice replied to the summons of Allison, by saying—

"Am I stopped on the road? I have no money; and as for my life, I will give it to you freely, perhaps in one hour's time from this."

The tone in which these words were uttered was so full of grief and wretchedness, that Allison was much struck by them; and, reining in his horse, he said, "who and what are you?"

"It matters not. Pass on your way, and let me proceed on mine in peace. Peace, peace! Oh, shall I ever know peace again?"

Allison, at first, was in doubt in regard to whether he might not be deceived in the accents of the voice, which was so feminine; but on these further words being uttered, he had no longer any lingering doubt on the subject. It was certainly a feminine voice that spoke.

"Whoever you are," added the king's page, "it is my duty to warn you that you are on a road where you may possibly encounter danger, unless all the tales told of the Black Highwayman be really nothing more than romantic fables."

"I fear nothing. Let me pass. But if you are well acquainted with this place, and can tell me how far I have still to get to a spot called the Rent Willows, you will do me a service."

The place named by this lonely and apparently heart-stricken traveller was well known to the page. He had travelled that road too often not to be well acquainted with every noticeable spot of it. The Rent Willows consisted of a long avenue of willow trees, which, in ancient times, had probably led to some mansion which had completely disappeared. A storm, which, even as a tradition, had been forgotten, had played terrible havoc with the trees, bending and rending them in all directions; and in course of time, they had grown into strange and grotesque shapes of adaptation to the destruction which the fearful hurricane had produced.

The trees looked scattered and convulsed, and they had acquired the name in the neighborhood, of the Rent Willows, in consequence.

"Yes," replied the page; "I know the place well. You are as near as possible one mile from the spot, and your horse will take you there in less time than I have consumed in thus enforcing you to pause on your route."

In the dim and misty night light, then, he saw the lady on the horse wave her hand with a courteous expression of thanks, and then, in another moment she was gone.

The clatter of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance, and the page felt doubly lonely for the little interruption to his vigil which had taken place.

But the state of gloomy and nervous inaction into which he was now thrown did not last for many moments. He heard advancing toward him from the town, a carriage, and by the smart rattling beat of the horses' feet he guessed that it was some person of consequence who was being borne along the road, because none less than four horses could make the sound he heard.

"It is Lord Worsley, for a thousand pounds," cried Allison to himself; and he darted out from his covert just as the carriage approached, and called out aloud—

"Hilloa! hilloa! One moment! One moment! Stop! Hilloa!"

The postillion, who was on one of the leading pair of horses, pulled up as he called out—

"Good heaven, it is the Black Highwayman!"

"No, no!" cried Allison, as he rode up to the side of the carriage,—"no, my Lord Worsley, no! I am Mr. Allison, one of his Majesty's pages. My mission here is to ride as escort in advance of whoever travel this road to night."

Lord Worsley—for it was indeed the minister—let down the glass of the carriage, and looked out into the night air.

"I know your voice, Mr. Allison," he said: "and I have heard of your determination. I wish you every success, I am sure."

"Thank you, my lord."

"Forward, postillions."

The postillions had recovered from their panic, and cracked their whips now, and rode on again with the rather heavy, and decidedly clumsy, fashionable carriage of that time lumbering at their heels.

We have said that Allison was well mounted, so he had no difficulty in keeping about two or three hundred yards in front of the vehicle, which, in about ten minutes' time was in close proximity to the Rent Willows.

Mr. Allison passed the end of the avenue without the slightest interruption, but not so the carriage. At the moment it got to the blighted and dismal-looking lane formed by the dilapidated willows, there darted out a horse and rider.

The horse was black—the rider was black—and in an instant the reins of the leading horse on that side of the road was seized, and the animal forced back on his haunches; while a loud, ringing voice, in strange accents that seemed to come from higher up in the air than any human voice could be, cried out—

"Halt! halt! or death. Halt!"

The carriage was in a moment at a stand-still.

Another moment, and the window on that side where was the highwayman was broken to fragments, and in low, courteous accents a voice said—

"My Lord Worsley, I will trouble you for what money you have about you! Quick, my lord, or——"

Lord Worsley was not the least inclined to trespass upon the patience of the Black Highwayman, and handed out a tolerably well-filled purse as he said, "That is all I have with me."

"I take your word, my lord. Good night."

The highwayman had just uttered these words, and with a courteous action had turned his horse's head aside from the window of the carriage, when with a rush, Mr. Allison reached the spot. He had been warned that there was something amiss by the sudden cessation of the grinding sound of the carriage wheels on the gravelly road, and the silence of the horses' feet. He had paused but for half a minute to feel that his pistols were in order, and then he galloped back to the encounter which he felt certain was at hand.

As fate would have it, at that moment the young moon looked out from a rift in the clouds, and when Allison reached the spot of the encounter between the Black Highwayman and Lord Worsley, the whole scene was fully and clearly revealed to him notwithstanding the white mist which looked like a silvery tissue enveloping the parties concerned.

Mr. Allison did not hesitate a moment. He had made up his mind what to do and he did it.

Drawing forth one of his holster pistols, when he was with in about six feet of the Black Highwayman, he presented it full in his face and fired.

Neither the Black Highwayman nor his horse stirred an inch.

Mr. Allison drew his second pistol and fired right through the slowly dispersing smoke of the first one.

The Black Highwayman and his horse neither moved for a moment hand nor foot.

Then with a strange fear beating at his heart, the king's page reined in his steed until it reared upon his hind feet and beat the air with his fore hoofs.

"Are you then invulnerable?" he exclaimed.

"Take your bullets!" said the Black Highwayman, in the same high, upper air sort of tone in which he had before spoken: and as he uttered the words the king's page felt that one after the other, two substances struck him one in the face and the other in the chest.

Then the Black Highwayman turned, and, with a rush that seemed as if he had suddenly become enveloped in a whirlwind, he disappeared down the lane.

Faint, and sick at heart Allison contrived to urge his horse up to the side of Lord Worsley's carriage.

"My lord," he said, "I have done my best; I have fired two shots so fully at that man, that if he were not something more than mortal—"

Allison had got thus far in what he was saying, in faltering and terrified tones, when there rushed out of the lane, by the Rent Willows, a horseman, who, at once, in a loud voice—and one, too, in which there sounded a world of anguish, although the tones came familiar to the ears of the page, as those of the lady whom he had so recently directed on her way—cried, "My Lord Worsley, if you would know to whom you are to look for an account of this night's robbery, if you would, once and for all, penetrate the mystery of the Black Highwayman—know that he is no other than the well known Captain Davidson, with whose presence you are familiar at the Court of St. James. I denounce him! Let his death expiate the pangs of a broken heart!"

With a wild shriek, then, in which there was unutterable anguish, this female night-rider turned and galloped down the lane again.

How, in the most intense surprise, and with no little amount of consternation likewise, Lord Worsley and Mr. Allison then, with the astounding intelligence they had received, made the best of their way to Windsor, and from thence despatched a special messenger to London with the news to an official person who was requested to arrested the Captain, may be surmised; but at present it is necessary that we should follow down the lane, by the Rent Willows, the female on horseback who had so unequivocally denounced Captain Davidson.

It was by the free confession, some years afterwards, of Davidson, when he was arrested on a charge of high treason, along with a man named Hoffman, that the full particulars of the mysteries of that night on the Windsor road were made known.

As the female on horseback galloped down the lane between the blighted willows, she kept up but one constant cry, which was, "Kill me! kill me! kill me!"

The words she shouted, or rather screamed aloud, until, from the deep shadows cast by the trees, the Black Highwayman rode forth, and grasping the rein of the horse ridden by the female, he said—

"Are you mad, Margaret?"

"I am mad. Oh heaven, Jasper, why should you drive me to such madness?"

"I drive you to it! Pray be calm, Margaret, and tell me how it is that you have sought and compassed my destruction?"

"I know you now! I know you!"

"That is well. It seems that you have dogged me, and that, as you say, know me; but, of all persons who might so know me, I should least have expected a denunciation from you."

The female who was called Margaret wrung her hands, and screamed, and sobbed.

"You cannot, you know, be ignorant," she said, "of that which I know. You said that you loved me, Jasper Davidson. You, time after time, have urged me to escape from my father's roof, where for your sake I was made a prisoner, and treated with contumely and reproach. To those chambers of your occupation in St James street you gave a key, so that by day or by night, when I could nerve myself to fly to you, and trust to your honor, I might do so, whether you were there or not. You told me you were often away. Ah! little did I dream that it was to play the part of a robber on the highway that you would probably be from home. Alas! alas! I know all now!"

"Finish your recital, Margaret," said Captain Davidson, calmly; "I fancy you have more to add."

"I have—I have—oh, heaven, I have!"

"Go on!"

"Confiding in your love—believing your protestations—resting in faith upon you—I, two short hours since, left my father's home. I sought your chambers, and by the aid of a key—the key you had given me—I entered your rooms. You were absent; but upon your table, laid carelessly open, so that any eye might see it, was a note. The words it contained are written on my heart in letters of fire. They are these:—

"'Dearest Jasper,—The time has come. I await you beneath the Rent Willows.

Your own ALICE.'

"Hardly had I read this note, when I heard your footstep on the stair—your key in the lock of the chambers. I hid beneath the heavy hangings of one of your windows; and then and there I saw you pack into a small valise a dress of elastic black silk, such as you now wear, a mask, your pistiols; and I heard you mutter to yourself, 'Alice will want ample means, and I will see what the road will furnish for her to-night.' Then you left the rooms. I only waited until you were fairly gone, and then I followed. I knew there was a place named Rent Willows on the Windsor road. I borrowed a horse at a stable in Jermyn street, and rode here. I saw you rob Lord Worsley. You have broken my heart. I have discovered your secret, and denounce you. Kill me!"

"No, Margaret."

"Kill me, I say! and with your Alice find what solace your heart—your conscience—"

Margaret could say no more. Her tears and sobs choaked her utterance.

"And this is what jealousy will do!" said Captain Davidson, in a quiet tone. "Oh, Margaret, Margaret, way did you not come out of your hiding-place in my rooms, and put to me one question?"

"One question?"

"Yes, the question should have been, 'Who is this Alice who is to meet you at the Rent Willows?'"

"Who?—who?"

"Yes, because I would then have said, 'She is Mistress Alice Bourne, who, being married to a man who treats her with unheard-of brutality, has been often urged by me to leave him and throw herself upon my protection.'"

"Your protection!"

"Even so. She is my only sister."

Margaret clasped her hands over her face, and would have fallen from the horse, but that Captain Davidson flung an arm round her, and supported her. She burst into a flood of tears, and cried out aloud in her anguish, "I have destroyed you! Oh, kill me now, and then fly!"

"No, Margaret! All may yet be for the best! Let me forgive you this wild access of jealousy; and will you forgive me for winning or striving to win your affections, and being at the same time what I am?"

"Oh, yes, yes—a thousand times, yes! But you are lost—lost—betrayed!"

"We shall see. I am somewhat fertile in resources, Margaret. Alice, come forth—come forth, sister. You have heard all, and you now know all for the first time, as well as Margaret. From this time forth I promise you both that I will forsake this dangerous profession. Go to London, to my chambers, and there you will find refuge until you hear from me. Go at once, and if any one comes for me, say that I went out at sunset, and that my object was to pay a visit to the Duke of York, at Chobham."

"Yes, yes, Jasper. But you—you—"

"Trust all to me. Off and away with you both, at once. I will save myself yet!"

Both Margaret and Alice wrung his hands and wept, and then left the Rent Willows; and the moment he was alone, Captain Davidson, *alias* the Black Highwayman, rapidly untied a few strings, and stripped off in one piece the light silk dress of black he wore. Beneath, he was attired in his ordinary costume by which he was so well known at court. He then took from the head and neck of his horse a similar black silk covering, and the animal appeared to be of ordinary bay color. Into the hollow trunk of one of the old scorched willows he thrust the disguises, together with the mask; and then the Captain, by the light of a match which he ignited for a moment, looked at his watch.

"Half-past eleven," he said, "Lord Worsley looked at his watch as soon as he had handed me his purse, and it was then eleven. Chobham is twenty-seven miles from this place. One hour and a half must do it. It will then be one o'clock. I must see the Duke and pay him a hundred pounds I owe him for a bet at cards. Ah! We shall see—we shall see!"

One minute after that, a horseman was speeding along the road like an apparition. It wanted five minutes to one in the morning when Captain Davidson's horse staggered up an avenue of lime trees to a house which was in the occasional occupation of the Duke of York, and which went by the name of Chobham Limes. A bright glare of light came from a range of five low windows on the ground floor. A couple of footmen met Captain Davidson within some twenty yards of the house. He had left his horse with the bridle tied to a young sapling, at the entrance to the private gardens of the house.

"Is His Royal Highness visible?" asked Captain Davidson. "You know me?"

"Oh yes, sir! His Royal Highness has just gone into his dressing-room, but he will not retire yet. Shall we announce that a message from London has arrived?"

"Well, yes, yes."

In a few minutes Captain Davidson was admitted to the dressing-room of the Duke, who received him graciously enough.

"Your Royal Highness will, I hope, pardon me," said Davidson, "for this intrusion. I have something to say which I hope will plead my excuse. In the first place, I owe your Royal Highness a hundred pounds."

Captain Davidson took coolly out Lord Worsley's purse, and emptied the contents on the table. There was rather over the amount.

"But Davidson," said the Duke, "you need not, you know, have come down to Chobham to pay me."

"I thank your Royal Highness, but I wanted to say that I heard, upon the very best authority, that from this night the celebrated Black Highwayman, of whom, no doubt, your Royal Highness has heard so much, will cease his depredations."

"What, have you heard that, Davidson—and on reliable authority, too? Well, it is a capital thing; I fully expected to be stopped one night myself."

"The possibility of such a thing is over, your Royal Highness. And now I have to make a most audacious request."

"Indeed!—what is it?"

"I have laid a wager which seemed impossible to carry out. It is not for money, but it is for a life."

"A wager for a life?"

"Even so."

"You jest, Captain Davidson!"

"No, your Royal Highness. I have wagered my life that your Royal Highness shall, to-night, while I am with you, hear that time piece, on the chimney-piece yonder, strike eleven."

"Eleven! It is one!"

Ting! went the time-piece, at that moment, as it struck one o'clock.

"It is one," added Captain Davidson, "But your Royal Highness will perceive that the clapper of this clock can be easily raised, as I raise it now. It can be made to strike any number, as I make it now."

Ting—ting—ting—ting—ting—ting—ting—ting—ting—ting—ting!

The Captain made the clock strike eleven.

"Did your Royal Highness count?"

"I did."

"Then my humble and respectful request of your Royal Highness is that if you should be asked if you heard this clock strike eleven on this night, the 20th of May, while I was with you, you will say yes."

"Oh, with all my heart."

"I have your Royal Highness's word to that effect."

"Certainly, Davidson. I don't quite comprehend it all, but I will say yes. You tell me it is not to make any one lose money?"

"Not a farthing. It is a wager for a life! I most respectfully thank your Royal Highness, and take my leave. I know that your Royal Highness's word was never yet broken; and I feel assured that let the surrounding circumstances be what they may, it will be in this instance."

The Duke of York looked puzzled and surprised, as well he might, and he had no key to the mystery until the next day the whole town rang with the news that Captain Davidson, a groom of the bedchamber of the palace, and holding other appointments, and well known in the fashionable world, was arrested on a Judge's warrant, for robbing Lord Worsley on the highway, and being no other than the veritable Black Highwayman, who had spread such terror and consternation among persons traveling the Windsor road.

The evidence was that the Black Highwayman was of the same size as Captain Davidson, and that, when fired at by Mr. Allison, the pistols had missed fire, solely on account as Mr. Allison stated, of the bullets having been drawn from the charges, which Captain Davidson had ample opportunity of doing in the palace, and which, in fact, he had done.

An accumulation of testimony, too, about the habits of the Captain, was produced, and it was proved that he kept no less than six horses at different stables, where he only went at night, and was in the habit of bringing the horses home at daybreak, sometimes much exhausted.

But the principal thing sworn to was that a female had in so many words actually denounced Captain Davidson as the veritable Black Highwayman, although that female had disappeared, and no one knew who she was.

Still the case against the Captain was thickening and growing more serious hour by hour, when it was put to an end in the most abrupt fashion. I was retained to attend before the magistrates, who had the case in hand, and my brief only contained the following instruction:—

"Call His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, to prove that on the night in question, when Lord Worsley believes he was robbed, Captain Davidson was at Chobham with His Royal Highness, who will depose that he heard the clock in his dressing-room strike eleven before the Captain left."

There was something enigmatical and mysterious in the way this "instruction" was put to me, but I acted on it, and a communication was made to the Duke of York, who, with a look of vexation that struggled with one of amazement, attended the court, which was densely crowded. His royal Highness was not sworn, but I put the questions to him on honor.

"Did your Royal Highness receive a visit from Captain Davidson, at Chobham, on the night of the 20th instant?"

"I did."

"What was the time?"

"Nay," interposed Captain Davidson, "I wish to spare His Royal Highness trouble, and I am sure my counsel will excuse me for taking the question out of his hands, asking, simply, Did your Royal Highness hear your clock in the room strike eleven?"

"I did."

"Is it an accurate and good clock?"

"None better."

"And," said one of the magistrates, "Captain Davidson was with your Royal Highness?"

"He was."

"Then there is an end of the case. It was eleven o'clock when my Lord Worsley was robbed, and Chobham, is twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles from where that took place, and a clearer *alibi* could not be. Captain Davidson is discharged."

The Captain bowed and left the court. The Duke of York laughed as he got into his coach and was heard to say, "A most impudent dog, to make me the means of getting his neck out of the halter!"

Nothing more was heard of the Black Highwayman; but Captain Davidson lost his court employments, and it was generally known, in "well informed circles," that he had escaped identification as the highwayman, in some ingenious way; but it was years before the whole story came out, and the Duke told how he had been cajoled into assisting in winning a Wager for Life.

☞ A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said a thing that was not true they ought to whistle. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of loaves and fishes, and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now-a-days; they were as big as the hills of Scotland. He had scarcely pronounced the words, when he heard a loud whistle. "What's that?" "who calls me a liar?" "It is I Willy, McDonald, the baker?" "Weel, what objections ha' ye to what I told ye?" "None, Master John; only I wanted to know what sort of ovens they had to bake them loaves in."

☞ A clever female French writer says women should not sit beside the man they wish to conquer, but opposite him. "Attack a heart by full front, not by profile!" is her expression.

☞ A boozy fellow was observed, the other day, drawing a "porker," holding on to his tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying ge-hog-raphy.

The Middlesex Journal,

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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AGENTS.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861

READING MATTER ON OUTSIDE.—First Page—Poetry, A Prayer for the First "Republican" President; A Wager for a Life, &c. Last Page—Poetry, The Voice that Wins its Way; Forgive us our Trespasses; A Husband's Confession, &c.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

It is becoming more and more obvious that matters are approaching a crisis at the South. What that crisis will develope, no human foresight can yet predict with anything like certainty. The Federal Government is unmistakably assuming a decided course, and its energetic preparations to defend its honor and its rights, meets a hearty response from millions of union loving hearts. Clearly no other course lies open to Mr. Lincoln if he wishes to retain the respect of the North and of Foreign nations. If the Federal Government is too weak to protect itself at home, the time is not far distant when insults will be offered to its citizens and its flag by Foreign powers. We hope the first drop of blood will not be spilt in civil strife in this fair land. Let all be done that may be done—that can be done—to maintain peace. But we hope Mr. Lincoln will put the country in a condition to defend its rights and vindicate the honor of the nation over which he has been called to preside, with the least possible delay. While the Federal Government has been temporizing, and holding out the olive branch of peace to the South, the seceded States have been exerting themselves to the utmost—laboring night and day—to strengthen themselves and prepare themselves to continue their aggressive course. A force so large, so strong as to excite fear and command respect, can alone stand us in stead at the present time of darkness and trial. The people of the South should be made to know that the North is able, and will stand up for its rights and its honor before the face of the whole world. There is a point beyond which forbearance should not extend. Until our Government takes a decided stand and says "no further," aggressions will continue and be multiplied. It becomes every man at the North—every son of New England—to stand up fearlessly and boldly at the present time, and, as far as is possible strengthen the hands of the Government in this its hour of need. Our fathers fought and bled for the inheritance they left us; let none of us fail of doing what we can to hand it down, unimpaired, to those we shall leave behind us. War is not necessary to accomplish this, but strong and decided action alone will avail. Every true friend of his country must rejoice in his sadness, that there are indications of decided action on the part of those at the helm of State. It ill becomes any man to be found crying peace—peace—while disunion is exerting its utmost power to draw away even other States. Abraham Lincoln has been elected to the office he holds by the people. It becomes all the people—then, to lend the power of their influence, and help maintain right, and respect for the laws of our Country.

CHURCH CLOCK.—Since the removal of the Bell from the old Meeting House belonging to the First Congregational Society to their new house, the people of the village have been deprived of the convenience of hearing the hours struck as they pass. Leave was granted by the donors to have the clock removed to the new church, but the sum demanded to remove it was so great, $180, that the committee concluded to be in no haste about it. And so the matter has continued, with an occasional enquiry as to when the clock would be removed.

Last Tuesday afternoon people were somewhat surprised on seeing a curious piece of machinery left at the new church. Some conjectured that it was an improved kind of sewing machine, for the sewing societies. It turned out, however, to be a clock, manufactured by Messrs. E. Howard & Co., of Boston, for Gen. Abijah Thompson of this town, at a cost of $350, and by him presented to the Society. It is indeed a noble present, worthy the man who has given it. We understand that the order for it was given last November, but was kept an entire secret from the public. The thanks, not only of the Parish, but of the public generally, will be cordially tendered to the liberal donor of this valuable gift—one that will cause his name to be remembered with pleasure long after he himself is sleeping in yonder beautiful city of the dead.

LECTURE BY REV MR. MARCH.—A large audience assembled last Sabbath evening in the large Vestry of the New Church to listen to a lecture from Mr. March. It was the evening of the Monthly Concert of Prayer for the cause of Missions, and to add interest to the occasion Mr. March gave notice that he should give a lecture upon the Waldenses. It proved exceedingly interesting, and will, we understand, be followed by similar lectures on the evenings of the Concert.

CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY, NORTH WOBURN.—A meeting of this Society was held on Saturday evening last, when the following persons were chosen office bearers for the ensuing year:—C. R. Thompson, Clerk; E. E. Thompson, Treasurer and Collector; Herbert Wyman, Auditor; Austin H. Perkins, Abijah Thompson, 2d, Dexter Carter, Standing Committee,

FUNERAL OF J. LORING MILLER.—The funeral of this young man took place at the Baptist Church on Wednesday afternoon last. It was attended by the members of the Young Men's Literary Association in a body, of which association he was a member. Mr. Miller was held in high esteem by his associates and all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Unassuming in manner he won the respect of all, and his demise, when hope and expectation for the future were just budding into life, will be lamented by a large circle of friends, both here and elsewhere.

☞ At a meeting of the Young Men's Literary Association the following Resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, we, the members of the Young Men's Literary Associations are called in the providence of God for the first time since the organization of the society to mourn the loss of one who was with us but who has now gone never to return, therefore

Resolved, that in the death of our lamented associate, J. LORING MILLER, we lose a friend highly esteemed and beloved; one who had endeared himself to us, by his affability, his amiable disposition and his acts of uniform consideration and kindness.

Resolved, that we sympathise most deeply with the relatives and friends of the departed in the loss of one bound to them by the tenderest of all earthly ties.

Resolved, that we attend, as an Association, the funeral of our respected friend, and wear a badge of mourning as a mark of that regard we entertain for our brother associate who has gone to that land from whose bourne no traveller returns.

Resolved, that the above resolutions be printed in the local papers.

SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Nancy D. Reed, widow of the late Capt. Wm. Reed, who lived on Salem street in this town, met with an accident on Saturday night last, which caused her death the following day. She had retired for the night, but soon after got up and attempted to go down stairs for the purpose of fixing her stove, when from some cause, probably dizziness, she stumbled and fell down two flights into the cellar. The noise of her falling, arrested the attention of some neighbors living in another part of the house, who immediately went in to see what was the matter, and to their surprise found Mrs. Reed lying at the foot of the cellar stairs in an insensible condition. The neighbors—who were females—proceeded at once for male assistance to carry her up stairs. Soon after being removed, she revived so as to be able to converse, and it was supposed then that her injuries consisted only of bruises. Mrs. Reed slept well the remainder of the night, and high hopes were held that all would be well, but on Sunday forenoon she commenced vomiting blood, which showed conclusively that her injuries were internal and of a very serious nature, and before a physician could be summoned she died. She was nearly 70 years of age, and was much respected by all who enjoyed her acquaintance.

GLASSING MACHINE.—It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that our townsman, Mr. William Ellard, Foreman in the Tannery of Messrs. Choate & Cummings, is furnishing manufacturers with a machine invented by him and for which he has a patent, called "Straight bed Glassing Machine," or Leather Finishing Machine. He says of it:—When leather has been stuffed, which is done on a smooth surface, being laid out flat, it requires, when dry, to be glassed on a straight surface in order to attain the level condition which it lost in stuffing. It is evident when wax leather of any kind is once set level, it should be glassed, or finished on a straight surface. When a side or piece of leather is placed in a concave or folded position, it will be contracted by the circular position it occupies, and when the glass passes over it appears crowded or loose, and is easily broken up, or, as the curriers say, "cracks up coarse." Consequently the straight bed, being more like a table, is preferable to the circular inglassing.

GRAND MUSICAL SOIREE.—This performance owing to unavoidable impediments, did not take place last Wednesday evening, but, as will be seen by advertisement in another column, is to be given in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening next. The abilities of the performers have been highly spoken of. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are well known, as possessing rare musical talent. We advise the lovers of the beautiful in music to attend this concert, as we believe they cannot fail of being pleased.

NEW ENGLAND METHODIST CONFERENCE.—This Conference, which has been sitting at Boston during part of last week and this, concluded its appointments for this State, on Tuesday. Rev. Mr. Otheman has been reappointed to Woburn, which, undoubtedly will gratify many. Rev. Mr. Webster, his predecessor continues at Townsend. Rev. Mr. Ames has been appointed to Medford, and Rev. George Sutherland, is stationed at North Andover. The affaris of this Society, all over New England, are in a flourishing condition. Their labors in the cause of religion during the past year have been zealous and unabated, and have been blessed with cheering results.

DEATH OF HON. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.—This gentleman, the oldest printer and journalist in the State, died at his residence in Cambridge on Thursday morning, at the advanced age of 81 years and 3 months. He was best known, probably, as the able editor of the *Boston Courier* which he conducted for 24 years—from 1824 till 1848. His was a life of honor and usefulness.

TOWN MEETING.—The annual April Meeting of the Town will take place on Monday next. The usual business will come before our citizens, and it becomes every voter to be present and lend his assistance in order that every thing may be done by the voice of the people. If a man stays away from town meeting he should not complain of what is done by those who do attend.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. S. Kendall Richardson met with a bad accident at his mill, on Thursday. He was at work with a circular saw splitting boards, when the side of his left hand was caught and cut from the wrist to the end of the little finger, half of the finger being cut off.

☞ A young lad, 17 years of age, wishes to obtain a situation in some good respectable business. Wages are not so great a desideratum, as permanent employment. Apply at this office.

☞ A Palmetto Flag was seen waving on Rag Rock yesterday morning. Probably it was put there by some boys who did not know any better.

SCHOOL REPORT.—The Report of the School Committee of this town for the School year 1860-61, has come to hand, but at too late an hour for any extended notice this week. It is ready for distribution to our citizens.

DIPHTHERIA.—The number of deaths from diphtheria in the United States during the past year, is said to be 10,000.

DROPPED DEAD.—A horse belonging to Mr. Joseph Dean of Concord, dropped dead with blind staggers while going down Pleasant St. last Wednesday afternoon. In his fall he broke one of the shafts of the wagon to which he was attached.

☞ On Sunday morning Mr. John B. Davis of this town, was kicked by a horse, on the head, arm and breast. Mr. Davis was knocked senseless but soon recovered, and was at work again on Monday. His escape from a very severe accident was narrow.

☞ Ten hundred and twenty-three passengers have taken the cars at the Horn Pond Station, during the three months ending April 1st.

☞ At a meeting of the Selectmen last week, Edward O. Soles and Warren B. Perkins were drawn as Jurors to the Supreme Court, to be held at Lowell next Tuesday.

Gen. Bragg who commands the rebel forces at Pensecola, is not,—Says the *Traveller*, the "little more grape Capt. Bragg," of Mexican war fame. That brilliant officer died some years ago, in New Orleans.

☞ The conduct of an Episcopal minister in Deleware—Rev. J. L. Gray—in omitting the customary prayer for the President of the United States, has excited the intense disgust of his parishioners.

☞ See the School Notice in another column.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Church Music.

MR. EDITOR:—The organ is the grandest and most comprehensive of all musical instruments. It combines in itself all others. In the larger class of organs the range and variety of musical sounds produced are almost marvellous. From the most delicate and attenuated tones of the Flute and Cremona, it moves through the Oboe, Dulciana, Principal, Horn, Trumpet and numerous related stops, of different powers, to the resounding utterances of the deep-mouthed pedals. Under skilful hands the touch of its manuals reveals the tenderest and most soul-subduing melodies; it ravishes the ear with all that is charming and brilliant in counterpoint, and sends through the whole being those lofty emotions which come from the divinest harmonies. It is not strange that such an instrument has become popular wherever the "concord of sweet sounds" is held in proper estimation. It may well be supposed that the origin of this instrument was not the result of a single effort of the inventive power of man. In its first estate the organ was doubtless a very simple affair, and probably its hint was taken from the pipe or flute, as the steam engine was elaborated from the tea-kettle. If the passage of air through a tube, enforced by the power of the lungs, could produce a musical sound, the same thing might be accomplished by the application of wind power in some other manner. Hence the idea of the organ. Its earlier conditions are not well known, although it has no antiquity at all comparable with the harp, trumpet, timbrel, or the pipes of Pan. It was probably invented in its ruder forms by the Greeks, as the first organs known in Italy are traced to them. They were at first small and portable. The modern organ may be considered as of essentially German invention. The instrument is spoken of incidentally as early as the seventh or eighth century; but it was by no means common until the fourteenth. It was two hundred years later before it attained any considerable size and power. At that time most of the larger churches and cathedrals in Western Europe were supplied with them. They were well known in England at the time of the settlement of this country. As has been observed in former articles, the Puritans, in renouncing their connection with the Church of England included every vestige of their forms of worship and ceremonials, with the exception of assembling themselves together for purposes of devotion and exhortation. And the separation was not simply one of expediency and form, but it was founded on conscience, and by persecution was turned into hatred and contempt. Organs therefore were not found in New England even in the wealthier metropolitan churches till nearly a century after its colonization. The first organ imported into Boston was for the use of the "King's Chapel," now the Stone Chapel, situated at the corner of Tremont and School streets. It was the gift of Thomas Brattle, an eminent citizen of Boston. This church was established in Queen Ann's time, and was the place of worship of those persons in the colony who were attached to the English Episcopacy. The arrival of the organ created a deep sensation. The multitude were as much opposed to its use as they were to the introduction of innoculation for the small pox a few years later. The organ remained unpacked for several months for fear it might be mutilated or destroyed should an attempt be made to set it up. The feeling against it, however, became gradually softened after the first effervescence had died away, and the instrument was allowed to be put into the place for which it was designed. It is a little remarkable that that organ should still be in use in New England. It remained in the King's Chapel nearly fifty years, when it was sold to St. Paul's church in Newburyport, where it was used about eighty years and from thence it was removed to St. John's church, Portsmouth, some twenty-five years ago, and is (or was quite recently) still a fixture there, although it has been renovated, and received a new outer vestment. It has passed through a notable history. If we compare the condition of the country then in any respect with its position and resources now, what a wonderful change has taken place. And especially is the change a very great one as it regards music. From the simplest and rudest attempts at congregational singing, without harmony or rythm, the musical services of the churches in the centres of population have attained to great unity, precision, and dignity. The feuds, and clashings, and antagonisms to which this instrument has been a witness in securing the progress from that day to this, might be entertaining to a reader if recorded in faithful prose, but would be a strong testimony to the weaknesses and foibles of human nature.

The first organ built in America was by Edward Bromfield in 1745. He must have been a person of very great mechanical skill, as well as a musician of excellent natural taste for the instrument made by him is said to have been superior in its workmanship to the English organs then in the country, and his knowledge of their construction was derived from simply looking into one two or three times. The same natural adaptation of musical and mechanical skill was found in the late Jonas Chickering, who, when a young man, was allowed to examine a piano forte, (the first and only one he had ever seen) with a view to putting it in order by tuning and repairing. This he satisfactorily accomplished, and that was the commencement of his brilliant career as a manufacturer of that instrument. But Mr. Bromfield died before his first attempt on the organ was entirely completed. For many years after this period but very few organs were found in the country, and these were confined nearly if not quite exclusively to the Episcopal churches. By the people generally they were regarded as a very wonderful affair, and as the feeling against them subsided, there was much curiosity to hear one. When a person from the interior visited Boston, it became a matter of interest among those whose prejudices could bear it, to visit one of the churches which had them. The report of such a visit was matter of great importance to the neighbors and friends of the person so privileged. Since the opening of the present century organs have gradually increased, till at length they have become almost a necessity in every religious society. If they are not found in the larger and more legitimate organ forms, they exist very extensively in the shape of seraphines and melodeons. When the organ was first used in a Puritan church I do not know. I think it must have created a commotion whenever it did take place, but I have no record of the event.

Organ building in this country is now an extensive business, and great improvements have been made in the instrument within a few years. Many are of the opinion that our builders are equal to any in the world. At any rate but very few organs are now imported. Perhaps one fault with the American instruments is the attempt to give too much organ for too little money,—that is to say, sufficient labor is not bestowed upon any one part to render it as perfect as possible. We know this is the case with many articles of Yankee workmanship. Too much is sacrificed to appearances, to the loss of durability and perfection. It is known to many, if not all your readers, that a grand test instrument has been ordered from Germany, by the proprietors of the Boston Music Hall and other subscribers, to be put in that Hall. It is to be one of the largest and best instruments that modern skill can produce. It will be set up as a model for our makers to equal or surpass. It has been three years in process of construction and is expected to arrive in Boston this season. Its cost is to be $25,000.

The use of the organ having become an established thing, what is its appropriate sphere? To my mind it is rather an assistant than a principal. It should never assume the position of *leader* in the musical service. Its voluntaries must indeed be the principal thing for the time, but they should always have reference to the feelings of the hour. The emotions to be roused should be in harmony with the occasion. Mere wonder, delight and admiration should not be excited. If these are in any degree called out, they should be so mingled with reverence, trust and devotion as to secure the objects of religious worship. The interludes should bear some relation to the sentiment of the different stanzas of a hymn. As far as possible they should echo and prolong it. If too curt, they are meaningless, and if too long, lose their proper effect.

While accompanying the voices of a choir the organ should be subordinate. Its true place is as a harmonizer, a blender, an underlying stratum of tone on which the voices are to rest. When it becomes a leader, and when its pipes are indulged in sending out sounds which overpower and drown the voices of the singers, it has stepped out of its legitimate place.

But space forbids my pursuing this subject further. In my next I shall resume the subject of Congregational Singing. G.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The programme with regard to schools was so far changed last week, as to have the High and Grammar Schools commence on Monday of this week; the others will commence next Monday morning. The following divisions and arrangements have been made by the Committee for the current year:—

First Class, consisting of High School, North Senior, North Primary, Center Primary No 1, and Woodville, under the special supreintendence of, 1st term, Mansfield and Foster; 2d term, Sweetser and Winship; 3d term Eaton and Upton. Second Class, consisting of Grammar, Greenwood, Center Junior Intermediate and Center Primary No. 2, under the special superintendence of, 1st term, Sweetser and Winship; 2d term, Eaton and Upton; 3d term, Mansfield and Foster. Third Class, consisting of Center Senior Intermediate, West Senior, West Primary and Montrose, under the special superintendence of 1st term, Eaton and Upton; 2d term, Mansfield and Foster; 3d term, Sweetser and Winship.

Kershaw & Hayward's Panorama of Ancient and Modern Palestine, Illustrating the leading events in the history of Christ, was on exhibition at the Town Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening of last week, and on Monday afternoon and evening of this week. Considering the hard times, it was well patronized by the Sabbath Schools and others. This is a new painting, being completed last November. Some of the scenes are very beautiful, though a fuller description by the delineator] of places and events would add interest to the exhibition.

There is a strong suspicion that the dwelling house of Mrs. Aborn on Salem street narrowly escaped an incendiary fire on Wednesday night. Mrs. Flanders who resides on Pearl street, in the rear of Mrs. Aborn's, went out about half past 10 o'clock to draw water when she discovered a blaze between two out buildings, and as she says, saw two persons run away. Mrs. F. aroused the family, but no fire was seen by them, though cinders of paper &c., were found in the place pointed out by her as the location of the blaze.

Messrs. Luther Reed, jr., and E. S. Upham have been drawn to serve as Traverse Jurors, at the Supreme Judicial Court to be held at Lowell on the third Tuesday of the present month. M.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

FAST DAY.—The two religious societies joined in a union service at the Cong. Church at the usual hour. Rev. Mr. Robinson officiated. Text, "But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive." Genesis 50: 20. He commenced by saying, that during the seige of Sebastopol a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city and opened a spring, that a fountain bubbled forth where the cannon shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in that vicinity, an abundant supply of pure cold water. This a simple, yet beautiful illustration of the working of God's Providence,—the rule of which is ever the same, "Out of seeming evil still educing good." The murderous shell sent for the destruction of human lives, opened a fountain of living water by means of which the lives of many were prolonged or saved.

The instance brought to view in the text, relating to Joseph and his brethren who had sought his destruction, was commented upon and the result shown. At a later period in the history of his chosen covenant people, when they had rebelled against him and it had become necessary to punish them by delivering them into the hands of their enemies, God raised up Sennacherib, King of Assyria, to execute vengeance upon the idolatrous people. They were thus led to see themselves in their true light. But the most notable instance of all was the crucifixion of our blessed Lord.

And so, subsequently, in the history of the Church, the efforts which were put forth for the suppression of the truth preached in the name of Jesus, proved the means of its wider dissemination. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." And in secular history the working of the same power under the guidance of the same unerring wisdom may be traced. Events, seemingly most disastrous to the best interests of mankind, have been steps in the onward and upward progress of humanity. Was ever anything more injudicious, for instance, than the desire of the lustful king Henry VIII. of England, to be divorced from his queen? He wanted to marry Ann Boleyn. This led to a quarrel with the Pope and made England Protestant. Henry the defender of the faith became a leader of the great Reformation. The French Revolution was referred to as an illustration. It resulted in the overthrow and destruction of the inequalities of the feudal system, and prepared the way for the coming of the new era of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity; an era which has not as yet dawned, it is true, but which is held under the hands of the present Emperor of France—by far the most sagacious statesman of the age.

In modern history is the oppression which drove the Pilgrim Fathers first to Holland, and then to this country. All the tears, and heart breakings of that ever memorable parting at Delft Haven, had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of England. And so their hardships and trials here, in this country, seem to have been kindly and wisely ordered. In our own day we have a most striking instance of the overruling hand of God. The war that England has been waging with intervals of time, for the last twenty or twenty-five years against China, forcing upon that people a drug most destructive to the body and soul, is working for good. Through the breach made by English cannon in that wall of exclusion are now entering hand in hand Civilization and Christianity; and if ever China is converted and becomes a part of Christ's Empire, it will be owing, under God, in a great measure to the covetousness of English merchants who were determined at whatever cost of treasure and of blood, to secure a market for that accursed drug known to us as opium.

But an illustration can be found nearer home. We have among us an institution—now justified and lauded by some, but which the Fathers of this Republic regarded as evil, and only evil, and that continually; an institution the existence of which led Thomas Jefferson to say, "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just;" an institution which has certainly been the cause of more angry strife, and heated debate, if it does not lead to actual collision between the different sections of our country, and the disruption of the Government, than all other disturbing causes or influences combined. And yet, who shall say that even this system of injustice—"the sum of all villainies," as John Wesley was wont to call it, shall not be over-ruled to the best good of the African race and the glory of God. Who shall say what connection exists between the establishment of slavery in this country, and the future colonization and christianizing of the Continent of Africa. I believe under God such is to be the glorious issue of this glaring wrong,—that the infamous and inhuman African slave trade, may be a link in the chain of events connecting the present with the coming time, when Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God. This does not reconcile me to the continued existence of slavery in this country. It does not, to my view, mitigate any of its enormities. It does, however, inspire me with confidence and hope in laboring by prayer and personal influence, so far as my influence shall extend, for its overthrow. It does comfort me to think that there is yet to be a future for poor, benighted, down-trodden Africa, and that possibly her future may be all the more glorious, for the long and grievous oppression of her sons and daughters in this country. God mingles in all human affairs. His hand is to be seen guiding and controlling, or overruling all events. Events which at the time seem most disastrous in their influence, may result in the greatest good to all in any way concerned. This we have realized in our own personal experiences, our afflictions, trials and cares. As with individuals, so also, is it with nations. God's judgments are sometimes choicest mercies.

So I trust in God it will prove with the disaster which has come upon us as a nation. If any are disposed to exclaim, How can this be, it might be easy to find an answer, Though I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, I will venture to indicate some of the results which will issue from the judgment that has overtaken us. And first, it will serve to humble our national pride,—there is need of this certainly. We have carried ourselves too loftily among the nations of the earth. We have boasted of our wide domains—of our inexhaustible resources,—of the wealth of our mines,—of the fertility of our soil,—of the increase of our population,—of our multiplied inventions for the comfort, safety and happiness of the people. We have made ourselves ridiculous, by our vanity and self-glorification, in speeches and Fourth of July orations. Now, who so poor among the nations of the old world as to do us reverence. Even Spain, whom we have despised, now insults us to the face. This is a severe discipline, but it will prove wholesome.

Again, the evils of the present time must needs hasten the downfall of slavery. I do not see how it can be otherwise. Whatever may be the issue of the present controversy, whether we continue one nation or two, slavery has received its death wound. The very agitation of the last six months has undermined the whole system. It is the beginning of the end. The re-opening of the African slave trade, should the same be re-opened, will convert what are now Border Slave States into Free States. England and France have been aroused to the necessity of providing themselves elsewhere with the great staples on which so many millions of their people depend for daily bread. And this will be done. Slave labor then becomes unprofitable in the cotton growing States and the system dies out. God speed the day. Again, the trials through which we are passing will serve to show the strength of a republican form of government. They expose its weakness, it will be said in reply,—but the end is not yet. I do not believe that this government is to be broken up. I am less inclined to believe it to-day than three months ago. There may be a separation—the independence of the Confederated States may be acknwledged, but there can ultimately be but one government on this North American Continent, and that government must needs be a Republic. The sober common sense of the people will return to them after a time, and then there will not be a re-construction I trust, but a re-union upon the old basis. If there is any truth in Political Economy—if there is any truth in the Bible, no government which makes slavery its corner stone can stand. There must, therefore, in the lapse of time, be a re-absorption of the dissevered members of this once glorious Republic. And then it will be seen and forever established, that man has the capacity of self-government, and that the nation which is least governed is really the best governed. Again, the disaster which has befallen us should lead us to repose less confidence in our public men, and more confidence in God. Has not this already been the effect? Where are the party idols of the last twenty-five years? Broken and bruised in the dust. Who now would plead guilty to charge of hero worship? Where is the man whose confidence has not been shaken in the integrity of sons called to offices of public trust? We are in danger of changing to the opposite extreme—of despising our rulers—of not showing the functionaries of government becoming respect. Who thinks the salvation of our country depends upon the wisdom of any one man or body of men, upon President, Cabinet or Congress? Who does not see that our salvation can come only from God? Again, the trouble through which we are passing will prepare the way for an extensive and powerful revival of religion. Finally, just so far as we can conform to the requirements of God we shall be blessed, whether as individuals or as a nation. To depart from these for any earthly consideration will be sure to bring down ruin upon our heads.

I have thus given detached portions of this excellent discourse verbatim, thinking it will be of interest to the general reader. The remarks upon some points are given in full, while of others only the point is given. It is to be regretted that more were not present to hear it, although the audience to which it was given was large in point of numbers for the day.

On the evening of Fast, the Hutchinson Family (Asa B., Abby, and little Freddy) gave a Concert in Lyceum Hall, which was largely attended. The programme consisted of deservedly popular songs, many of them new ones. The little boy appeared to be about eight years of age and his sister ten or eleven years. In regard to the concert I should say in the words of another, "that it was one of the best to which I have ever listened. The healthy, genial, heart-tendering and reformatory character of their selections (a peculiar Hutchinson characteristic) wins and absorbs the attention of all. Freddy and Abby sung remarkably well. Truer, warmer, kindlier hearts never beat in human bosoms. Their sympathies for the down-trodden and lowly of earth, have ever been marked and active." In addition I would only say that the boy appeared taxed too much, and that care should be exercised that the body does not suffer from too great a drain upon its physical energies.

SURPRISE PARTY.—One of our oldest and most respected citizens, Capt. Nathan Jaquith, having reached his eightieth birth day on Sunday, March 31st, his relatives and friends thought it fitting and proper to honor it by giving him a surprise visit on Friday evening of last week, at the residence of his son in this town, Nathan Jaquith, jr. The old gentleman lives with his children who are scattered round in different towns, and happened at this time to be here. About 7½ o'clock the relatives and friends having previously assembled in the rear part of the house, unbeknown to the Captain whose attention was diverted by a newspaper and conversation, proceeded to the parlor and agreeably surprised their aged guest. He was much pleased thus to meet his children and children's children and to receive their cordial greeting. He is as hale and hearty as ever, and in the full possession of all his faculties. It will be remembered, doubtless, that he walked from Woburn to Lowell last Thanksgiving day without injury. He has living one brother aged 72 and two sisters, one 82 and the other younger; four children, eleven grand children and two great grand children, most of whom were present on this occasion. He has lived in this town and in Woburn, of which it was once a part, twenty years and is universally respected. Some fifty persons were presant at this reunion, representing childhood, youth, manhood and age, and had an agreeable time. At 9½ o'clock the company were invited to partake of a supper prepared from their contributions. The table was bountifully spread with good things, to which ample justice was done by those assembled around it.

After the supper, Rev. Mr. Robinson addressed the recipient of this visit—the aged guest—in some appropriate and feeling remarks. He read the following address to the friends present, in behalf of the relatives.

"In behalf of our honored sire, we, his children and grand children, unite in bidding you welcome here to-night. We thank you, not merely for the generous gifts you bring, but also for this renewed assurance of your continued friendship toward him who has labored the winters of four score years, and stands before you to night unscathed.

Most of you have seen him in the summer of life with one to share his joys and cares; you now behold him treading life's path alone and you have come, not like the friends of Job to upbraid him, but with countenances all radiant with smiles to offer him your warm greetings, to cheer and thus smooth the rugged way down which his steps slowly but surely descend.

We have all felt the pressure of your warm hands, and the kindly greetings of your sympathetic hearts, on other and sadder occasions than this for which permit us once more to repeat our thanks and join with our aged parent in craving for each of you better than earth's gifts, even Heaven's choicest blessing, the crown of eternal life."

After the remarks, conversation was resumed, interspersed with singing by the younger portion, which was continued till a late hour. The roads being in so bad a condition prevented many friends from being present, but the occasion was happily conceived and successfully carried out. It was a pleasant idea to bring together before the aged sire his children and grand children to receive his cordial greeting and gather new lessons of reverence for age in the performance of that filial duty which devolves upon them as children during the remainder of his pilgrimage here below.

SCHOOLS.—Mr Luther Richardson who was chosen a member of the Board of School Committee for one year at the last Town Meeting, having declined to accept the office, a convention of the Selectmen and the remaining members of the Board was held on Monday evening last for the purpose of filling the vacancy. Salem Wilder was unanimously chosen.

FUNERAL SERVICES.—Religious services over the remains of Mrs. Stephen Thompson took place in the Congregational Church on Monday afternoon last. The Church was filled in every part. The services consisted of the reading of selections from the Scriptures and remarks by the pastor—Rev. Mr. Robinson,—and prayer by Rev. Mr. Kittredge of Charlestown, whose church she had attended since her marriage, appropriate music and singing by the choir. After the services which were very affecting, an opportunity was afforded to all who wished to take their last look upon the departed one. The remains were deposited in Wildwood Cemetery. It is only about six months since she was married. After an illness of five weeks the fell destroyer, consumption, seized her as its victim and summoned her away to a better world. The heartfelt sympaties of our community are with this young husband, so early called to drink the cup of sorrow. May the hopes and promises of the Gospel of Jesus Christ sustain him in this affliction and lead him to say, it is all for the best. Though now his pathway may seem dark and lonely without her presence to cheer it, yet light will come out of darkness. May he realize that through afflictions we become more purified and better fitted for the heavenly kingdom.

EXCELSIOR.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Rev. Mr. Davies delivered an address before the Sons of Temperance, at Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening, which is highly spoken of. The points made were so plainly stated as to preclude the possibility of a double meaning, or of being misunderstood. Rev. Mr. Wilcox is expected ere long to deliver an address upon the same subject,

Mr. George A. Coney who has been sojourning in Galveston, Texas, during the past winter arrived in town Tuesday morning, and reports great excitement throughout that State, that business is entirely suspended and soldiers promenading the streets continually and anxious for a fight,—that Sam Houston is busily engaged in accumulating a force to contend against the rebels, and although the secessionists threaten to take his head off, he boldly informs them that he cares not a straw for their threats.

Father Kemp and family, also Mr. R. N. Temple, have returned home their European tour, arriving in Boston on Friday morning last.

On Fast Day, services were held in the Old South and Bethesda churches,—the Baptists uniting with the Old South by invitation, while the Rev. Mr. Langworthy (formerly settled at Chelsea) addressed the people assembled at the Bethesda church with much power and eloquence. "How pleasant 'tis to see brethren and friends agree," but so far as this town is concerned, it means to agree to differ, and keep wide apart, I suppose, thus showing to the world how those would-be followers of the Saviour love one another. "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another," the modern interpretation of which is, *you attend to your business, and I will attend to mine*—a most lovely sight. Had there been a union meeting on Fast Day, there would have been no occasion for the above remarks, and some credit for sincerity might be given to those who control these matters, and the preaching of the Word thereby rendered much more effective in the view of many.

Henshaw & Hayward's Panorama of ancient and modern Palestine, and scenes in the life of Christ, was exhibited in Lyceum Hall last week. The painting, as a work of art, is most beautiful, and reflects much credit on the artist. The scenes represented in the life of our Saviour are indeed beautiful, and are well calculated to make impressions on the mind which words alone but faintly represent. "Christ weeping over Jerusalem" is no mere fancy sketch, but a fitting illustration of the loveliness of his character. The scenes are all so excellent, I hardly know where to point to the most beautiful, and will content myself with recommending to all who may have an opportunity, to see it for themselves, assuring them that they will feel amply rewarded by so doing.

A donation visit and friendly call is proposed to be given on Monday evening next at the house of Mr. Dana Parker, for the benefit and encouragement of Mrs. Whittier, whose circumstances are well known to our citizens, and it is hoped no one will forget the appointed time—next Monday evening—and be there to deposit those things that are so needful in a family of little ones.

Mr. M. W. Whitney of Boston, intends to make this town his residence, and has taken rooms in the house of Mr. Charles H. Goodwin. Mr. W. will also have rooms in Boston as heretofore, where he will meet his friends daily.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Improvements are still going on. Mr. Brown Sweetser is having his market, on Central Square, improved by having large front windows put in. Mr. McKensie's tailoring establishment is nearly finished and presents a very pretty appearance. A few more improvements and Main Street will be as fine a street as can be found around these parts. That fence which is such a nuisance to the town still remains to admonish passers by not to trespass.

CORRECTION.—In our report of last week we stated that the Schools would commence this week Monday; we should have said next week Monday, April 15.

AMBROTYPES.—Mr. Alexander has arrived in town with his saloon, and would doubtless be pleased to furnish the people with good sun pictures. SPECTATOR.

"ATTENTION, YOUNG MEN!"—We perceive, by the advertisement of Messrs. Horace L. Hegeman & Co., of New York, that the renowned "Stimulating Onguent" invented by Dr. Bellingham for a healthy stimulation in the growth of beard or whiskers, has now had its American market confided to their agency. The high reputation of this article in London, Paris, and other cities of Europe, seems to have been fully justified by experience in this country. We find that its praises are re-echoed among all classes. A few weeks are said to prove its almost magical influences upon the beard or whiskers. The British volunteers have made such free use of it as to attract the attention of *The London Punch*. See advertisement of Messrs. Hegeman & Co in another column.

FINE SOAPS.—We call attention to the superior quality and low price of the INDEXICAL SOAPS advertised in another column. They are unquestionably the first Soaps made in this country, and equal to the best imported.

CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE.—Read the advertisements of the New England Carpet Company.

ORIENTAL WANDERINGS.—ARAB GRATITUDE—THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.—During a successful medical career of more than twenty years, in the course of which he has visited every quarter of the globe, it may well be supposed that Professor Holloway has been the recipient of many distinguished marks of honor and confidence. As the originator of a system of treatment which has swept over the world with a force and rapidity that, in this enlightened age, are the prerogatives of Truth, his fame everywhere preceded him. Even in traversing Arabia, some years ago, he found that his name and discoveries were well known to the Sheiks of the various tribes, and deputations of Arabs met him at various points of his journey, soliciting the great "Hakim," (their name for physician) to visit their tents and administer to the sick. At every encampment he was received with most profound respect, which deepened into absolute reverence as the effect of his wonderful remedies was witnessed by these children of the wilderness. Some of his adventures among them were quite of a romantic cast. One of their cheifs, a majestic old Bedouin, whose favorite daughter had been for years affected with a scorbutic disease, was so carried away with rapture at her recovery under Professor Holloway's hands, that, in a burst of gratitude, he offered him half his flocks and herds, if he would remain with the tribe and be its guest for life.

While visiting Constantinople, on his return home, he had an audience of the Sultan, and was requested to prescribe for a favorite *adalisque* in the imperial harem, who had been pronounced incurable by the Turkish doctors. She was a Circassian slave of surpassing beauty, and realized in her form and face the describtion of "Young Nourmahel" as described in Lalla Rookh. Her disease was dyspepsia, aggravated, no doubt by the *ennui*, created by a sequestered and monotonous lite. Within a month, however, Professor Holloway's great medicines, with the aid of daily exercise in the gardens of the Seragilo, accomplished a complete cure, and he subsequently received an autograph letter from the Sultan, thanking him in the warmest terms, for restoring to health the "Light of his Harem." No sooner was the news of this cure noised through Constantinople, than the Lodgings of the "Great Frank Physician" were literally beseiged by dyspeptic Pashas and bilious Beys, and from the period of his departure to the present time, the demand upon his agents in Constantinople for the remedies that bear his name has continually increased.—*Dr. Livingstone's "Travels."*

DIPHTHERIA.—This disease, now so prevalent and fatal, is well described, and its proper treatment given in language to be understood by any one, in a new edition just issued of a phamphlet upon the "Science of Indian Medicines," by Dr. R. GREENE, Principal of the Indian Medical Institute. It is a valuable little book, and may be obtained at the office for twelve cents, or by mail enclosing four postage stamps, on addressing R. GREEFE, M. D., 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The greatest plague of life—Piles and Fistula.—Though thousand are afflicted with these terrible scourges few if any are acquinted with their cause or nature and resign themselves to the belief that they are incurable—but an explanation of their character will satisfy any man of common sense that they are remediable. Piles and their kindred diseases arise from costiveness, overstraining or neglected appeals of nature; by removing these we extinguish the exciting causes. Holloway's Pills renovate the stomach and invigorate the action of the bowels, and a few applications of the ointment to the seat of the disease will eradicate the piles forever—try them and be convinced.

Special Notices.

Special Notice.

THE POSTPONED
GRAND MUSICAL SOIREE!
By a corp of talented Artists,
AND THE
MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB,
WILL BE GIVEN AT
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,
On Wednesday Eve'g next, April 17th.

☞ The celebrated new National Song, "VIVA L'AMERICA," will be sung with appropriate Accessories.

☞ Extra trains of cars will run and half fare will be charged for those out of town.

School Notice.

The High School and the Central Grammar School will commence April 15.
By order of School Committee,
B. F. BRONSON, Sec'y.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg,
Kings County, New York

Died.

REED—In Woburn, April 7th, Mrs. Nancy D. Reed, widow of the late Capt. Wm. Reed, aged 69 years, 10 months.

TAY—April 9th, Joanna C., wife of Oliver Tay, aged 64 years, 8 months.

MILLER—In Sandwich, N. H., April 4th, J. Loring Miller, formerly of Woburn, aged 24 years, 10 days.

THOMPSON—In Worcester, April 6th, Emmie N., wife of Stephen Thompson, and daughter of the late A. G. Norcross of Franklin, aged 20 years, 6 months.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

MIDDLESEX ss. Woburn, April 10, 1861.

IN INSOLVENCY.—Notice is hereby given that Hon. William A. Richardson, Judge of Court of Insolvency, in and for the said County of Middlesex, has issued a Warrant against the estate of

JOHN FLANDERS, OF WOBURN,

in said County, Shoe Manufacturer, Insolvent Debtor. The payment of any debts, and the delivery of any property belonging to said insolvent debtor, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law. A meeting of the Creditors of said Debtor, to prove their debts, and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the TWENTY-FOURTH day of APRIL, instant, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.
HORACE COLLAMORE,
2w. *Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.*

NEW PATENT GLASSING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber has recently patented a machine for

Glassing Leather,

which is a great improvement on anything of the kind now in use, and is ready to manufacture them to order. The machine can be seen in operation at Choate & Cummings' Tannery, in Woburn.
WILLIAM ELLARD.
Woburn, April 13th. 1m.

Diaries for 1861!

ALL styles of Diaries for 1861, can found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

500,000 CUTTER'S SEEDLING STRAWBERRY PLANTS

For Sale at $1.25 per 100, and $10 per 1000.

THIS plant was introduced by the subscriber in 1859. It is the greatest and longest bearer known. It has produced at the rate of 7000 boxes per acre.

Also for sale—Wilson's Albany, Triumphe de Grand, and twenty other varieties. Twenty varieties of hardy Grape Vines—Concord, Diana, Delaware, Dracut Ambert, &c. Raspberry, Currant, Gooseberry, Rose Bushes, Rhubarb, Asparagus roots, &c.

Apple Trees of large size. Pear, Peach, Cherry and Quince Trees. Maple Trees, Evergreens, &c.

Send for illustrated preed Catalogue, enclosing stamp. ☞ *Nursery near the Depot.*
J. W. MANNING, READING, MASS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn in said County, GREETING:

IN the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn qualified to vote in town affairs, to meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of April, A.D. 1861, at 3½ of the clock, P.M., to act on the following articles, viz:—

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To choose all necessary town officers for the year ensuing.

Art. 3. To hear and act on the report of the School Committee.

Art. 4. To hear and act on the report of the School Committee, in relation to naming the several schools in town.

Art. 5. To hear and act on the report of the Chief Engineer of the fire department.

Art. 6. To determine if the town will instruct the Clerk to cause the By-Laws of the town, the Rules and Ordinances of the Fire Department, together with the Sections of the General Statutes adopted by the town, to be printed, or do anything in relation thereto.

Art. 7. To see if the town will authorize their Treasurer to hire money for the use of the town, in anticipation of taxes, such money to be hired under the instruction and authority of the Selectmen.

Art. 8. To see if the town will adopt Sections 7, 8, and 9, of Chapter 45, of the General Statutes, in relation to sidewalks.

Art. 9. To see if the town will adopt Sections 49 and 50, Chapter 24, of the General Statutes, in relation to volunteer engine companies.

Art. 10. To see if the town will authorize the Treasurer to make such changes with the town debt as the Selectmen may direct, by their approval of all notes given, and the same to be attested by the Town Clerk.

Art. 11. To see if the town will instruct their Treasurer to hire money to pay any portion of the town debt, or do or act any thing in relation to the same.

Art. 12. To see if the town will choose a committee to revise the By-Laws of the town or do any thing in relation thereto.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by posting up attested copies thereof at each of the public meeting-houses in said town, seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting and causing the same to be published in the *Middlesex Journal* and *Woburn Budget.*

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands, at Woburn, this third day of April, A. D. 1861.

JOHN CUMMINGS, JR.,
WILLIAM TOTMAN,
ELBRIDGE TRULL,
JOSEPH KELLEY,
E. N. BLAKE,
W. T. GRAMMER,
} SELECTMEN OF WOBURN.

A true copy, Attest: EDWARD SIMONDS,
Constable of Woburn.

An Important Fact!

1
It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!
2
Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.
3
Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.
4
In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.
5
At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

ONE GOOD ACT!

THE PRESIDENT has set his signature to the new Tariff Bill. By this means I have made my list of prices for

CARPETINGS

FOR MY SPRING SALES AS FOLLOWS

100 Rolls Union Carpets, at 25 cents per yard.
50 Rolls Cotton and Wool Carpets at 37 cents per yard.
40 Rolls Common Carpets at 45 cents per yard.
350 Rolls Extra Fine Carpets at 50 cents per yard.
425 Rolls Extra Super Carpets at 62½ cents per yard.
100 Rolls Extra Three-ply Carpets from 90 cents to $1.
100 Rolls English Tapestry Carpets at $1 per yard.
275 Rolls Dutch Carpets at 17 cents per yard
750 Rolls Painted Carpets from 30 to 50 cents per yard.
100 Rolls Stair Carpets from 12½ cents to $1 per yard.
400 Rolls Thompsonville, Tariffville, Lowell and Tapleyville.
Extra Super Carpets at 17 censt per yard.

☞ A discount to Wholesale Dealers, to Ministers and their families of all denominations, and Church Committees.

E. C. STEVENS,
124 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.
28—3m.

SHERIFF'S SALE

MIDDLESEX ss. March 26, 1861.

BY VIRTUE of an Execution which issued on a judgment in favor of J. Quincy Blake, of Bedford, in our said County of Middlesex, at the term of the Superior Court holden at Cambridge, for and within our County of Middlesex aforesaid, on the Second Monday of December last, to wit, on the twenty-fifth day of February A. D. 1861, I have taken all the right in equity that Abner B. Lane of Bedford, aforesaid, had on the Thirtieth day of November A. D. 1857, when the same was attached on the original writ or which the said Lane now has to redeem certain Mortgaged Real Estate lying in Bedford in said County, to wit:

A certain tract of land in the Northerly part of Bedford with the buildings thereon, containing eighteen acres more or less—Bounded, beginning at the North Westerly corner of the premises on the road leading from Bedford to Billerica; thence Easterly and bounded Northerly on land belonging to the wife of O. W. Lane, as the wall now stands, in a straight line to land of J. Smith; thence running Westerly on said Smith's land to land of G. Dutton in a straight line as the wall now stands to an angle in the wall; thence Northerly as the wall runs on land of Levi Bailey to an angle in the wall; thence Westerly as the wall now runs to an angle in the wall; thence Northerly as aforesaid; thence Westerly as aforesaid to said road; thence Northerly on said road as the wall now stands to the bound first mentioned: being the same premises mortgaged to Wm. L. Whitney of Cambridge, and recorded in Middlesex registry of deeds (South District,) Book 649, Page 237, to which reference may be had. And on MONDAY the TWENTY-NINTH day of APRIL next, at four o'clock, P.M., at my office in Woburn, in said County, I shall offer for sale to the highest bidder said right in equity of redemption, to satisfy said Execution and all costs and charges of sale.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.

INTERESTING TO THE PUBLIC!

PERSONS troubled with Contracted Limbs of many years standing, Stiff Joints or Rhumatism, can be effectually cured, by using

DR. HANSONS Stimulating Ointment

which is sold at Wholesale & Retail at the Depot NO. 145 HANOVER STREET, up one flight of stairs.

Boston Price Fifty cents per bottle, and if the patient is not benefited the money will be refunded. Advice gratis. Feb. 7th—3m.

PERPETUAL ALMANACS, telling any date in this century, at the Woburn Bookstore.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX ss. Reading, April 8th, 1861.

To all persons whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Taxes assessed upon the following premises situated in said Reading, for the years hereafter stated, have not been paid, and are due; and that I shall sell at Public Auction, at the store of JONATHAN FROST, in said Reading, on MONDAY, the SIXTH day of MAY next, at three o'clock, in the afternoon, so much of each of said estates and premises as shall be necessary to pay the taxes so assessed, and all lawful charges thereon, unless the same are paid before the said time of sale.

The following are the names of the persons assessed, a general description of the several estates and premises, and the amount of the taxes assessed and due thereupon, respectively; and the owners are all non-residents so far as they are known.

1 W. F. CLAFLIN—One-fourth of an acre, more or less, of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on the corner of Warren and Forest Avenues, and is Lot numbered 17, on a plan of land in the town of Reading, Mass, belonging to Amos Cummings, jr and G. B. Parott, Surveyor, and recorded with said Middlesex Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 9; and formerly owned by Nathaniel Vaughn. It is bounded, North by Warren Avenue; West by Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 18 on said plan, and East by Lot No. 16 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $9.36
Highway Tax for 1859, .54

2 LOT NO 65, unknown owner—This is about ⅛ of an acre of land, with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Forest Avenue, and is numbered 65 upon the above mentioned Plan of A. Cummings, jr., and formerly owned by E. E. Pratt; Bounded, East by said Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 64; West by land of heirs of J Prescott, Esq., and North by Lot No. 66, as marked on said Plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.76

3 LOT 18, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land, about ⅛ of an acre, situate on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 18 on said Cummings' Plan; Bounded, Westerly by said Avenue; Northerly by Lot No. 17, and Southerly by Lot No. 19 on said Plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

4 LOT 39, PARK AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land on Park Avenue, on said Cummings' Plan, and numbered 39 thereon; Bounded, Southerly by Park Avenue; Easterly by lot No. 40, and Westerly by Lot No. 38 on said plan, and containing about ⅛ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

5 LOTS 61, 62, 63, 64, unknown owner—About one half acre of land on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 61, 62, 63, 64 on said Cummings' Plan, of a triangular shape and bounded East by said Forest Avenue; West by land of heirs of J. Prescott, and North by Lot No. 65 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

6 LOT 32, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ⅛ of an acre situate on the corner of Centre and Forest Avenue, and is numbered 32 on said Cummings' Plan, and bounded Northerly by said Centre Avenue; Westerly by said Forest Avenue; Easterly by Lot No. 31, and Southerly by Lot No. 33.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

7 LOT 30, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land situate on said Centre Avenue, and is numbered 30 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue; East by Lot 29. South by lot 36; West by Lot 31 on said plan, containing about ⅛ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $0.78

8 LOT 27, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ⅛ of an acre on Centre Avenue and numbered 27 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue; East by Lot 26; South by Lot 39, and West by Lot 28 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

9 DANIEL H. SHIRLEY—A lot of land on Washington street. so called, in Reading, and is bounded Northerly by said street, and is Lot No. 15 on a plan of part of the estate of the late Edmund Parker, Esq., and surveyed by Joseph Bancroft, June, 1847, and recorded in said Registry, Book of Plans No. 2, page 88.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04
Highway Tax for 1859 .17

10 WILLIAM L. BATTLES—A parcel of land situate at a place called Fairmount, in said Reading, and bounded—Northerly by North street; Westerly by Second street; Southerly by Hopkins and South streets, and is composed of the Lots numbered 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, on a plan of Fairmount belonging to Wm. L. Brown, Esq., made by E. Bucknam, and recorded in said Middlesex Registry, Book of Plans 6, page 30.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.56
Highway Tax for 1859, .50

11 ALPHA HUNTON—One-half acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Ash street, and bounded East by Ash street, leading to South Reading; North and West by land of B. E. Beard; South by land of E. Crouch.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $8.58

12 P. ULMER—2½ acres of land on Bear Hill, consisting of lots numbered 62 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102 103, 104, 105 on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount, and described in deed from Wm. L. Brown to said Ulmer, dated 18th Dec., 1858, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 812, page 162.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.34
Real Estate for 1859, 1.63

13 MR. PAINE, or unknown owner—About 1½ acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situated on Main and Ash Streets, and a little North of the track of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and bounded South by a lane which separates it from said track; West by said Main and Ash streets, and North by a street laid out, but not fully graded and occupied.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $18.82
Highway Tax for 1859, 1.60

14 J. M. DANE—About three acres of land on Ash street, and bounded West by Ash street; South by lands of Jaquith and others; East by land of Boston and Maine Railroad, and North by land late of H. Kingman, deceased, described in deed of G. Winn *et ux* to said Dane, dated October 1st, 1855, and recorded in said Registry, Book 724, page 38.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $7.80

15 LOT 31, unknown owner—Contains ⅛ of an acre of land situate on Ash street, as laid out on E. Parker's plan, and is numbered 31 on the above mentioned plan of part of Edmund Parker's estate, bounded Northerly by Ash street on said plan, and Westerly by Lot No. 32 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

16 GEORGE W. IRELAND—Three fourths of an acre of land with a house thereon, situate on Washington street, so called, and is same land described in a deed of J. C. Smith to said Ireland, dated 5th November, 1856, recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 752, page 441.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $8.32
Highway Tax for 1859, .65

17 WILLIAM EGAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land on Bear Hill, the same being lots numbered 30 and 31, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

18 JOHN W. BOWKER—About one-eighth of an acre of land on said Bear Hill, the same being numbered Lot 117, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

19 GEORGE M. MCLELLAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land situate on Park Avenue, and numbered 42 on above mentioned Cummings' plan, and is bounded South by said Avenue; West by Lot No. 41; North by land of T. Sweetser, and East by Lot No. 43.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62
Highway Tax for 1859, .10

20 J. W. PEPPER—Three acres on Bear Hill, and numbered on said plan of Fairmount as follows—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.86

21 STATE LOAN AND FUND ASSOCIATION—About three and three-fourths of an acre of land on Summer street, and on Bear Hill, with a dwelling house thereon, now occupied by Mrs. William Pierce; and bounded Northerly by said Summer street, and on all other sides by land now or formerly of Wm. L. Brown, Esquire.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $10.92
Highway Tax for 1859, .79

22 WRIGHT NEWHALL'S HEIRS—Four acres of land, more or less, in Cedar Swamp, so called, situate near the stone town bound between the towns of said Reading and Lynnfield, and lying between two lots of land belonging to John Perkins of Lynnfield.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.83

23 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of Hawkes' lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.31

24 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of C. Green's lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.16

25 DAVID TAYLOR—Thirteen acres of land, more or less, situate in said Cedar Swamp, East of J. W. Walcott's lot and adjoining the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

26 ANTHONY CHASE, or unknown—The easterly half of a lot of land called the Lambert Swamp Lot, which lot contains six acres and sixteen rods, more or less; and is bounded Easterly by land of Samuel Pratt; Southerly by the several lands of David Pratt, jr. and Nathan P. Pratt, Esq.; Westerly by land of J. Brooks Nichols and others, and Northerly by lands of Joseph L. Pratt and Asa P. Pratt. Said lot was formerly conveyed by Jeremiah Lovejoy to William Lovejoy, and by the latter to Thomas C. Day, and said Day sold one-half of said lot to said Chase.
State, County and Town Tax for 1859, $1.45
Do. do. do. 1860, .62
Highway Tax for 1858, .15
Do. do. 1859, .17

27 LAMBERT LOT, unknown owner—The westerly half of the above bounded Lambert Swamp Lot. Each half contains three acres and eight rods more or less.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

GEORGE BATCHELDER,
Collector of the Town of Reading.

Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Manufacturers at Augusta, Me., would respectfully inform their former customers and the public generally, that they have opened on

CHARLESTOWN STREET, NO. 24,

(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles, (mostly from St. John lumber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.

☞ Particular attention paid to orders by mail or express. E. K. ROBINSON & CO.

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.
From S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

Office 36 Bromfield St., Boston.
Rev. N. Day, *President.* Rev. P. Mason, *Vice do.*
Charles R. Greene, *Treasurer.*
PHYSICIANS:
R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D.
MARY HARWOOD, FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

THIS Institution was established to secure greater perfection in the science of Medicine and a more successful practice in the treatment of the various diseases upon natural or rational principles, discarding the use of poisonous drugs, and using such remedies, and such only, as act in harmony with the laws of life. Invalids, therefore who wish to employ sensible means in a sensible way, for the recovery of health, will find advantages at this Institution not to be found elsewhere.

The Electro-Chemical Baths, together with Dr. Greene's improved Medication, have been adopted in this Institution, and have greatly aided in the removal of many diseases.

Most Diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Complaint, Female Complaints, and the great variety of diseases with which the human body is afflicted, are successfully treated with medicines which can be sent to any part of the world, with full directions, as a very correct knowledge can be obtained from answers to the questions in the "Indian Arcana," a copy of which will be sent free when requested. Persons wishing to learn more fully the theory and practice of this Institution, will be supplied with a pamphlet by mail, free, on the receipt of four postage stamps.

All persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should avail themselves of the personal attention of the physicians at the Institute, where proper boarding-houses are provided.

Consultations at the office, free of charge, from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M., or by letter on the receipt of a postage stamp.

All communications should be directed to DR. GREENE, 36 *Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.*

HORSE SHOES.

BURDEN'S NEW PATENT MACHINE HORSE SHOES, punched, creased, and ready for fitting, warranted to fit up as easily and wear as long as the best hand-made Swedes Iron Shoe, and sold at the price of good shoe iron. Weight from ten ounces to three pounds, packed in kegs of one hundred pounds, one size or an assortment, as preferred in each keg. Samples may be seen at the store of LEEDS & TOBEY, 24 BROAD ST., BOSTON. Agents for the sale of Burden's Railroad, Ship and Boat Spikes, Boiler Rivets, Horse Shoes, and Merchant Iron.

The Place to Purchase Everything in the Sewing Machine Department.

C. PATCH & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Sewing Machine Shuttles, Bobbins, Needles, Hemmers, Screw drivers Oilers and Oil, Silk, Cotton and Linen Thread, and every variety of Sewing Machine Trimmings, at the *lowest prices.* Also, every variety of First Class Sewing Machines at the Manufacturer's LOWEST CASH PRICES. Persons wishing to purchase Sewing Machines will do well to call at

191 Washington street, - - Boston.

ATTRACTIVE MUSIC BOOKS.

HOME CIRCLE.—Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Marches, &c., for Piano, $1.50. *Shower of Pearls,* Vocal Duets, $2.00. *Operatic Bouquet,* Duets, Quartetts, Choruses, &c., from the best Operas, $2.00. *Home Melodist,* Words and Music of about 100 Favorite Songs, 25 cts. *Shilling Song Book,* Words of 175 Popular Songs, 12 cts. 100 Scotch Songs, 100 Irish Songs, 100 Comic Songs, each 50 cts.

Sent post paid, on receipt of price. Pianos and Melodeons for sale and to let at very low prices, by DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

PURE PICKLES,

DELICIOUS SAUCES,
FINE MUSTARD, and
GENUINE KETCHUPS,
FROM CROSSE & BLACKWELL,
LONDON.

CHOW-CHOW, Piccalilli, Mixed and other Pickles; Sultana's, Harvey, John Bull, Anchovey, &c., Sauces; Durham Mustard, India Soy, Curry, Walnut, and Mushroom Ketchups, Chutney, &c., are adapted to hot and cold

Meats, Fish, Soups, Gravies. &c.

They should be furnished for every table, and supplied to every cook.

C. & B.'s goods have gained great renown for their purity and quality, not only in England but in other countries. They are sold nearly as low as inferior goods and purchasers wishing their preparations, should see that the name of Crosse & Blackwell, London, is on each Bottle or parcel purchased.

Importers and Agents, BRAY & HAYES, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

JULIAN A. FOGG,

MANUFACTURER of every description of Polished ENGRAVED METAL SIGNS, for Store Windows, Office Doors, Door Posts, &c. Silver Door Plates neatly engraved to order. No. 221 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. Machine, Carriage, and Coffin Plates, furnished and engraved to order. Silver Letters and Numbers, Pew Figures, &c., &c. Orders sent from a distance will receive prompt attention. Diploma awarded at the late Mechanics' Fair, for Engraved Metal Signs.

Rubber Coats,	$1.50	to	$8.00
Rub'r Horse Covers,	2.50	"	5.00
Rubber Foot Balls,	.60	"	1.60

All Goods at the Manufacturers' Lowest Prices.
ALFRED HALE & CO.,
India-Rubber Manuf'rs, 23 School Street, BOSTON.

ANDREW J. MORSE,

MANUFACTURER OF
Soda and Mineral Water Apparatus,
40 Congress Street, Boston.

Catalogues containing prices and description of the various articles will be sent upon application.

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL FOR $30.

CALLING AT CORK.

THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steam ships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin, $75. Third Class, $30. Third Class, *from Liverpool,* $40. Third Class, *from Cork to New York,* $30. Third Class, *from Cork to Boston,* $32.50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents, 99 State Street and Constitution Wharf, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

REMITTANCES:—Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britian or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN

CRANE'S PATENT RUBBER BAND

Carpet Sweeper.

THIS is the only article fit to sweep a Carpet. They save all the labor and dust, and the Carpets will last twice as long. They are one of the most important articles in house-keeping, which no one will be without after once using it. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
PRICE $2.50.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE
RUBBER BAND CARPET SWEEPER CO.
No. 55 Cornhill, Boston.
O. H. WEED & CO., Agents.

P. S. We solicit orders from all Traders and Pedlers, to whom we will forward a sample, or any quantity of the above Sweepers, at the lowest wholesale price, viz:—$21 per dozen.
O. H. WEED & CO.

$1200 A YEAR AND EXPENSES GUARANTEED AGENTS FOR

FULLAM'S
$10 Patent Stencil Tools.
THE WHOLE OUTFIT IN A NEAT TRUNK FOR $10.

TWO hours' practice enables any one to use these tools with facility. The outfit contains Chisels and Gouges for LARGE WORK, and stock enough to retail for $150. Circulars and samples sent free.

Address A. J. FULLAM, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston; 212 Broadway, New York; or Springfield, Vt.

The French Burr Millstone Shop

Is removed from the foot of WEBSTER ST., East Boston, to
Nos. 17 and 19 Eastern Avenue,
THIRD DOOR FROM COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

CONSTANTLY on hand a choice selection of all kinds of French and American Esopus Burr Millstones. Stones dressed and repaired in Mills at short notice, and by most competent workmen.
N. CRILLY.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL COMPANY.

Kerosene, Illuminating, Lubriacating and Binnacle Oils.

THE above Oils, from the manufactory of this Company, constantly on hand and for sale by the Agents,
BUSLEY & KING,
March 14, 1861. 30 INDIA STREET.

Sleigh for Sale!

A NEW SLEIGH, which has been used but a very short time, is offered for sale.
Woburn, Dec. 1, 1860. Apply at this Office.

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.
From S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

COLDS! COUGHS!!
BROWN'S BRONCHICAL TROCHES CURE *Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, clear and give strength to the voice of*

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS

FEW are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "slight cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are the most valuable article especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarsness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at 25 cents a box

PAGE, RICHARDSON & CO.'S LINE OF BOSTON AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Sailing from Liverpool every 10 days.

PASSAGE CERTIFICATES to and from England, Ireland and Scotland, and Bills of Exchange payable at any Bank in Great Britian to be had at either of our offices in Boston, or sent on application by letter or otherwise.

PAGE, RICHARDSON & CO.,
114 State Street,
412 Commercial Street,
10 Broad Street,

Glidden & Williams' Line FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CLASS CLIPPER SHIPS, sailing PROMPTLY on their advertised days. For Freight or Passage apply at the CALIFORNIA PACKET OFFICE,
NO. 114 STATE STREET.

161 ALE DEPOT, 161

BLACKSTONE STEET, BOSTON.

WE wish to call the attention of the public to our superior STOCK, PALE, and AMBER ALES, brewed by us for the trade, and Family Use, put up in barrels, half Barrels, and kegs none superior in the market—at wholesale and retail, on reasonable terms.

Also, for sale by us, at wholesale and retail, Dr. MOWE'S Celebrated COUGH BALSAM and VEGETABLE BITTERS, the best medicines in use. Upwards of 60,000 bottles of these Bitters have been sold by us in the last year. Every family should get a dozen, as spring is coming, to cleanse and purify the blood, also as an appetizer.
CHAMBERLIN & WAUGH

BINNEY & CO.,

Manufacturers and dealers in
PAPER, TWINE AND STRAW BOARD,
ALSO PAPER BAGS,
No. 64 KILBY ST., BOSTON.
Paper of any size or weight made to order.

Keep it before the People!

HONESTY is the best policy. Don't be deceived any longer. We, the originators of the Gift Book business, will send our new Catalogues, postage paid, to any address. Also for ten cents, our History of the Gift Book Business, originally published for 25 cents. 1000 Book Agents wanted.

ALBERT COLBY & CO.,
No. 20 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE,

PROPRIETORS OF HOTELS, AND KEEPERS OF SALOONS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

YOUR attention is called to the following notice of *Dr. Wheeler's Celebrated Sherry Wine Tonic Bitters,* prepared entirely of roots and herbs, compounded with Sherry Wine. This invaluable tonic is peculiarly beneficial when any tonic impression is needed to give tone and action to the stomach, strength to the digestive organs, and reinstates, in all cases of general debility and loss of appetite, without infringing by its use any conventional forms, neither violating by its companionship the statutes of the land, nor deviating from the most fastidious observances of temperance, whilst enjoying its vivifying influence, makes it the most healthy, and appropriate tonic for Hotels, Steamboats, and Saloons, (as well as the family circle,) that has ever been offered to the public; and by partaking of it unmixed from a wine glass, its medicinal effects will be more highly appreciated. Prepared only by LEWIS WHEELER & CO., DRUGGISTS, *No. 3 Custom House Street, Boston.*

Fold Leaf & Foil, Dentist's Plate, WIRE AND SOLDER,

Manufactured by LOTHROP & TOLMAN,
16 Harvard Place, opp. Old South Church, Boston.
Gold and Silver Assayed and Melted.

IRA B. SHAW,

DEALER IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRUIT,
Confectionary, &c. Meals with hot Tea and Coffee at all hours.
NO. 5 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

$40 EUREKA LOCK-STITCH $40 SEWING MACHINES,

FOR Family use and manufacturing purposes. The Eureka Machines make the *beautiful* Lock-Stitch ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, and will stitch, hem, fell, cord, gather, quilt, bind and tuck. They are what everybody is inquiring for—a perfect Family Sewing Machine; being equally well adapted to sew the most flimsy muslin and the heaviest woollen fabrics. The Eureka Machines use all kinds of thread, and the same thread is used for the under as well as the upper thread. They are warranted more durable. They are warranted to give the most perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Address THOMAS DERMOTT, Agent, 260 Washington Street.

N. B.—The above Machines are licensed under Howe's Patent.

To THOMAS DERMOTT, ESQ., No. 260 Washington Street, Boston.

Dear Sir:—The "Eureka Sewing Machine" which I purchased of you last October works to a charm, and has given, thus far, *perfect satisfaction.* We find it a matter of great convenience that it makes a stitch alike on both sides. We cheerfully recommend the "Eureka" to any who desire to get the best Family Machine.
REV. T. WILLARD LEWIS.
HOPKINTON, Jan. 8, 1861.

A LIVE NEWSPAPER.

THE
AMERICAN UNION,

Having passed into the hands of NEW PROPRIETORS, will be conducted as a first clas
Family Journal,
Second to none in the country.
$2.00 a Year. Single Copies 4 cts.
FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.
ELLIOTT & THOMES,
Publishers,
100 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

CLOTHING!

Gentlemen's and Boy's
Ready - Made Clothing

of the latest style, fine material and faithful workmanship, designed for the NEW ENGLAND RETAIL TRADE. Great care has been taken to get up articles that will favor the eye and do good service. Also, a large assortment of Gentlemen's

FURNISHING GOODS, &C.

☞ Attention invited, believing that purchasers will find something to please.

GEORGE W. SIMMONS & CO.,
OAK HALL,
32 & 33 North Street, Boston, Mass.

Metcalf's Superior Indelible Ink,

FOR STENCIL PLATES, Thin Brass, Zinc Frames, Brushes, Steel Dies, &c. The best of *STENCIL ALPHABETS.* Also Type and Stamps with Indelible Ink, cheap at wholesale. Letters of inquiry with postage stamp enclosed, and orders, promptly attended to. Direct to M. J. METCALF, 45½ Salem St., Boston.

Day & Martin, London.

REAL JAPAN BLACKING,

From DAY & MARTIN, 97 High Holborn, London, for polishing and preserving Leather, celebrated throughout the civilized world as the best composition for Boots and Shoes. Sold by the principal dealers in Family Stores, Boots, Shoes, &c. Each bottle of the genuine bears the name of the Agents,
BRAY & HAYES, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.
From S. M. Pettengill & Co., Boston.

F. R. ROBINSON'S INDEXIBLE SOAP.

TWO SILVER MEDALS AWARDED.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Brittanna, and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c., warranted to contain nothing that *can possibly* injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use.

Many of our largest dealers in Silver Ware have given it their unqualified approval. ☞ See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other Soap for cleaning fine House Paint the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the paint, which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as when new.

PUMICE SOAP instantly removes Ink, Pitch, Varnish, Acid, and other stains from the hands, leaving them soft and white. It is equal to the best French pouncine and is sold for less than half the price.

HONEY SOAP, PURE.—Competent and disinterested judges pronounce this Soap equal to the best imported and far superior to most that claims the name, Honey. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin, and fragrant as a flower garden.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest metals, and agreeable to the taste. Physicians and other scientific men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth and Gums of all are infested with Animal Parasites. Careful and repeated experiments have proved that Soap is the only agent that will destroy them without injury to the organs.

It effectually rids the mouth of the fœtid matter and tartar which renders the breath so impure and disagreeable—it gives tone and strength to the gums, and a clear, pearly whiteness to the teeth, preventing their premature decay.

Manufactured only by the BOSTON INDEXICAL SOAP COMPANY.

GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents.
78 Sudbury st., Boston.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

☞ THE GREAT CURATIVE.
PERUVIAN SYRUP!
TRY IT.
Principal Office, 39 Summer Street.
JEWETT & COMPANY.
For Sale by all Druggists.

DENNISON'S MERCHANDISE TAGS. 163 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON. SHIPPING & TREE LABELS.

TAGS FOR Cloths, Clothing, Dry Goods, Carpetings Hardware, Fancy G'ds Jewelry, Furs, Upholstery, Furniture, GasFixtur's

Mortgagees' Sale of Real Estate, in Stoneham.

PURSUANT to a power of sale, and for breaches of the conditions contained in a mortgage of Real Estate, given to us by Thomas Gould of Stoneham, in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Yeoman, dated October 4th, A.D. 1859, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds, Lib. 826, Fol. 159, Martha M. Gould, wife of said Thomas Gould, joining in said mortgage in release of both dower and homestead in and to said premises. We shall sell by public auction, on MONDAY, the TWENTY-SECOND day of April next, at four o'clock in the afternoon, upon the premises, all the right, title and interest in and to said premises, which were conveyed by said mortgage, and all the right, title and interest in the same premises remaining in the said Thomas Gould upon the giving of said mortgage, such sale to be made for breaches of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the money secured thereby.

Said premises consists of a certain tract or parcel of land situated in said Stoneham, on the easterly side of Pond Street, containing forty acres, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the South-westerly corner of the premises at said Street, and by land of Pamelia Gould; thence the line runs easterly by said Pamelia Gould's land to Doleful Pond, so called; thence Northerly and Easterly by said Pond to land of Atwood & Dyer; thence Northerly and Easterly by said Atwood & Dyer's land to land of Jesse Green; thence Northerly by said Green's land, and land of Cyrus Hay, and land late of Peter Hay, to land of Joseph W. Barrett; thence Westerly by said Barrett's land, and land of Elbridge Gerry, and land of Ira Gerry, to land late of James Hadley; thence Southerly and Westerly by said land late of James Hadley to land late of Reuben Richardson; thence Southerly by said land late of Reuben Richardson, and land of John Bucknam, and said Pond Street, to the point of beginning.

Terms and conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

ELBRIDGE GERRY,
ALFRED DIKE,
} Mortgagees.
SILAS DEAN, Auctioneer.
Stoneham, March 27, 1861.—3w.

Carpets for the People!

Quality is the Test of Cheapness!

Crossley's Best Tapestries and velvets,—the best carpets of English production, now opening by the New England Carpet Co., 75 Hanover street, opposite American House, Boston.

20,000 Yards Elegant Tapestry Brussels, for 80 cents per yard. These goods were bought subject to manufacturers' slight imperfections, at a recent auction sale in New York. They are of the most elegant styles, rich and gorgeous colors, and modern patterns. The imperfections are slight, and scarcely perceptible, and of such a nature as not to injure the durability or appearance of the goods, and will be retailed at 80 cents per yard, and no deduction in price on account of wholesale purchases. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite the American House, Boston.

Royal Velvet Carpets,

For $1 12½ per yard—20 pieces from the New York auction sales, just opened by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite the American House, Boston.

Kidderminster Carpets,

Subject to slight imperfections in matching,—for 55 cents peryard. These goods are heavy, all wool, bright colors, and modern styles, and are the cheapest carpets in the market. Just received by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Boston.

Superfines and Three-Plys,

Of the best quality now opening by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Boston.

A New Carpet.

CROSSELEY'S IMPROVED ELECTROTYPE,—Recommended for its durability, permanency of colors, elegant styles, and beautiful designs, for sale at 62½ cents per yard, by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street Boston.

Real Brussels.

There has long been a want of a place where the real full frame Brussels could be had without paying the extravagant profits usually demanded for them. In order to meet this want, we have placed in our retail department a general assortment of Chintz, Mosaic, Persian, Turkey, and other popular designs, from the most celebrated makers in England and this country, and shall henceforth keep constantly on hand the fullest and most complete stock of this particular sort of carpet. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite American House, Boston.

Floor Oil Cloths.

No person should be induced to purchase without first seeing those made by the new method of enameling the surface, rendering them very beautiful and durable. For sale by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite American House, Boston.

Floor Oil Cloths.
"GET THE BEST."

The enamelled and satin finished goods now opening by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, Boston.

Look Out.

As the name of our firm has been very closeyl imitated by others, purchasers are reminded that we occupy our old warehouse, the entrance to which is numbered 75 Hanover street.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the
ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.
Apply at this Office.
Woburn, January 11, 1861.

Business Cards.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, April 1st, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON, for—

Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.00 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.00 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12. 0 m, 2.30. 5.00 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.00 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.00, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m. 2.30, 5.00, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00, 5.15, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.15, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10 p m., Mondays at 11 30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11 00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m. 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7 22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30* p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m
Wilmington at 7 55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8 12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 † p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.30, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6 15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.37, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Wednesdays at 10.30 P. M.,
J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant
B. L. and N. & L. R. R,
March 30th, 1861.

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.
OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
Woburn Centre
Jan. 21, 1860. tf

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,
KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures
March 5, 1858. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.
OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN
Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,
School Books, Stationery,
Fancy Goods, &c.
LYCEUM HALL,..............WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,
PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satsfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by loaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

T. RICKARD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Residence on BENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant Street, on the right.
Woburn, Dec. 4. tf

PERSONS'

WOBURN AND BOSTON EXPRESS,
Will leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a. m., and Boston at 2 o'clock, p. m.
OFFICES: J. S. Ellis and W. Woodberry's Store Woburn; No. 6 Court Square, and 46 North Market Street, Boston

A. E. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.
West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wade's Block.
Woburn, April, 1854.

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Pilling's Factory," for the purpose of

Grinding Corn, Rye, &c,

is now prepared to wait upon such in that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days. BENJ. MANSFIELD.
Nov. 12, 1859 tf

APRIL MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOU'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

1861! 1861!!
Bill Heads! Bill Heads!

BUSINESS MEN can be supplied with BILL HEADS, in any quantity, at the *JOURNAL OFFICE,* at short notice, in good style, and at prices as low as in the city, or elsewhere.

Magazines for 1861!

All Magazines are supplied at the
WOBURN BOOK STORE
at prices less than publishers' rates, together with the saving of postage.

HARPER for 1861,	$.40.
GODEY, "	.40.
PETERSON, "	.00.
ATLANTIC, "	.40.
ECLECTIC, "	4.80.

and all other Magazines at proportionate rates.

☞ Persons wishing to commence with the New Year, should subscribe at once.
WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

IT CAN BE DONE.

OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.
March 13th, 1861.—3m

TO FARMERS, 80,000 BARRELS POUDRETTE, made by Lodi Manufacturing Co., for sale in lots to suit purchasers. This is the CHEAPEST FERTILIZER in market. $3 worth will manure an acre of corn, will increase the crop from one third to one half, and will ripen the crop two weeks earlier. Price over seven Barrels $1.50 per barrel. A pamphlet, with satisfactory evidence and full particulars will be sent gratis to any one sending address to
LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
125 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.
Boston Feb. 7th—3m.

Miscellaneous.

The Voice that Wins its Way.

If words could satisfy the heart,
The heart might find less care;
But words, like summer birds, depart,
And leave but empty air.

A little said, and truly said,
Can deeper joy impart
Than hosts of words which reach the head
But never touch the heart.

A voice that wins its sunny way
A lonely home to cheer,
Hath oft the fewest words to say,
But, O, those few, how dear!

Forgive us our Trespasses.

"May I ask a shelter for the night?" said a gray-headed man, pausing at the gateway of a beautiful cottage.

"Yes, sir; I think father will be willing. I'll call him out;" and the fine little fellow bounded towards the house, soon returning with an elderly man, who said:—

"Sir, you are heartily welcome—I see the storm is gathering; walk in and consider yourself a guest for the night."

With slow and faltering steps—very slow and faltering—the man with silvered locks, moved along toward the house. They led him into a beautiful parlor, where pretty children with laughing eyes and winning-love ways gathered about his chair; and what with smoothing the sunny locks of one, and answering the eager questions of another, he felt himself indeed a guest—and no stranger.

He looked poor, travel-stained, and time-worn; one would judge by his garments that he had known bitter want; but the father and mother and all the pretty children, thought none the less of him for that. They spoke even with kindlier words, as if they could make them a balm for his poverty. And they gave him an honorable seat at the table, saying silently to themselves these touching words—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have brought him to your door.
Whose days have dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store."

After a supper that seemed to refresh him, as dates found in a desert, they led him round the house that he might enjoy from various points, the gorgeous scenery of autumn; for the threatening clouds had rolled away, and left only the crimson glory of a full-orbed sunset.

It was the hour of family worship. Little faces grew subdued, and only less merry. The piano was opened, and the fairy fingers of the eldest daughter played some sweet home melodies, every infant voice joining in with beautiful pathos. And the prayer was very touching—and the words most fervent—exceedingly so, where he said, "Forgive us, oh? our Father, as we have forgiven those who have wronged us."

After the prayers were ended, the stranger sat for a long time in silence; perhaps he was drinking the silent beauty of nature, for the moon lay broadly over a thousand fields, it seemed, and crowned the mountains with glittering silver.

At last he said, turning abruptly, "Do you hope to be forgiven as you have forgiven."

"Most certainly I do," replied the host, smilingly; "why do you ask?"

"Ay! but have you ever made trial of your heart? Were you ever deeply, cruelly, bitterly wronged?"

A sudden shadow passed over the calm face, and it was some moments before the reply came.

"Yes, deeply, cruelly, bitterly wronged—so that for a time I gave up all hope in man—I fear in God. But a divine power has taught me to forgive; and I know from very soul I could embrace my enemy now—were he but living."

"And I," said the old man, "once ruined the hopes of a whole, a happy family—and inflicted a blow upon a loving head for which I have never forgiven myself. For," and he laid his shaking hand upon the hand of the other, and peered closely in his face; "it was the heart of a mother I broke, and the spirit of a brother I made desolate."

His host shrank from his wild look, withdrew his hand from under that shaking clasp, and gazed at him in wild astonishment.

The old man sorrowfully shook his head; "So all abhor me," he said pitifully, "for I tell my story wherever I go, and men love me no longer."

"Nay, I hate you not," said the other hurriedly; but for the love of heaven, your name?"

"It is the same as yours," said the old man, his lip quivering.

"And blessed be God, you are my brother!"

"Your brother!" he exclaimed simultaneously, and they fell weeping like infants into each other's arms.

"My poor brother!" murmured the youngest, gazing from head to foot at his shabby habiliments; thank God you have found a home—live with us always. Wife, take him by the hand; it is my brother, my only brother, come to us needy, that we may give him of our bounty with new delight. A happy man am I this night! Oh! brother, never, *never* doubt but you have been long forgiven; this shall testify," and folding his arms about the aged form, he kissed him fervently on his cheek, adding, "now as when we were infants, let us love one another."

The poor man sobbed with joy. As soon as he could find voice, he said:

"Bless thee, my brother! I am indeed poor in gratitude—but you mistake—I have a fortune so large, that it burdens me. Take it, it is yours and your children's. For this I sought you, but trembling, lest I should hear the words of hate. Be rich, brother—all is yours—only let me share a corner of your house—let me see the dear faces of your children—I ask no more."

Need I say a happy family gathered round the morning table?

A BIG BITE.—While walking down College street, last Sunday evening, "The Subscriber" came up with two negro boys, "aged respectively ten and fifteen years." The younger one carried an apple in his hand, and the elder one was using all his eloquence to obtain "just one bite" of it:

"Well," said the younger one, finally, "I'll give you jes one bite, but don't you take no more'n jes one bite."

The larger one took the apple, opened a mouth that would have been creditable to a hundred and fifty pound cat fish, and brought it down on the fruit, leaving a very small share on the other side.

"Gauly, jim!" said the little one, looking up at the operation with astonishment, "you take the apple and give me the bite!"

A Husband's Confession.

I never undertook but once to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but as determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was going on nice and cozy, she got me in the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then she—why it was done just in this way. She finished breakfast one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it just where I couldn't help seeing what she wanted. So I took hold regularly enough, and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning-day came along she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again, and it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word was said, you know, of course. Well, by-and-by this became rather irksome. I wanted she should just ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it, so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few minutes, just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out doors. I stopped in the yard to give her a chance to call me, but not a word said she, and so, with palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, up town, and all over town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong—I didn't exactly know how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner-time would never come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around till dinner-time. Home I went, feeling much as a criminal must when the jury is having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind how she would meet me, but some sort of a storm I expected. Will you believe it? she never greeted me with a sweeter smile—never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there was the churn just where I left it! Not a word was passed. I felt cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She did not pay any regard to it, however, but went on as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched up to the churn and went at it, the old way. Splash, drip, rattle, I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter was never so long coming. I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time: "Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk quite long enough, if it is only for fun you are doing it." I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the buttermilk in for me to exercise with. I never after this set up for household matters.

☞ "Are sisters Sal and Nancy resources, pa?" "No, my son; why do you ask that question?" "Because I heard Uncle John say if you would only husband your resources you would get along a good deal better than you do."

☞ Young ladies are said to like cold weather because it brings the chaps to their lips.

☞ We find self-made men very often, but self unmade ones a great deal oftener. That's so.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!
FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS.

THE MAKORA ARABICA,
DISCOVERED BY A
Missionary while traveling in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are threatened with Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are suffering from Bronchitis should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are suffering from Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are suffering from Asthma, Scrofula and impurities of the blood should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
It cures Consumption.
It cures Bronchitis.
It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds.
It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and impurities of the Blood.
This unequalled remedy is now for the first time introduced to the public.
It was providentially discovered by a missionary while travelling in Arabia. He was cured of Consumption by its use after his case was pronounced hopeless by learned physicians in Europe.
He has forwarded to us in writing, a full account of his own extraordinary cure, and of a number of other cures which have come under his observation and also a full account of the medicine.
At his request, and impelled by a desire to extend a knowledge of this remedy to the public, we have had his communication printed in phamphlet form for free distribution. Its interest is enhanced by an account which he gives of some of the scenes of the Syrian massacres, which he obtained from those who suffered in that awful tragedy.
This pamphlet may be obtained at our office, or it will be sent free by mail to all who apply for it.
We import the MAKORA ARABICA direct from Smyrna through the house of Cleon & Gylippus, and we have always on hand a full supply put up in bottles ready for use with full directions.
Price one dollar per bottle. Sent by mail, on receipt of price, and 24 cents for postage.
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SOLD ALSO BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

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THE infamous practice of adulterating Brandies having become so common that a genuine article is the exception; it is of *vital importance* to those requiring it for Family use and invalids, that it should be of undoubted purity and efficacy.
With a view to meeting the popular demand for a reliable Brandy in its natural state, free from alcoholic flavor and impurities, and fully appreciating the fact that it is often recommended by the Medical Faculty, as a *sustaining stimulant*, when all other remedies fail, we are now bottling and selling at reasonable rates, a Brandy of our own importation from one of the most responsible houses in France, and known as
"*Bininger's Genuine Cognac Brandy.*"
It is mild, delicate and fruity, and is designed to be always uniform in quality and character. Put up in pint and quart bottles, in cases containing two dozen pints or one dozen quarts, and it is sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.
The above is also for sale in original packages, viz.: Eighths and Quarter Casks.
A. M. BININGER & CO.,
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43—1y

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

Bellingham's Celebrated
STIMULATING UNGUENT,
For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

The Stimulating Unguent
is prepared by Dr. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of
WHISKERS, OR A MUSTACHE,
in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.
It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp, it will cure BALDNESS, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn RED or towy hair DARK, and restore gray hair to its original color leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Unguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.
The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.
Price One Dollar a box—for sale by all Druggists and Dealers; or a box of the "Unguent" (warranted to have the desired effect) will be sent to any who desire it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1.18. Apply to or address HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO.,
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THIS DELICIOUS TONIC STIMULANT,
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Put up in quart and pint bottles, and sold by all druggists and Town Agents.
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For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Nos. 11 and 12 Marshall St., WEEKS & POTTER, SETH E. PECKER, D. GOODNOW & CO., REED, CUTLER & CO., M. S. BURR & CO., STEPHEN WEEKS, T. L. SMITH, S. PEIRCE & CO., C. S. DAVIS & CO.
March 1, 1861,—1y.

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PILLS OF IRON.

AN aperient and Stomachic preparation of IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by combustion in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by the highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe and the United States, and prescribed in their practice.
The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexions indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case.
Innoxious in all maladies in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:
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In cases of *General Debility*, whether the result of acute disease, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render creditable. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.
In *Nervous Affections* of all kinds, and for reasons familiar to medical men, the operation of this preparation of iron must necessarily be salutary, for, unlike the oxides, it is vigorously tonic, without being exciting and overheating; and gently, regularly aperient, even in the most obstinate case, of constiveness without ever being a drastic purgative, or inflicting a disagreeable sensation.
It is this latter property, among others, which makes it so remarkably effectual and permanent a remedy for PILES, upon which it also appears to exert a distinct and specific action, by dispersing the local tendency which forms them.
In *Dyspepsia*, innumerable as it cause, a single box of these Chalybeate Pills has often sufficed for the most habitual cases, including the attendant Costiveness.
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In the local pains, loss of flesh and strength, debilitating cough, and remittent hectic, which generally indicate *Incipient Consumption*, this remedy has allayed the alarm of friends and physicians, in several very gratiful and interesting instances.
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In *Intermittent Fevers* it must necessarily be a great remedy and energetic restorative, and its progress in the new settlements of the West, will probably be one of high renown and usefulness.
No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt happy, and fully restorative effects. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.
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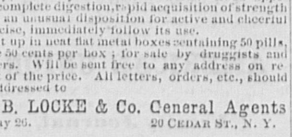

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PROF. FRANKS & SON, of New York, Professor Franks, Oculist, Optician by Diploma to the New York Eye Hospital, Life Governor of the Eye Infirmary, Lecturer on the Eye, and Patentee, will attend. These spectacles seldom or even require changing to others of stronger magnifying powers, never tire the Eyes, and can be seen through as well by candle as daylight.
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H. D. Bulkley, Editor of N. Y. Medical Times.
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NEURALGIC AND RHEUMATIC
Curative and Nerve Tonic:
For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, burns, Sprains.

THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

WILMINGTON DEPOT, May 16th, 1859.
PETER LAWSON—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr Leavitt, our worthy station-agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends. We are sincerely and gratefully yours,
L. STRATTON.
M. B. STRATTON.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost everything without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.
I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,
T. FOSTER FARMER.
Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.
PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly, J. B. EATON.
Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

DRACUT, Nov. 19, 1860.
HON. PETER LAWSON:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it very often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it and applying it warm outside, as you directed its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, that I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,
WILLIAM McCUTCHEON.

PETER LAWSON, Lowell, Mass, proprietor.
M. S. BURR & CO., No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston General Agents for the United States.
The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W. CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY. 21—1y.

GARDINER'S
Rheumatic & Neuralgia Compound.
A sure cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia in its worst form. The undersigned hereby certify that they have used "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" for the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and have in every case found immediate and permanent relief. We have full confidence in its healing qualities, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with these harrassing diseases, as one of the safest and best medicines ever offered to the public.
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The best medicine for the disease I ever saw, CHAS. A. SMITH, No 1 Old State House Boston.
Have been afflicted with Rheumatism in its worst form and was entirely cured by the use of one bottle. A. W. BRYER, Matthews Building, Commercialist, Boston.
Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has entirely relieved me from sufferings of several years' standing. W. E. HODGKINS, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.
After suffering with Rheumatism for twenty years I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles of Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound. NORMAN T. AYERS, 75 Franklin street, Boston.
The Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has been taken by hundreds of people for Scrofulous Humors with great benefit. It may be given to children with perfect safety.
At wholesale by MAGY & JENKINS, 67 Liberty st., New York; for sale in Woburn by B. W. CONANT, and E. TRULL; in North Woburn, by A. & E. E. THOMPSON; in Wilmington, by S. B. NICHOLS; Winchester, JOSIAH HOVEY, and the dealers throughout the country.
Principal Depot—87 Kilby st., Boston.
None genuine unless signed by
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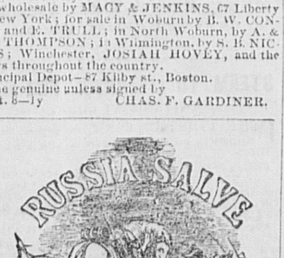
REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE VEGETABLE OINTMENT!



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Bites of Venomous Reptiles are instantly cured by this
EXCELLENT OINTMENT.
EVERY MOTHER WITH CHILDREN,
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Should keep a Box in the cupboard, or on the shelf, handy to use in
CASE OF ACCIDENT.
Price, 25 Cents per Box.
Put up in large size metal boxes, with an engraved wrapper, similar to the above engraving, without which none are genuine.
Sold in the United States and Canada by all venders of Patent Medicines, Druggists, at most of the country stores, and by
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FROM all the publishers in the U. S., Bertini's Huntins, and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments, Church Music Books; Music elegantly Bound; Music paper, and all kind of Music Merchandise,
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"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality." *N. Y. Evangelist.*
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Vocal, 'Kind Words can never Die;" "The Angel told me so;" "Wilds of the West;" "Thoughts of God;" "Give me back my Mountain Home;" "Day Dream;" Dandy Cock Robin;" "I'm with thee still;" "Pet names;" "There's no darling like mine;" "Sarah Jane Lee;" "Ever of thee;" "I'm caving thee in Sorrow;" "Bird of beauty," "Home of our Birth;" "Grave of Rosabel," and "Wake, lady, wake;"—price 25c. each.
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LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS.
THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the Globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.
The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the
VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES
are well known to be infallible.
DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.
COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.
FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.
The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.
DROPSIES of all kinds, by freezing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of Gravel.
Also *WORMS*, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.
SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.
SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.
The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.
PILES.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone.
FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.
BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS,—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds. Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.
MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.
Prepared and sold by W. B. MOFFAT,
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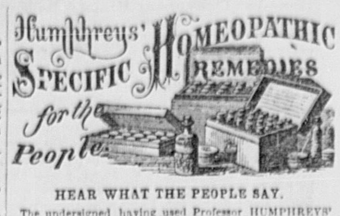
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.
And for the speedy cure of the subjoined varieties of Disease:
Scrofula and Scrofulous Affections, such as Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Blains, and all Skin Diseases.
OAKLAND, Ind., 6th June, 1859.
J. C. AYER & Co. Gents: I feel it my duty to acknowledge what your Sarsaparilla has done for me. Having inherited a Scrofulous infection, I have suffered from it in various ways for years. Sometimes it burst out in Ulcers on my hands and arms; sometimes it turned inward and distressed me at the stomach. Two years ago it broke out on my head and covered my scalp and ears with one sore, which was painful and loathsome beyond description. I tried many medicines and several physicians, but without much relief from any thing. In fact, the disorder grew worse. At length I was rejoiced to read in the Gospel Messenger that you had prepared an alterative (Sarsaparilla), for I knew from your reputation that any thing you made must be good. I sent to Cincinnati and got it, and used it till it cured me. I took it, as you advise, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a month, and used almost three bottles. New and healthy skin soon began to form under the scab, which after a while fell off. My skin is now clear, and I know by my feelings that the disease has gone from my system. You can well believe that I feel what I am saying when I tell you, that I hold you to be one of the apostles of the age, and remain ever gratefully. Yours,
ALFRED B. TALLEY.
St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.
Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Eruptions* by it constantly.
Bronchocele, Goitre or Swelled Neck.
Zebulon Sloan of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bottles of your Sarsaparilla cured me from a *Goitre*—a hideous swelling on the neck, which I had suffered from over two years."
Leucorrhœa or Whites, Ovarian Tumor, Uterine Ulceration, Female Diseases.
Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York City, writes; "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alterative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in *Female Diseases* of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhœa by it, and some where the complaint was caused by *ulceration of the uterus*. The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for these female derangements."
Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dangerous *ovarian tumor* on one of the females in my family, which had defied all the remedies we could employ, has at length been completely cured by your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Our physician thought nothing but extirpation could afford relief, but he advised the trial of your Sarsaparilla as the last resort before cutting, and it proved effectual. After taking your remedy eight weeks no symptom of the disease remains."
Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.
NEW ORLEANS, 25th August, 1859.
DR. J. C. AYER: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the request of your agent, and report to you some of the effects I have realized with your Sarsaparilla.
I have cured with it, in my practice, most of the complaints for which it is recommended, and have found its effects truly wonderful in the cure of *Venereal and Mercurial Disease*. One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers in his throat, which were consuming his palate and the top of his mouth. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken, cured him in five weeks. Another was attacked by secondary symptoms in his nose, and the ulceration had eaten away a considerable part of it, so that I believe the disorder would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it yielded to my administration of your Sarsaparilla: the ulcers healed, and he is well again, not of course without some disfiguration to his face. A woman who had been treated for the same disorder by mercury was suffering from this poison in her bones. They had become so sensitive to the weather that on a damp day she suffered excruciating pain in her joints and bones. She, too, was cured entirely by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I know from its formula, which your agent gave me, that this Preparation from your laboratory must be a great remedy; consequently, these truly remarkable results with it have not surprised me.
Fraternally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.
Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint.
INDEPENDENCE, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859.
DR. J. C. AYER: Sir, I have been afflicted with a painful chronic *Rheumatism* for a long time, which baffled the skill of physicians, and stuck to me in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One bottle cured me in two weeks, and restored my general health so much that I am far better than before I was attacked. I think it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.
Jules Y. Getchell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been afflicted for years with an *affection of the Liver*, which destroyed my health. I tried every thing, and every thing failed to relieve me; and I have been a broken-down man for some years from no other cause than *derangement of the Liver*. My beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Espy, advised me to try your Sarsaparilla, because he said he knew you, and any thing you made was worth trying. By the blessing of God it has cured me, and has so purified my blood as to make a new man of me. I feel young again. The best that can be said of you is not half good enough."
Schirrus, Cancer Tumors, Enlargement, Ulceration, Caries and Exfoliation of the Bones.
A great variety of cases have been reported to us where cures of these formidable complaints have resulted from the use of this remedy, but our space here will not admit them. Some of them may be found in our American Almanac, which the agents below named are pleased to furnish gratis to all who call for them.
Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Melancholy, Neuralgia.
Many remarkable cures of these affections have been made by the alterative power of this medicine. It stimulates the vital functions into vigorous action, and thus overcomes disorders which would be supposed beyond its reach. Such a remedy has long been required by the necessities of the people, and we are confident that this will do for them all that medicine can do.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the Relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced Stages of the Disease.
This is a remedy so universally known to surpass any other for the cure of throat and lung complaints, that it is useless here to publish the evidence of its virtues. Its unrivalled excellence for coughs and colds, and its truly wonderful cures of pulmonary disease, have made it known throughout the civilized nations of the earth. Few are the communities, or even families, among them who have not some personal experience of its effects—some living trophy in their midst of its victory over the subtle and dangerous disorders of the throat and lungs. As all know the dreadful fatality of these disorders, and as they know, too, the effects of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them that it has now all the virtues that it did have when making the cures which have won so strongly upon the confidence of mankind.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass
Sold by Druggists and Medicine dealers.



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HEAR WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.
The undersigned having used Professor HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES in our families with the most satisfactory results, and having full confidence in their genuineness, purity, and efficacy, cheerfully recommend them to all persons who wish to have safe, reliable, and efficacious remedies at hand for private or domestic use.
The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of "The Northern Independent," Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. E. H. Cressey, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. B. I. Ives, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison; the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, Rector, New-Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. Allen Steele, New-York Conference; the Rev. Samuel Nichols, East-Genesee Conference, N. Y.; the Rev. P. S. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; the Rev. John E. Roble, Buffalo; A. C. Hart, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; the Hon. Neal Dow, Portland, Me.; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, South-Bend, Ind.; the Hon. George Humphreys, N. Y.; Henry D. Cook, Esq., Editor of The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio; the Hon. R. H. Graham, Moline, Ill.; the Hon. Thomas J. Chase, Monticello, Fla.; the Hon. Joseph Benedict, Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bristol, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; A. S. Pond, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; James Plunkett, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

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No. 5.—For Colic, Gripings, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.
No. 6.—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.
No. 7.—For Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throat.
No. 8.—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache, and Neuralgia.
No. 9.—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.
No. 10.—DYSPEPSIA PILLS—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Constipation, and Liver Complaint.
No. 11.—FOR FEMALE IRREGULARITIES, Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Periods.
No. 12.—For Leucorrhea, Profuse Menses, and Bearing Down of Females.
No. 13.—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.
No. 14.—SALT RHEUM PILLS—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.
No. 15.—RHEUMATIC PILLS.—For Pain, Lameness, or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins, or Limbs.
A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Old Mismanaged Agues.
P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.
O.—For Sore, Weak, or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.
C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.
In all acute diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas, the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened, and rendered less dangerous.
Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.
In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Piles, Female Debility, and Irregularities, old Headaches, Sore or Weak Eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles or Catarrh, Headache or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

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Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and inclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New-York, and the medicine will be duly returned by mail or express free of charge.
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No. 562 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.
Miss M. Flint, Agent, Main Street Woburn.

DR. M'LANE'S
CELEBRATED
LIVER PILLS,
FOR THE CURE OF
Hepatitis or Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.
PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increase on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.
DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them A FAIR TRIAL.
Address all orders to
FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and *take none but Dr. M'Lane's, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.* To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post paid, to any part of the United States; one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.
Sold by all respectable Druggists, and Country Store Keepers generally.
Sold in Woburn by Benjamin W. Conant Elbridge Trull, also by dealers in Medicine everywhere.

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THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Booksellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.
JOSIAH HOVEY.
Lyceum Building, Winchester, June 7.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol X : : No. 29. WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR / SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Friend Sorrow.

Do not cheat thy heart and tell her,
Grief will pass away—
"Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget."
Bitter truth, alas, but matter
Rather for regret;
Bid her not "seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things;"
Rather nurse her caged sorrow
'Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet;
Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
But as dear friends meet;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
By her dusky wings:
And she'll whisper low and gently
Blessings that she brings.

Select Literature.

Mr. Woodbridge's Investment.

The fiery crimson of the stormy November sunset was staining all the hills with its lurid glare—the wind, murmuring restlessly among the dead leaves that lay heaped over the wood paths, seemed to mourn with an almost human voice. But the autumnal melancholy without only served to heighten the cheerfulness of the roaring wood fire, whose ruddy glow danced and quivered over the rough rafters of Farmer Woodbridge's spacious old kitchen, sparkling on the polished surfaces of platters and glimmering brasses, and sending a long stream of radiance through the uncurtained windows out upon the darkening road.

"Yes, as I was sayin' afore," observed the old farmer, rubbing his toil-hardened hands together, and gazing thoughtfully into the fire, "it's been a capital harvest this year—I wouldn't ask for no better. So, wife, you jist pick out some o' them yaller pippin apples, and put 'em into Jessie's basket agin when she calls arter it."

"Won't the little red uns do as well? I calculated to keep them pippins for market—Squire Benson says they're worth—"

"I don't keer what they're worth," interrupted the farmer, as his helpmate, a spare, angular woman, with a face ploughed with innumerable little lines of care, fingered the yellow-cheeked apples dubiously. "I tell you what it is, Ketury, folks never yet lost anything by doin' a kind thing. I never could make you believe that unless the pay came right in, in hard cash! Now here's Jessie Morton, as likely a gal as ever breathed, teachin' school day in and day out, and her marm sewin' to hum earnin' a livin' by the hardest work—born ladies, both on 'em. Don't you s'pose these apples will be worth more to them, if you give 'em with a kind word, than they would be to that pesky tight-fisted agent, up to Hardwiche Hall, if he gave a dollar a bushel?"

"Charity begins to hum," said Keturah, jerking out the supper table with an odd twist of the face. "Not but what Jessie's well enough—but you'd a plaguy sight better scratch your pennies together to pay up that mortgage, if you don't want the Hardwiche agent foreclosing on you. And them pippins is just as good as so much money. There they be, anyhow, in the basket—one of your investments, I guess!"

"One of my investments, then, if you like to call it so, Ketury," said the farmer, with a good-humored laugh, banishing the annoyed expression which had overspread his face when she alluded to the mortgage.

"Come 'long in, Jessie, my gal!" he added cheerily, as the light touch sounded on his doorlatch. "Here's the basket, all right, and some o' them golden pippins tucked in to't. Maybe they'll tempt your mother's appetite."

Jessie Moreton was a slender, graceful girl of about seventeen, with satin smooth bands of chestnut hair, parted above a low, sunny forehead, large liquid eyes, and cheeks which Farmer Woodbridge always said "sot him to thinkin' of them velvet lookin' Jarsey peaches that grew on the tree down in the south medder!" She took up the basket with a grateful smile that went even to the heart of Mrs. Keturah.

"O, Mr. Woodbridge, how kind you are to us! If I were only rich—if I could only make some return—"

"Don't you say a word about that ar'," said the farmer, rubbing his nose very hard. "Jest you run home as fast as you can put, for it's getting most dark, and the November wind ain't no ways healthy as I ever heerd on. And I say, Jessie, if it rains to-morrow so you can't get to school handy, just you stop here and I'll give you a lift in my wagon."

"Dear old Mr. Woodbridge," soliloquized Jessie Moreton to herself, as her light footstep pattered along on the fallen leaves, "how many, many times I had cause to thank his generous heart. And to think that he should be so distressed about the mortgage by the agent at Hardwiche Hall."

She paused for a moment to look up where the stately roofs and gables of the Hall rose darkly outlined against the crimson that still burned stormily in the sky. On a commanding height, and nearly hidden in trees, many of whom still retained their brilliant autumn foliage, it seemed almost like an old baronial castle.

"There it stands," she mused, "shut up and silent, year after year; its magnificent rooms untenanted; the flowers blossoming ungathered in its conservatories. Since Mrs. Hardwiche died—twelve years since, mama says—the family have been away, and the only surviving heir is travelling, no one knows where. I wonder if he knows how grasping and cruel his agent is? Oh, dear," she added softly, "money does not always come where it is most needed. If I were the mistress of Hardwiche Hall!"

She started up with a slight scream the next instant, as a tall figure rose up from the mossy border by the roadside, directly in front of her.

"Pardon me," said a voice that instantly re-assured her, for it was too gentle to come from any but a gentleman, "but I am not certain that I have not lost my way. Is this the Elden road? I was waiting for some one to come and direct me."

"This is Elden road," said Jessie, all unconscious that the last gleams of the fading sunset were lighting up her fair innocent face with an almost angelic beauty, as she stood there among the fallen leaves.

"And can you tell me the shortest footpath to Hardwiche Hall? I have not been in this neighborhood since I was a child, and I am completely at fault."

Jessie hesitated a moment. "I could show you better than tell you, for it is rather a complicated road," she said, "and if you will accept my services as guide, it will not be much out of my way."

"I shall feel much honored," said the stranger. "Meantime let me carry your basket."

It was a wild and lovely walk, winding among moss-garlanded trees and hollows, sweet with the aromatic incense of dying leaves. Jessie could not help admiring the chivalric manners and polished courtesy of her companion, and he was more than pleased with the blooming loveliness and girlish dignity of his young guide. A few adroit questions respecting Hardwiche Hall and its neighborhood, sufficed to draw forth a spirited abstract of the character of the Hardwiche agent, and the impositions he was wont to practice upon the tenants and neighbors, as well as an arch description of most of the "characters" thereabouts. Then he continued to learn all about Jessie's little school and her ailing mother, and he smiled to himself, in the twilight, to observe the pride of her mien when she alluded to the high position from which unfortunate reverses had compelled her mother to descend.

Then she said, suddenly, pausing with a feeling as if she had been almost too communicative, "If we could only cross yonder lawn, the gates are close by, but we shall have to go a quarter of a mile round."

"Why?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Talcott will not allow travelers to cross here—he says it is private property."

"I fancy I shall dare Mr. Talcott's wrath," said the gentleman laughing as he pushed open the wire gate that defended the forbidden space. "It is perfectly absurd to make people go a quarter of a mile out of their way for a mere whim."

They had scarcely entered the enclosure when they met an unlooked-for obstacle, Talcott himself, who was prowling over the grounds on the *qui vive* for trespassers.

"Hallo, here!" growled he, "just turn back if you please. This isn't the public thoroughfare."

The stranger held Jessie's arm under his own a little tighter, as if to repress her evident inclination to "beat a retreat." He was disposed to maintain his position.

"I don't see any reasonable cause why we shouldn't go ahead," he said pertinaciously, "There's a path here, and I suppose it was made to walk on."

"Not for *you*," said the agent contemptuously, "so go back as fast as you can."

"Is it possible that people are made to travel a circuitous and unpleasant route, for no other earthly reason than your caprices, sir?" asked the gentleman, looking down at the little man from the altitude of his six feet, with a kind of laughing scorn. "Did it ever occur to you, my friend, that others had rights and conveniences as well as yourself."

"Can't help their rights—nothing to me," snarled the agent, planting himself obstinately in the path. "I forbid all passing here!"

"But I suppose Everard Hardwiche may have the privilege of crossing his own land?" persisted the stranger, still presenting the half contemptuous smile that had from the beginning made the agent so uncomfortable.

Talcott grew not exactly pale, but yellow with consternation.

"Mr. Hardwiche—sir, I did not know—we did not expect—"

"No—I know you didn't, my good man. Be so kind as to step aside, and allow me to pass with the lady. Miss Jessie, don't forget that I need your services a few minutes yet. When we reach the house, I prolong my walk to your cottage. Nay, don't shrink away from me—are we not to be very good friends?"

"The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life," was his internal comment, as he at length parted from her at the little gate, where "burning bushes" and dark green ivy were trained together with all a woman's taste.

The Christmas snows lay white and deep on the farmhouse eaves; the Christmas logs crackled on the hearth, where Mr. Woodbridge still gazed dreamily into the glowing cinders, and Mrs. Keturah's knitting-needles clicked with electric speed.

"That mortgage bothers me—it bothers me," he murmured, almost plaintively.—"Well, I s'pose it ain't no use frettin'; but I had thought to live and die in the old place where my father did afore me. The Lord's will be done, though. Somehow things haint prospered with me—I don't seem to get along."

"You'd ha' got along well enough, I guess," responded Keturah, who belonged supereminently to that class of people known as Job's comforters, "if you'd only looked after your p's and q's as I told you. You was always too free-handed, and now you see what it's brought ye tew."

"Well, well, Ketury, we never did think alike on some things," returned the old man. "Let's talk about a pleasanter subject. What do you think about our schoolma'am's marrying young Mr. Hardwiche to-morrow? Didn't I always tell you that Jessie Moreton was born to be a lady? I may be onlucky myself, but anyhow, I'm glad to hear of little Jessie's luck."

"You'd a great deal better keep your sympathy for yourself," growled Keturah.—"What's other folks' luck to you, I'd like to know? There—some one's knocking at the door—see who 'tis."

It was a little note brought by one of the school boys under Jessie's care.

"Where's my glasses? I can't see as well as I could once. Shove the candle this way, will you, Ketury?" And fitting his brass-bowed spectacles upon his nose, the old man unfolded the note and read, in Jessie's delicate chirography—

"Do not let that mortgage disturb your Christmas Day to-morrow, dear father Woodbridge. It will never haunt your hearthstone again. Mr. Hardwiche will send you the papers soon to destroy. This is Jessie's Christmas present. I have not forgotten those 'golden pippins' nor all the other kindnesses."

"Aha, wife!" said the old man, smiling and trying to brush away, unseen, the big tears that *would* come, "what do you think of my investments *now?*"

Keturah's reply was neither elegant nor, strictly speaking, grammatical, but it was significant. She said, simply—

"Well, I never!"

An Unreported Incident in the Secession Programme.

A well known merchant of this city, who was in New Orleans on the day Louisiana passed the Secession ordinance, and who witnessed the illumination in honor of that treasonable act, has related to us, with a request that we would suppress names, the following racy incident, which alike illustrates the traditionary "when a woman won't she won't" characteristic of the sex, and the fact that the *Union* people of the South have, at this time, no voice in the newspaper reports of the disunion section. It so happened that on the day of the illumination the captain of a Mississippi steamboat and his lady were stopping at the St. Charles, and occupied a front room, on the third floor—the *first* floor of chambers—exactly in the centre of the hotel. The captain was a Union man, and—as the sequel will show—*so* was the wife. All the city was agitated during the afternoon in prospect of the grand gala night. The St. Charles was to be illuminated, of course. Accordingly, sometime during the afternoon a servant knocked at the door of the captain's room, carrying all the necessary trappings for lighting up the chamber windows. Mrs. —— opened the door when the following dialogue ensued:

Lady. What have you got there?

Servant. Candles, Misses, to light your windows for de 'lumination.

L. Well you can return them to where you brought them from, as I shall not allow them in this room.

S. (Not to be foiled so easily, resumed.) Oh! but massa told me to put up de lights, and so I's got to put 'em up.

L. Can't help that; this is my room, and I Shan't allow the windows to be illuminated for what I am opposed to; so that ends it.

This closed the first act. The servant reported to the proprietors, who immediately proceeded to the lady's room with a view to convincing her of the importance of permitting the servant to make ready for the grand evening light-up. Said they, "This room is the most central in the entire front, and not to illuminate it will be to mar seriously the effect of the whole," to which the lady replied:

"I am sorry, gentlemen, to cause you any inconvenience, but I believe this room for the time being is *ours* by right, and I must positively decline, in any way, to add eclat to a great outrage, as I conceive the whole disunion movement to be. My husband (who was out at that time) is a Union man, and I am a Union woman, and *this* room cannot be illuminated." A few more words were exchanged, which ended by the lady politely requesting the proprietors to leave her room. Determined not to be outdone in a matter of such grave importance, the captain was next found and appealed to. He heard their case; said his wife had reported him correctly on the Union question, nevertheless, he would go with them to the room and see if the matter could be amicably arranged. Scene third ensued. The captain's disposition to yield was not to be seconded by his better half. They next proposed to vacate the best chamber in her favor, in some other part of the house, if that would be satisfactory, but the lady's "No!" was still as peremptory as ever. Her point was gained, and the St. Charles was doomed to have a dark front chamber.

Pleased with this triumph, Mrs. —— devised the following manœuvre to make the most of her victory: Summoning a servant, she sent him out to procure an American flag, which, at dusk, she suspended from her window. This made the forth act in the play, and as the fifth is always indispensible, it had its place here. When the evening came, the streets, animated by a merry throng, were illuminated, but, alas! the St. Charles was disfigured by its sombre chamber, when suddenly a succession of lamps, suspended on both sides of the flag, revealing the stars and stripes, were lit up, and the ensign of *the Union* waved from the centre of a hotel illuminated in honor of its overthrow! The effect was, to give the impression that the whole house was thus paying homage to the American flag; and what is most significent, is the fact that the latter was greeted by the passing crowd with vociferous applause. So much for the firmness of a true Union woman.—*Phil. Press.*

☞ Rothschild was a man of imaginative positiveness. He foresaw that the fate of Europe hung on the battle of Waterloo, and took his measures to have intelligence of the result twenty-four hours in advance of the British nation. A carrier-pigeon brought him the eventful cipher. He untied the minute legend hid beneath its wing. He hastened to the Stock Exchange, and boldly purchasing consols when every body thought him crazy, he "bagged" a million sterling on the morrow.

☞ Fifty years ago, not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this age!

Courtship and Cleaning House.

It was the most golden and glorious of September days. The veil of blue haze hanging like a canopy over the distant hills, seemed absolutely to quiver in the radiant glow of autumn sunshine, and the grapes, whose amethystine clusters blushed through the trellis of clinging leaves, grew deeper in color and more bloom, as if they had stolen the imperial dye of a thousand purple sunsets and brilliant dawns, as the sun mounted higher, in the cloudless dome of heaven. No frescoed ceiling, hung with jewelled pendants was ever more beautiful than this arbor of grape leaves where the light and shadow played in fitful arabesques with every moving wind, and so thought Richard Mayfield, as he came slowly up the garden path that led to his brother's house.

The mansion itself, however, was far from presenting the gala aspect which pervaded all nature, and our hero's countenance underwent a ludicrous transformation, as he eyed the yawning windows and wide open doors.

"By all the powers!" said he to himself, "if Isabel isn't cleaning house again! Well, women are most unaccountable creatures! I do believe they delight in turning things upside down, and making themselves and the rest of the world uncomfortable. What's the use of choking people with dust, and deluging 'em with water twice a year? However let the dear enigmas have their own way. I'm sure I am the last person in the world to object.

With these philosophical reflections yet in his mind, Mr. Mayfield deftly threaded his way through a colony of white-wash pails and lime kettles that surrounded the front door, and entered upon the scene of action. It was quite plain from the shout with which the children greeted his appearance, that he was a general favorite.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick, we're cleaning house!" cried Master Henry Augustus Mayfield, who was mounted astride of a doubled up feather bed, castigating it fearfully with his mother's best silk parasol.

"Ain't it splendid, Uncle Dick?" exclaimed Miss Julia, who was endeavoring to "pry out" the principle of sound from a thirty dollar music box, by introducing a carving knife into its interior works, while Mrs. Mayfield, half distracted by calls from divers directions, was totally unconscious of the mischief being wrought.

"Dick, I am so puzzled and annoyed, she said. Here is John called to the city by a pressing law-suit, and the whole house upside down!"

"Thought that was what you ladies liked," said Dick, perching himself upon the top of the dining-table, and rescuing a shell basket from the destructive grasp of the smallest Mayfield of all.

"And my cook has gone, and the fire won't burn, and the wall whiteners haven't come this morning, and the parlor ceiling is half unfinished, and you know the sewing-society is to be here to-morrow night—and Dick what shall I do?"

"Don't fret!" said Richard, soothingly. I'll make the fire burn, or I'll know the reason why; and I'll finish the ceiling for you."

"You!"

"Yes, I. Didn't I whiten my own room at college, when we boys smoked it into the color of an old snuff-box! And then I'll tack the carpet down and see about putting those dislocated bedsteads together."

"But Dick, you must be too tired after dancing till twelve o'clock at the pic-nic last night."

"Me tired? Fiddlestick! Where's the refractory stove?"

The very fire was not proof against Dick's sunny determination. It broke into a cheerful blaze the moment he attacked its citadel, and Isabel's face brightened simultaneously. The skill with which he next erected a scaffolding and mounted thereon, with a panoply of white-wash pails and brushes, was perfectly astonnding, the more so, as his slender figure, rather pale complexion, aristocratically small feet and hands, conveyed the idea of one who was adapted only to Broadway pavements and glittering ball-rooms.

"I suppose the workmen didn't leave their wardrobes, when they went away last evening, Bell?" he asked, when he had scaled the rather perilous height.

"No," said his sister-in-law, laughing.

"Then just hand up that old sheet—and a piece of bed-cord yonder. Now, don't you admire my *tout ensemble?*"

"Uncle Dick looks like a ghost," said Master Henry Augustus.

"No he don't—he looks like the old miller down at the pond," struck in Miss Julia.

"Upon my word, I don't know which is the most complimentary," observed Richard drily. "Now, then, clear the track, every soul of you, and give me a chance!"

And he worked on, now pausing to survey his achievements, but oftenest of all, relapsing into thoughts of the beautiful young damsel at the pic-nic last night who had been so studiously cold and reserved towards him.

"She won't like me," thought he, "and I can't for the life of me, tell why. Well, as I said before, women are unaccountable concerns!"

"Amy," said Miss Brownleigh to her pretty young cousin. "I wish you would just run over to Mrs. Mayfield's with this note: The children are at school and I have no one to send."

"Oh, no," said Amy, while a fresh tinge suffused her delicate cheek, "I don't want to encounter that superfine collegian."

"Nonsense, he isn't there—he is staying with Harry Franklin."

"Oh, then I will take the note," said Amy, rising, and looking round for her coquettish little gipsy hat.

"You are the strangest girl, Amy, said her cousin. What can be the reason that you dislike Richard Mayfield! He is so talented!"

"I don't fancy these merely ornamental people," said Amy demurely. "*My* husband must be of some use in the world."

"How do you know but that Mr. Mayfield is?"

"Can't be possible," said Amy, archly shaking her curls. His hands are too small for anything but lemon-colored kid gloves. I'll wager a new bonnet, Alice, that he never did anything more laborious than to carry a box of cigars in his life?"

Miss Brownleigh laughed, and Amy passed out of the vine wreathed porch, wondering within herself whether Mr. Richard Mayfield had been very much vexed because she had refused to dance with him the evening before.

Mrs. John Mayfield's house was at no very great distance, and as Amy was quite intimate with that lady, and understood the domestic saturnalia that was at present transpiring within her domains, she did not think it necessary to knock, but opened the door and walked in without ceremony.

There stood Dick, the apex of a pyramidal scaffolding of boards, his fine broadcloth raiment obscured by a lime splashed sheet which was girdled around his waist by a ponderous knot of rope, and his black curls overshadowed by a course old straw hat, working away as if for dear life. His back was toward the door, and supposing the step to be that of his sister in-law he said gaily, without turning his head—

"What! is the carpet ready so soon, Bell? I'm just through here, and I'll come and tack it down in one minute!"

Not receiving any answer, he threw down the brush and turned around.

"Miss Brownleigh!"

He never had looked so handsome in his life—and that was the first thought that rushed through Amy's mind, in the midst of all her embarrassment: for Dick had the advantage of the young lady in this respect—she was embarrassed, and he was not.

He sprang, laughingly, to the ground, and threw off his ghostly drapery.

"You must think I have a curious taste in costume," said he, archly, "but the truth is, Isabel has been disappointed in her hired help, and my mother is away from home, so I am helping her clean house!"

"I did not know—I thought you had no taste—" stammered Amy, unconsciously speaking out her thoughts.

"You supposed that I was nothing more than an ornamental piece of furniture? Ask Isabel about that," said Dick, half piqued, half smiling. "But can I be of any use to you *now?*"

"I had a note from my cousin, for Mrs. Mayfield," said Amy, still speaking scarce above breath.

"She has gone down to the farther orchard," said Dick. "It is some distance and not a very straight path. If you will wait until I remove a little of this lime, I shall be happy to escort you down there."

Half an hour ago, Amy would have haughtily informed him that it was quite unnecessary for her to trouble him—now she stood and waited.

It was a long walk, under the overspreading shadow of noble apple trees, bending with their weight of crimson and russet fruit, and through meadows ankle deep in purple and bloom, and nodding plumes of golden rod, yet for all that, Amy was quite surprised when Mrs. Mayfield came in sight, carrying a little basket of rose-cheeked peaches from a pet tree beyond.

We believe it is one of woman's special and incontrovertible pivileges to change her mind—therefore nobody was much astonished when three months subsequently there was a rumor of the engagement of Mr. Mayfield and Miss Brownleigh! Still however, Dick always declared that it was an insoluble mystery to him that when serenades and schottisches, poetry and perfumes had all failed to win an entrance to the maiden's heart, a whitewash brush should have been the unromantic weapon which at last brought down the barricades!

The Stuffed Cat.—An old *chiffonnier* (rag picker) died in Paris in a state of abject poverty. His only relation was a neice, who lived as a servant with a green grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes.

She hastened to tell her lover that the wedding must be deferred; she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of the money for her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred.

Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room weeping bitterly when the master of her faithless lover, a good-looking young man, entered. "So, my Suzette, I find you have lost your place," said he. "I am come to offer you one for life. Will you marry me?" "I, sir!" said Suzette; "you are joking." "No, faith," said he; "I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better." "But everybody will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me," said Suzette. "Oh, if that is your only objection," said the young man, "we shall soon get over it; come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you." Suzette hesitated no longer, but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle—it was a cat he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal, that he determined that even death should not separate them, for he had had her stuffed, and placed on the tester of his bed. As Suzette took down puss, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding it so heavy.

The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand *louis* concealed in the body of the cat; and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

A Gold Watch in a Rag-Bag.

A lady in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Ct., was in the habit of putting out shirts to make for a large clothing establishment, to a number of women in the neighborhood. In the cutting of these, there were a great many little odds and ends of cloth left over—pieces too small to be of any use, and the first thought was, of course, to toss then into the fire. "No," she reflected; "I will save them as they accumulate, and perhaps I may get enough to exchange with the tinman for some kitchen article or other." So she let them lie, housewife-like, and in a few weeks there was quite a pile.

One day a neighbor came in, and on hearing the destination of the scraps, advised that they should be sent to a paper-mill at some little distance. "They will give you three or four cents a pound for them," said she, "and that is better than exchanging them for tin."

She asked her husband's advice. To him a few rags more or less seemed a trivial affair.

"Do as you like," said he laughingly—"*you* may have all the money you can make out of the rags!"

She took him at his word, and in two or three months, some half dozen barrels of rags were sent by some one who was going in the direction of the paper-mill. To her surprise and pleasure, a new, rustling five-dollar bill came back.

Again the impulse to spend it for some little ornament was checked. "No," she resolved; "all my rag money shall go into the savings-bank."

And into the savings-bank it went accordingly. Years rolled by—more rags were saved and sold—interest and principal accumulated. At length an unusual opportunity presented itself for the purchase of a beautiful gold watch. Forty dollars was the price.

"I will not ask my husband to withdraw any necessary funds from his business," she thought, "but now is the time to make my rag money useful!"

The gold watch was purchased—literally with rags.

Yet this was not the end of it. The bank fund, of which the bundle of rags was the orgin, now amounts to over *twenty-five hundred dollars!*

"I do not know how it has accumulated," said the lady to us. "A few cuttings and scraps laid aside whenever I cut out shirts—a few dollars carried to the bank when I went to the city—a little interest added on from time to time—it has grown up, almost without thought or care on my part."

A Man Guarding $3,000,000 of Diamonds.—The most profound adamantologist in the world is the Duke of Brunswick. He has in his possession three million dollars worth of diamonds. He has just published a catalogue of his diamonds, and in the appendix there is a notice of the most celebrated diamonds in the world. This catalogue numbers not less than 268 quarto pages. It gives, with great detail, a list of his diamonds. It relates how this once adorned a Turkish sabre, that a royal diadem, another an imperial collar, a third a grand electoral hat; this black diamond was an idol's eye; that brilliant rosy diamond was taken from the Emperor Baber, at Agra, in 1526, (it weighs forty-one carats, and is worth $80,000;) those were the waistcoat buttons of the Emperor Don Pedro; this diamond ring, with the Stuart coat of arms and the cipher "M. S." belonged to Mary Queen of Scots; that pair of ear-rings hung once on Maria Antoinette. He has plenty of diamonds worth $20,000, $30,000, $45,000 apiece; two worth $60,000 each; one worth $80,000. He is in treaty now for two diamonds, one of which is worth $232,000 and the other $650,000.

The Duke of Brunswick dares not leave Paris at any period of the year; his diamonds keep him chained there. He dared not sleep from home (some people reckon this liberty of pillow one of the great franchises of Paris) a single night. Then he lives in a house constructed not so much for comfort as security. It is burglar-proof, surrounded on every side by a high wall; the wall itself is surrounded by a lofty iron railing, defended by innumerable sharp spear-heads, which are so contrived that if any person touches any one of them a chime of bells begins instantly to ring an alarm. This iron railing cost him $14,127. He keeps his diamonds in a safe, built in a thick wall; his bed is placed against it, that no burglar may break into it without killing, or at least waking him, and that he may amuse himself without leaving his bed. This iron safe is lined with granite and with iron; the locks have a secret that must be known before they can be opened; if they are opened by violence a discharge of firearms takes place, which will inevitably kill the burglar, and at the same time a chime of bells in every room in his house is set ringing. He has but one window in his bedroom, the sash of which is iron, and the shutters of thick sheet iron, and cannot be entered unless one is master of the secret combination of the lock. A case of a dozen six-barrelled revolvers, loaded and capped, lies open upon a table, within reach from his bed. Would you like to be in his place?—*New Orleans Picayune.*

☞ An Irishman recently went into a rum-hole in Pittsfield, and wanted a glass of cheap whiskey, but by accident was given sulphuric acid and went off. The proprietor of the concern thought he had killed the man, sure; but a short time after his customer appeared and wanted another glass of that cheap whiskey. He said "It was the best he ever drank; *it kept him drunk three days.*"

How to Pronounce "Ough."—The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown up in its several pronunciations in the following lines:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meal for my cough;
Pray let, them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they are heavy or tough.
Now, I must be off to my plough,
And the boys (when they've enough)
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Visit to Independence Hall.

It was the favorite purpose of William Penn, farseeing founder of a City and a State, that each house should stand in the middle of its lot, so as to leave plenty of "elbow room" and ample space for a garden, &c., that Philadelphia, to use his own language, "might be a green country town which might never be burned down, and always wholesome." A fine idea to be treasured up in the memories of all who lay the foundations of new cities, whether East or West. Although this cherished design of his has not been literally carried out, the streets are nevertheless quite broad, while all classes can enjoy much more breathing and working room than is usual in large cities. The acknowledged healthfulness which here generally prevails, is thus accounted for, in part, and not altogether by the sweet, clear air, the bracing and invigorating breezes, or the serene and seldom overcast sky. The streets are not only wide, about half-way between those of Boston and of Washington, somewhat similar to Broadway, New York; they are not only finely paved, and kept particularly clean, and at night well lighted up by modern gas; but they are noted also for crossing each other at right angles, surpassing all others in the world in their conveniences for mercantile pursuits and accommodation of multitudinous passengers.

I would love to walk arm in arm with you, dear reader, through many of these spacious streets, to the most prominent objects of interest; for we haven't time to visit everything that is attractive and instructive here, nor to enter its 75,000 dwelling houses, over 2000 of which have been erected the past year, the majority of the families, out of a population of three-fourths of a million, having separate houses of their own, instead of being closely huddled together, as is the case in too many manufacturing places and unhealthy cities.

Most of the houses are seemingly built on a uniform plan, being usually three stories high, with granite or marble basements; and when passing to view the same, while on my way to mingle in those Inaugural scenes, already described in former articles, I was struck with the number of white window blinds, less beautiful than our green ones, each half made a of single piece of wood, or board, and so fastened, when shut, as to afford sure protection against burgulars and night thieves. Within the last few years, however, there have been here, as elsewhere, decided advances in styles of architecture, while noble edifices have been erected, distinguished for both grandure and beauty, and unrivalled for taste, elegance and convenience. Indeed it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that there is no other city on the face of the earth, the inhabitants of which enjoy more of the accommodations which Art and Nature afford, nor any one, not excepting *Boston* itself, the "hub of the universe," around which cluster such a variety of rich associations; although we wish the surface thereof were a little more uneasy and hilly, at least in the suburbs, to relieve the prairie-like monotony. Let foreigners, however, from London, Paris and Rome, talk of their costly mansions, splendid palaces, and magnificent temples, there's nothing among them, methinks, to vie with the solid, social comfort herein to be found.

But "passing by" and not through many public buildings, let us quicken our footsteps and the most of the time that we can devote to the Key Stone State, and the City of Brotherly Love, (which its Baptistical name, Philadelphia, given it by its Quaker father signifies,) spend in the world-renowned Indedendence Hall. In this very Hall, as much as in Pilgrim Hall, at Plymouth, and Faneuil Hall in Boston, is a "Cradle of Liberty," where our infant Republic was rocked by the best of parents, until it became a giant in strength and magnitude, or at least a vigorous, athletic youth, capable of self-government and unlimited expansion.

There are some places which possess in a peculiar degree, more than any others, the power of awakening profound and thrilling sensations in the mind. And this Independence Hall must certainly be acknowledged to be one of them by every appreciative and liberty-loving American. Here freedom's fires were first enkindled on our country's altars into an inextinguishable blaze. Here first were heard those drum beats of the Revolution, the stirring music whereof soon resounded throughout the nation and around the globe.

Cold is the heart and torpid the imagination of any man or woman who can visit unmoved this unpretending edifice, built above a hundred years ago amid troublous times, at a cost of some £5000; or be unimpressed by the noble thoughts and aspirations which its history naturally excites. Why, an influence mysterious and magical, indescribable and all-pervading did I experience while standing for a few moments within this relic of the olden days, which is constantly being visited by strangers and citizens, so that an old gentleman below and a young lady above, supported at public expense, are kept more busily employed in waiting upon them, than is the man who has the charge of Bunker Hill Monument.

But come with me, and after entering the huge front door, we'll turn to the left into a simple chamber, which is styled Independence Hall, on the first floor, upon every side of which are mementoes of the great departed, including speaking portraits of the fearless and high-souled men who imperilled their lives by affixing their signatures to that insurrectionary and immortal document which severed their political connection with the Old country and made them the arch-rebels of the New. To be concluded.

Good-Will.

Some Pun-kins.—If during the late campaign Douglas at times lost his *equilibrium*, he always knew where to find his *equal Abraham*.

☞ Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation.

The Middlesex Journal,

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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AGENTS.

North Woburn:—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & Co.
East Woburn:—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
Stoneham:—E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading:—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading:—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Winchester:—JOSIAH HOVEY.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston; and JOHN STILES, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861

THE WAR.

War is indeed upon us in all its stern reality. We have long been accustomed to read of wars and battles in distant lands—to contemplate other nations, less fortunate than ourselves, rent in pieces by civil strife; but these commotions were too far removed from the pathway of our daily lives to make the impression such events are calculated to produce. We have read of the deeds and the trials of our fathers in the Revolution, and our inmost souls have thrilled at the glorious, self sacrificing deeds performed by them. But now—we ourselves are witnesses of the rending asunder of this once glorious Republic—while the ensign of the nation—the stars and the stripes—long honored throughout the world—has been trampled in the dust by the feet of traitors. Were there any good and valid reason for the course pursued by the South,—had they really been oppressed, abused and deprived of their constitutional rights by the North, the whole matter would assume a new aspect. Resistance, revolution, would then have some foundation—pretended or real—upon which to rest. But the cause of the present trouble is very different from this. The men of the South have long lorded it over the North, and have compelled them—like slaves—to stoop to their bidding. Finally, with its constantly increasing power, the North has refused to yield servile obedience to these self-constituted masters, and, through the ballot box—placing Abraham Lincoln in the Presidential chair—proclaimed themselves free. Being thus defeated, the South seems bent on recovering its lost supremacy, or bringing ruin upon the country. They have evidently calculated upon much aid from the North, and have already received far too much sympathy from this source. They have sought, by every means in their power to rob and despoil the Government of money and munitions of war, and have even evoked an attack upon our commerce by piratical vessels, fitted out under the false name of privateers. They will unquestionably capture some of our vessels, but a retribution, swift and terrible, must fall upon the heads of such as shall be found thus engaged. The spirit of '76 is already awakened all over the North, and the millions of her sons are rushing forward to sustain the Government, or to die nobly upon the field of strife, if such shall be the will of Heaven. If compelled to submit to the slave oligarchy, and cringe beneath its lash like plantation slaves, who would not prefer death to such a life? But we shall not, we will not live thus. The whole North, from the forests of Maine to the far off sources of the Mississippi—are awakened and arming themselves for the conflict with a union of feeling and of purpose that has obliterated all party distinctions. How sublime the sight of a people arising in their might, and arming in defence of their Government and their dearest rights, and how terrible will be the blows that they will deal upon traitor heads.

It is the duty of every man to do what he can to sustain the Government in this its hour of peril. There is no man so humble, no woman so feeble, as not to exert an influence that shall be felt for good. How much stronger we all feel, and how much more vigorously we act when we hear those in the lowest walks of life expressing their interest in this cause, and their willingness to march where their country needs their services. But who does not feel his blood boil with indignation when he hears of those who sympathise with Southern traitors, and possibly, even pray for their success. There are but two sides to this question. The man who is not for the North is for the South. Men are watched, now. They have been for a long time at the South, and they should be here.

In a righteous cause—and such is ours—a people rising in their might, cannot be crushed in the dust. One brave man may fall on the field of strife, but two will step in to take the place of every one who shall thus be cut down. Let the North send forth her armed hosts—strong in heart and firm in the purpose to crush out that despotism which is sought to be lain upon them—worse by far than Afric's sons have ever tasted. We need not tell them to do their duty. *They will do it.* God speed them on their high and holy mission, and enable them, where treason and wrong now lift their guilty front, to set high the standard of Justice, Freedom and obedience to Law. It is now emphatically that they are called upon to strike for

"God and their native land."

☞ The *Journal des Debats* expresses the opinion that New York and Boston, in spite of secession, must be the emporiums in which Europe will purchase grain, cotton and tobacco. "The south will not fail to see this fact in the light of the old fable of the members and the Stomach.

RECRUITING OFFICES.—There are not wanting those who fear that the Government will proceed to draft more at the North to send into the army and navy, even if contrary to their inclination. But such people will have cause to dismiss their fears, inasmuch as the recruiting offices are thronged with men who are desirous of enlisting. The Government will find volunteers to meet all its wants, and the greater the need the greater will be the number.

Woburn Falls into Line!

An enthusiastic meeting was held in Lyceum Hall last Thursday evening to consider the question of raising a company to aid the National Government at the present time of danger. Hon. Charles Choate was called to act as Chairman, and Mr. Sparrow Horton was appointed Secretary, Capt. W. T. Grammar proposed to revive the "Woburn Mechanic Phalanx" and raise a company of 80 men. He wished the town to equip the Company. A list was opened and 58 names, including 18 of the past members of the Phalanx, procured. A subscription was also opened and $3,350.00 was raised on the spot. Rev. Dr. Stebbins offered to give in $500 of his salary, if needed for any destitute families of those who might go to aid the government. Patriotic addresses were made. A committee, consisting of Messrs. John Cummings, jr., Charles Tidd, Horace Conn, Horace Collamore and Moses A. Tyler, was appointed to solicit additional funds, and to report at an adjourned meeting. Messrs. C. Choate, Bowen Buckman, and J. B. Winn, were appointed to receive and disburse the funds subscribed. Woburn was not behind in 1775, nor will she be in 1861. It is thought that two companies can be raised easily from Woburn and surrounding towns. The following subscription list shows that our men of means are in earnest:—

J. B. Winn,	$500	Edward Simonds,	50
J. Cummings, jr.	250	Geo. H. Conn,	25
Chas. Choate,	250	M. A. Tyler,	50
Bowen Buckman,	200	Elbridge Trull,	50
Oliver R. Clark,	100	Joseph Buck,	25
S. R. Dolliver,	100	L. B. Norris,	25
Charles Tidd,	100	Albert Carter,	25
Cyrus Cummings,	100	Nathan Wyman,	25
M. F. Winn,	100	F. K. Cragin,	25
J. E. Littlefield,	100	Jos. G. Pollard,	25
John Clough,	100	Lewis Lull,	25
M. C. Bean,	100	C. W. Stevens,	10
G. W. Allen,	100	Wm. Totman,	10
A. G. Carter,	100	Sam. S. Frye,	25
A. E. Thompson,	100	Chas. A. Smith,	20
Jotham Hill,	100	Joseph McIntire,	10
E. N. Blake,	100	James Buel,	25
D. D. Hart,	100	Hiram Whitford,	25
Champney Bros.,	100	Geo. S. Simonds,	10
Joseph Kelley,	100	S. Horton,	10
Harr's Munroe,	50	John Marcy,	5

Since the meeting, the committee have received, up to Friday night, the following additional sums;

Eli Jones,	100	Dexter Carter,	10
Thos. Richardson,	100	Wm. Ellard,	10
John Johnson,	100	Jos. B. Sawtell,	10
Stephen Nichols,	100	Geo. W. Reed,	10
Charles Nichols,	100	J. S. Ingerson,	10
R. W. Parker,	50	Willis Buckman,	10
J. Dexter Taylor,	50	Daniel March,	10
S. O. Pollard,	50	H. Harriman,	10
J. S. Ellis,	50	A. J. Parker,	10
G. R. Gage,	50	Griffin Place,	10
D. O. Blanchard,	50	Aaron Thompson,	10
John Lane,	25	Pettengill & Co.	10
Amos Knowlton,	25	Jed. Richardson,	10
Asa Phillips,	25	L. J. Shedd,	10
A & E. E. Thompson,	25	C. R. Thompson,	5
Alfred Eaton,	25	A. H. Perkins,	5
Joshua Stoddard,	25	J. M. Eaton,	5
F. C. Parker,	25	Wm. Pierce,	5
A. B. Johnson,	25	S. R. Duren, jr.,	5
L. L. Whitney,	25	J. H. Shedd,	5
W. R. Putnam,	25	Geo. Russell,	5
A. P. Pollard,	25	Mark Downs,	5
Simon Holden,	25	L. Winship,	5
John G. Cole,	25	Henry Cummings	5
A. H. & A. Hayward	25	John Tay,	5
Alex. Ellis,	25	Joseph Linnell,	5
J. W. Hammond,	25	Israel Putnam,	5
J. F. Parker,	25	Sam. E. Skelton,	5
F. Smith,	25	Luke Tay,	5
John Tidd & Son,	25	E. F. Pool, jr.	5
L. G. Richardson,	25	J. W. Knights,	5
H. Collamore,	25	J. S. Brown,	5
Wm. Woodberry,	25	Anthony Carter,	5
L. Thompson, jr.	20	Alvah Buckman,	5
C. P. Pollard,	15	S. Webster Wyman,	5
E. F. Pool,	15	Wm. Kimball,	5
Sewell Taylor,	10	B. B. Richardson,	5
John Bacon,	10	E. Hackett,	5
Otis Bacon,	10	E. T. Moody,	5
Henry Thompson,	10	S. S. Putnam,	3
Herbert Wyman,	10	A. Wood, jr.	3
J. E. Fawcett,	10	B. W. Conant,	3
Wm. Duren,	10	Leander Cahill,	2
Abraham Duren,	10	Robt. W. King,	2
Isaac S. Alley,	10	Peter Matthews,	2
Jacob Linscott,	10	B. Fletcher,	1
Josiah Linscott,	10	J. Beans,	1
Josiah Brown,	10	Newell Tabor,	1
Warren B. Perkins,	10	Francis Richardson,	1
Stephen Nichols Jr.,	10	D. Freeman, jr.	1
Horace H. Tidd,	10	A. Frasier,	1
T. F. Reed,	10	R. Emery,	1

C. E. Morse gives 25 woolen shirts, and Jacob Pierce gives 6 cords of wood.

The total amount, as above, is $5,397.

This amount is nothing but a mere shadow of the sum that Woburn will give when the call comes for more. The patriotism of her citizens is too sound and too true, to allow their capital to lie dormant when their country calls for men and money. If there are any in Woburn who have not yet realized the importance of the crisis to the North, and who still side with the South, we pity their despicable position from the bottom of our heart, and hope ere another sun sets that they will see the error of their ways. This is no time to think about party; we are not waging a party warfare; we are defending our birthright, under the shadow of the constitution, as becomes a people who are forced to extremes by the foolhardiness of heedless and unprincipled men—men who would not scruple to sell their birthright for thirty pieces of craven silver. How can men in times like these, face their fellow citizens with a defence of the rankest and most ungrateful proceedings that ever man was guilty of? Those who do so cannot be in possession of their sound senses—they must be insane. A day of retribution for the bad deeds of the South is fast approaching: the myriads of Northern freemen who will gather at their country's call, will teach them a lesson which the lapse of time cannot obliterate, or the dust of ages bury. Men who know the justness of their cause and their own great strength, can afford to be lenient—as has been the case during the past six months—toward their obstreperous neighbors as long as they merely bandy words, but when they put at nought their rights and privileges by the voice of the cannon, then forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and retribution, firm and full, is demanded by justice and humanity.

Come, sons of Woburn, one and all, rouse and do not skulk from the path of duty. If you cannot all fight, you can freely give of your bounties, so that the families of those who are willing to face the enemy shall not want, nor feel the loneliness of their position for the need of means and sympathy.

The above meeting was adjourned until this (Saturday) evening, at 7½ o'clock. Let Lyceum Hall be filled to overflowing, and each one go with the determination to do his whole duty, not forgetting that money is more needed than men just now.

SCALDED.—A child, of Michael Murphy, living on Ockley Court, 18 months old, was badly scalded on Sunday afternoon last, by upsetting over himself a pail of hot fat, which was left standing on a table. The liquid run all over his left breast, scalding it in a shocking manner.

ACCIDENT.—A son of Mr. Jesse Cutler, cut off two of his fingers while playing with a hay cutter on Monday afternoon.

Selectmen's Meetings.

Since a record has been kept of the doings of the Selectmen, it has frequently occurred to us, that a report of their transactions would not prove uninteresting to our readers; we therefore present them this week with a portion of the doings at recent meetings of the Board, and in future shall publish them in our next issue after the meetings. We shall only give certain parts of the proceedings, as many things will be brought up for the consideration of the Board, in which the public at large are but little interested.

MEETING, MARCH 14th—Present, Messrs. Cummings, Dow, Trull, Blake, Totman, Kelley, Wyman and Thompson.

Messrs. Trull, Thompson and Cummings, were chosen Overseers of the Poor.

A petition was presented from William Walker and others, praying for the influence of the Board to prevent the Stoneham Branch Railroad from building said road on a grade with the travelled roads, but rather to bridge them. Said petition was laid on the table.

Messrs. Totman, Trull and Wyman were chosen a committee on Schools.

Mr. Blake was appointed a committee to notify the abuttors on Rag Rock Avenue to repair said Avenue or close it up.

Adjourned to Thursday, March 21st.

MARCH 21st—Present, Messrs. Cummings, Dow, Trull, Blake, Kelley, Wyman and Grammer.

Voted, that no bills shall be paid by the town treasurer until said bills come before the Board of Selectmen and be approved by them, and afterward being approved by the Chairman and Clerk.

Voted, that a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to look for more convenient rooms for the use of the Board. Voted that Messrs. Dow, Trull, and Grammer, be said committee.

Adjourned till March 28th.

MARCH 28th—Present, Messrs. Cummings, Dow, Trull, Kelley, Grammar, Wyman, Blake, Thompson and Totman.

Voted, that E. E. Thompson be added to the School Committee.

Voted, that Mr. Dow be a committee to procure an additional room for the use of Selectmen.

Voted, that Messrs. Cummings, Dow, Wyman, Totman, and Thompson, constitute a committee on Highways the ensuing year.

Adjourned till Aprill 18th.

APRIL 18th—Present, Messrs. Cummings, Dow, Kelley, Trull, Wyman, Thompson, Blake, and Totman.

Voted, that the appointment of police officers be defferred until next meeting of Board.

Voted, that last year's Board of Engineers be appointed for the ensuing year.

That Cyrus Tay be appointed weigher of coal.

That Elbridge Trull be appointed and authorized to seize all baskets or measures used for measuring charcoal, which are not sealed, and to arrest offenders.

That Marcus Eaton and Edwin Fuller be appointed measurers of upper leather.

That Jos. Kelley be a committee to see to the erection of proper and necessary guide posts throughout the town.

That Jos. Kelley be a committee to cause all streets now laid out, the plans of which are not now drawn on the town book, to be surveyed and put on the town book; also to cause stone bounds to be placed on all streets where such should be placed.

That Messrs. Wyman and Kelley be a committee to see to the repairing of the schoolhouse on Green st.

That Messrs. Trull, Blake and Wyman be a committee on the petition of G. W. Allen and others, for a street from Franklin to Park street.

Voted, to accept the bonds of J. A. Parker, Lincoln Emerson, and L. B. Norris as Constables. [That of Edward Simonds was accepted at a previous meeting.]

A petition from Charles Jones and others, was presented, praying attention to the overflow of bad water between Railroad and Union streets, which they consider a nuisance. Messrs. Trull and Kelley were appointed a committee on the subject.

Adjourned till May 2d.

April Meeting.

Proceedings of Town Meeting, held Monday, April 15th:

On Article 1—Chose Horace Conn moderator.

On Art. 2—G. Leslie, D. W. Danforth. N. Kendall, S. W. Taylor, John A. Jones, Oliver H. Parker, T. W. Mead, Sewell Taylor were chosen field drivers, only one of those chosen at the March meeting having been qualified. Wm. B. Harris, O. H. Parker were chosen fence viewers. It was moved by F. K. Cragin that the town appoint two additional constables, as but one of those chosen in March had given bonds. It being stated that the other five probably would give bonds, as they had taken the necessary oath, the motion was lost.

On Art. 3,—the report of the School Committee was accepted and its reading by the chairman dispensed with.

On Art. 4,—the following report was accepted and adopted·

The School Committee to whom was referred the subject of naming the schools in town have attended to the duty assigned them, and submit the following Report—

It seemed to your Committee that no method more satisfactory and intelligible could be adopted in naming tho schools than to call them after the village in which they are located, and, when that is not convenient, the public streets on which they stand, or those nearest to them, from which they are chiefly accessible. Directed by this principle we recommend the following names:—

In old District No. 1.—Central Grammar School, Franklin street Primary No. 1, 2, 3; Main street Intermediate and Primary; Warren street Intermediate and Primary; Pleasant street Primary.

In old District No. 2.—North Woburn Grammar, Intermediate and Primary.

In old district No. 3.—Cedar street Mixed School.

In old District No. 4.—East Woburn Mixed School.

In old District No. 5.—Cambridge street Mixed School.

In old District No. 6.—Cummingsville Grammar and Primary.

It will be seen that the name of the streets or villages indicate at once the location of the respective schools. Should new streets be accepted by the town, it will be very easy to adapt the names to the new street. There being but one High School in town your Committee did not think it necessary to mention any name for it, the present one being sufficiently significant.

All which is respectfully submitted in behalf of the Committee.

RUFUS P. STEBBINS, Chairman

On Art. 5.—The report of the Chief Engineer was accepted and the recommendations referred to the Selectmen.

Art. 6.—Referring to printing by-laws was dismissed.

On Art. 7.—It was voted to authorize the Treasurer, under the instructions of selectmen to hire money in anticipation of the taxes.

On Art. 8.—The General Statue in regard to sidewalks was adopted.

Art. 9.—Relating to volunteer fire companies was dismissed.

Art. 10—Was dismissed, and article 11 taken up, the latter covering the same ground. Under this article Mr. Elbridge Trull moved the following, which was adopted.

Voted that the Treasurer, by and with the approbation of the Selectmen, be instructed to hire for the Town such an amount of money, at a rate of interest less than six per cent, as will be sufficient to pay as much of the town debt as is now bearing six per cent interest.

On Art. 12.—It was voted that a committee of five be appointed by the moderator to revise the by-laws of the town. The following gentlemen were appointed: J. P. Converse, E. D. Hayden, W. T. Grammer, Stephen Nichols, Horace Collamore.

The meeting then dissolved.

☞ The ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May, has just come to hand. For sale at the Woburn Book Store.

GRAND MUSICAL SOIREE.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club Orchestra,—assisted by Miss Houston, Soprano of the Old South Church choir, Boston, and Mr. Barnabee, Basso, from the choir of the Church of the Unity, and our highly esteemed townsmen, Mr. G. M. Champney,—gave a concert in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening. It is a matter of regret that no more were present, as the music was exceedingly fine. But the public mind is too much engrossed with the all absorbing subject of our national difficulties, to think of much else. The playing of the orchestra exhibited that perfection of time, that delicacy of expression, made up of blended light and shade which gives to music its magic power. Mr. Fries, has probably, no superior upon the Violoncello, and he exhibited the power and beauty of that instrument as we never heard it before. Mr. Shultze, upon the Violin, showed himself a master of that instrument. Mr. Zohler's Flute sent forth tones of birdlike sweetness and beauty; while the Clarionette—the instrument we used to love so well—in the hands of Mr. Ryan reminded us of the days when James Kendall, of the Boston Brass Band, possessed a power upon this instrument — almost equal to that ascribed to the fabled harp of Orpheus. The pieces for the orchestra were all played admirably. Pleyel's Hymn with variations, was exceedingly fine.

The vocal pieces, too, were so well given, that we will only say the audience was very highly pleased. Miss Houston has a voice of good power and compass, while the lack of an operatic style lends a charm to her singing. Mr. Barnabee, as our readers already know, has a fine voice for the Bass, and Mr. Champney most certainly pleased all present by his excellent rendering of his part. It is so seldom that the opportunity is offorded to hear really good music in Woburn, that it is all the more to be regretted that so few were present.

CORRECTION.—In our article last week on the "Glassing Machine," two errors crept in: The first occurs in the thirteenth line,—the word "lost" should be "received;" and the next is in the third last line, "cracks up coarse," should read "breaks up coarse."

MORE PATRIOTISM.—As a specimen of the intense and general patriotic feeling in the "Rural Districts," where there are no organized military companies, we understand that a somewhat enthusiastic relative of Abraham Lincoln, residing in Lynnfield Centre, wrote to him, on the reception of his War Proclamation, that if needful all Lynnfield, including the Minister, would buckle on the armor in defense of the country; while the teacher of the principal school declares that she will not remain in the town unless some of its men help the President in the enforcement of the national laws. It is hardly necessary to add, that several of the young men have already volunteered their services.

☞ Dr. Edward P. Scales, of Winchester, Homeopathic physician proffers, his professional services, free of charge to the families of all those who have gone, or may go, from Winchester and Stoneham, to bear arms in the cause of Freedom—and the United States,—so long as the war shall last.

Dr. Scales of Woburn, has made a similar offer to the people of this town.

☞ A young lad, 17 years of age, wishes to obtain a situation in some good respectable business. Wages are not so great a desideratum, as permanent employment. Apply at this office.

☞ Our town representative, F. Smith, Esq., has furnished us with valuable documents, and we tender him our thanks.

GODEY for May is out. It is a good number, and the ladies will find it pleasing as well as useful.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—War, war, war is now the all absorbing topic of conversation. Men now, for the first time as a reality, have unhesitatingly to choose between war, or anarchy, and disgrace. As the dark clouds of trouble lower around them, men are born into a now sphere, a new life, as it were, fraught with big, unknown events. It is now that the citizen feels the serious, the solemn responsibility which rests upon him. It is now that the deep, innate love of country and the emblem of its truth and power—the glorious stars and stripes—rise spontaneously from the inner heart where, in the quiet and security of peace, they have so long laid dormant, and he who yesterday felt no concern, and knew no care beyond the circle of family or self interest, to-day feels his very soul glow with an enthusiasm, a patriotism which spreads from the mere local love until it embraces the whole Republic for the maintenance of whose honor and integrity he is pledged even to death. Now does this land the boon made holy by our father's blood and endeared by the ties of kindred, become consecrated. And now that treason is striving to rear its scorpion head and strike a fatal blow, when patience and concessions are no longer virtues, will the sons, fired with the same sublime spirit which inspired their sires in '76, rise as one man to foil the monster in its fiendish stroke, aimed at Liberty and Justice, and punish the would-be parricides who look for self glory in the downfall and degradation of that mother-land which has nourished them. Shall the man be found who will remain silent to his country's call in this its great hour of peril? Who would thus sacrifice his honor, his dignity as a freeman and suffer his name to be passed down in scorn and reproach to posterity? God forbid that there should be one! For the sake of those whose fate hang on the issue—for the honor of our firesides, and of America be firm, be heroic, for the cause is just and Heaven is with it.

At noon, on Thursday, a messenger came out from headquarters in Boston, and announced that the Lawrence Light Guard was required to be in readiness for marching orders in twelve hours. The call was promptly responded to and within three hours uniforms were in our streets and twenty recruits had enlisted. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Knots of people gathered in the square and all was intense excitement. At the citizens meeting in the evening, speeches were made by Hon. E. C. Baker, Jas. M. Usher, G. Day, and other prominent men. Three thousand and seventy-seven dollars were raised for the volunteers in less than an hour. The company received orders late in the evening to report themselves on Boston Common at 4 o'clock this P. M. The guards will number 90 men. They are to be escorted to the State House by a body of citizens, the bells will be rung and salutes fired.

DUNBARTON.

Medford, April 18.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—A word to Mothers, the beauty of children, Scald-head and Ringworm. No object is more pleasant to look upon than a beautiful child, but unfortunately freshness and natural bloom of childhood are often marred by disfiguring disorders—we refer to the blighting effects of ringworm and scald head. Mothers desirous of seeing the faces of their darlings unclouded and their heads free from disgusting sores, will be glad to learn that Holloway's Ointment is a quick and effectual remedy for these and all other skin diseases, boils, blotches, pimples &c. We feel perfectly satisfied that on a fair trial of its virtues its merits will insure it a place in the nursery closet for all time to come. Read the advertisement elsewhere.

CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE.—See the advertisements of the New England Carpet Company, of Boston, in to-day's paper.

For the Middlesex Journal.

HOLLISTON, April 5th, 1861.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Business calling me to this enterprising village, and having a few leisure moments to spare, I give you with pleasure my impressions of the place. It is very pleasantly located six miles from Milford, on the Milford Branch R. R., and contains about thirty-five hundred inhabitants. The "East Village" is a mile and a half from the centre, having a thrifty appearance, and in good times things move briskly. The people feel the loss of the comb factory which was burned a year ago, and has not been rebuilt. The comb business gave employment to a large number of men having families dependent upon them for support. The principal business here now, is boot making, and that is very dull; some with large families to maintain, have had no work for three and four months. If business should be good this summer it will take them until fall to make their pecuniary affairs as promising as they were a year ago. The people are very intelligent, social and industrious, exemplifying by their daily transactions, the noble principle "Live and let live." The females earn more money now than the males, sewing straw. The bonnet business or "straw business" which is carried on very extensively in Foxboro', Franklin and Upton, gives employment to a large number. Sewing straw is *the* business in all the towns in this vicinity, nearly every house in the rural districts gives evidence of the increased prosperity of that branch of trade. It is really refreshing to find *one* kind of business that is driving in these hard times. I would like to give you more items, but time will not admit.

E.

☞ As our statement, last week, of the accident which happened to Mrs. Reed, contained several errors, we now give a correct version of the sad affair:—Mrs. Reed did not retire for the night, but had just returned from a neighbor's, and as was usual with her, commenced preparing her stove for the morning. She had got her ash pan and was returning with it, when she made a misstep, or was seized with dizziness—with which she had been troubled—and fell down one flight of stairs, but not two and into the cellar as stated. In falling she probably struck her breast against the corner of a trunk that was standing at the top of the stairs, and this undoubtedly was the immediate cause of her death. A physician was at once called, and everything was done to make her as comfortable as possible. During the night she slept for a few minutes, at intervals, and seemed to be much distressed for breath. At 5 o'clock Sunday morning she went to sleep and slept for half an hour, when she woke up complaining of great pain over her heart, and in fifteen minutes died from the rupture of a blood vessel. We are sorry these mistakes occurred, but our report of the accident was precisely the same as that given to us by one who, as we supposed, knew the facts of the case.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal

Stoneham in the Field!

MR. EDITOR: These are times that try men's souls, and show of what stuff they are made. If any body is disposed to be a coward, or niggard, now is the time for him to be "smoked out." Since the promulgation of the President's Proclamation, we have been on the "*qui vive*" of excitement. You are aware that we have here a military company, the Stoneham Light Infantry, Company C. VIIth Regiment. Many of our citizens have seen this company parade through our streets and have sometimes dropped the remark that it was "all for show" and the first smell of gun powder would scatter them to the winds. But the events of this week have put a different aspect upon the whole matter. Whatever unfavorable opinion may have been formed, it must now be re-viewed. There's pluck in our Light Infantry. Here is the record of doings since Tuesday morning: Our plucky fellow citizen, Capt. John H. Dike, presents himself at Head quarters at the State House on the afternoon of Tuesday, to get the privilege of calling out his company in obedience to the requisition from Washington. Returning home, he causes notice to be given of a meeting of his company at their Armory at 8 o'clk. the same evening. At a very full meeting of the members, a unanimous vote is passed that they are ready to start at a moment's notice. The night was dark and stormy, the clouds shedding tears occasionally; but these men had pledged their honor and they did not falter. Wednesday morning broke upon us with a cold, hazy atmosphere, with now and then a dash of rain. But, long before light broke over the eastern hills, a messenger from the Commander-in-cheif, came riding into our quiet village, bringing intelligence that our Light Infantry were summoned to appear in Boston immediately. This message reached here at 2 o'clock in the morning. It was soon whispered with white lips from house to house and another meeting appointed at the Armory at 6 o'clock, just 8 hours after the men had separated from the same place to their several homes. Prompt again at the call, they mustered with full ranks. New names were added to the roll, of persons who had never belonged to the company. Every body became patriotic. The current ran high, bells were rung, crowds of people assembled at the usual places of resort, and all seemed to desire to "give aid and comfort." The company had voted to start at a quarter past ten.

Wednesday was such a day with us as Stoneham never saw before. Many a good thing was done in the morning of that day. One of the best that has come to our observation was the generous answer of our men of means to a subscription in behalf of our private soldiers. Samuel Tidd, a former Captain of the company, started with a paper, upon which he obtained in less time than you will be in putting this communication into print, the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars, three hundred dollars of which was passed over into the hand of Capt. Dike for the use of the company. The balance has since been deposited in the Savings Bank for the relief of the families of those members who were called away too suddenly to make the necessary provision.

A look at the subscription paper shows that Warren Sweetser gave $100; John Hill & Co. $100; Col. Lyman Dike $50; Dr. Wm. F. Stevens $50; A. V. Lynde, Esq. $50; Capt. Wm. Hurd $25; Wm. G. Fuller $25; Allen Rowe, jr., $25; Tidd & Bloomer $25; W. J. Battles & Co. $25; Trowbridge & Dike $25. Other sums of five and ten dollars were given *instanter*, as Mr. Tidd passed with the paper through the crowd.

At about a quarter before 10 o'clock the company made their appearance on Central street, marching up towards "the square" to the simple, but inspiring music of a single fife and drum. They were greeted by a multitude of nearly 1000 people, cheer upon cheer was given, ladies waved their white handkerchiefs and many an ejaculation of "success to you," "God bless you," "fight bravely boys," greeted them from all quarters. I stood where I could look each one in the eye as he passed into the cars which were the next minute to move with them on board towards the field of action. I think I saw in those eyes the look of determination to uphold the cause of their country, to rescue the stars and stripes from disgrace.

Our citizens are highly gratified with the prompt action of our soldiers. They have so far proved that they are not merely holiday soldiers. We expect to hear from them on the field of battle. Our confident belief is that they will cover themselves with honor on that field.

Meanwhile, we shall take ample care of those who have so suddenly been deprived of their natual protectors. A meeting is to be held at the Town House Saturday evening to take the subject into cansideration.

The Company is officered as follows: Captain, John H. Dike; Lieutenants, L. F. Lynde, D. N. Stevens, J. F. Rowe, W. B. Blaisdell. Our fellow townsman, A. V. Lynde Esq., at the State House presented Capt. Dike and each of his officers with one of Allens improved Army Revolves.

S.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MILITARY.—At two o'clock Wednesday morning the Stoneham Light Infantry received orders to appear in Boston immediately. Although the rain poured, they appeared with full ranks, having about sixty eight muskets. The Company met at the Town Hall where prayer was offered by the different ministers, As they marched through the street bells were rung and bunting displayed in different sections of the town: Never before have we seen so large a crowd assembled in Stoneham. Upon their departure cheers upon cheers rent the air. There was shaking of hands and many a "God bless you" from the numerous friends of the company. Not only have our own military shown their patriotism but our business men also, for before their departure the sum of five hundred dollars was raised for the company. The list was headed by Mr. John Hill with the sum of one hundred dollars seconded by Mr. A. V. Lynde with the sum of fifty dollars and each officer was presented with a handsome revolver. On arrival of the company in Boston they proceeded to the State House where they received their overcoats and other articles of wearing apparel. They were placed in the sixth regiment, Col. Jones, and are probably now in Washington. In the morning Mr. D. K. Wardwell was here and obtained several recruits. We understand that Mr. J. Parker Gould has sent in a petition for a new company. If it is granted it will be readily filled. We hope soon to hear of Volunteers from our surrounding towns to stand by the stars and stripes.

ROBBERY.—On Sunday evening Mr. Cyrus Hay's shoe manufactory was broken into by some robbers and about one hundred dollars worth of shoes carried off. During their operations they became frightened and fled leaving some of their tools behind.

SMALL POX.—Small Pox has again made its appearance. Mr. Daniel Pierce's wife is now sick with this disease. We hope this dreadful disease may not go further

HORSE R. R.—Workmen are now busily engaged in finishing the horse railroad. It will be extended north as far as Mr. Alpha Richardsons and south as far as Allen Rowe's.

GOOD EXAMPLE.—We understand that the Gen. Worth company have voted to give all the money in their treasury and all the money that they receive for the services to the Stoneham Light Infantry. This is a good example and we hope it will be followed by other Companies.

SPECTATOR.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of the Literary Association, the following gentleman were elected its officers for the ensuing year: President—Allen F. Boon; Vice President—Lucius M. K. Stanton; Secretary—Charles C. Rice; Treasurer—Edward P. Boon; Directors—L. M. K. Stanton, Edward D. Chaloner, George Cutter;—an excellent selection. Mr. Boon, the President, is a member of the Senior Class which graduates this year at Harvard College. Mr. Chaloner, one of the Directors, is a graduate of our High School and a member of the Freshman Class at Harvard. The other officers are active young men and well qualified for the positions which they assume. Under its new *regime*, I predict that the Asociation will receive the encouragement and support of our prominent citizens, and prosper in its efforts to improve the minds of its members, as well as to afford occasionally, an evening's entertainment to its friends.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Mr. Langworthy preached at the Cong. Church last Sabbath morning in behalf of the Association for aiding in the erection of houses of worship for feeble societies at the West and other places. He made an earnest plea for money to meet the calls which have been made from different localities for assistance in this respect. A collection was taken up during the afternoon service. In the afternoon the pastor preached to the children of his Society from the text, "And a little child shall lead them." He gave numerous illustrations showing the influence which little children exert upon those with whom they come in contact, and their power for good.

INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.—The Committee chosen at the last Town Meeting to investigate the the present financial condition of the town, the causes which have led to it, and the course to be pursued in the premises, have held frequent meetings and are giving the subject assigned them careful consideration. The late Treasurer, Mr. Richardson, and other parties who are in some way connected with the matter, have appeared before the Committee and given in their evidence. The examination thus far does not seem to fix the responsibility of the transaction as would be desirable. One fact, which I understand came out in evidence, should be noted. It was, that when Mr. Richardson first entered upon the office of Treasurer, there was a deficiency in the accounts of his predecessor to the amount of $1000, which he assumed. Upon this amount he has had to pay large sums of interest, and has failed to receive the sum for which he became liable and which he now classes among his losses. This fact has never been made public, although it was known to some at the time. No further deficiencies than have been stated, have as yet been found, but the amount of taxes uncollected will be about $600 instead of $1000. It was understood at the Town Meeting, that this Committee were to make an investigation of *all* matters connected with the financial affairs of the town, and it is hoped and expected that they will do it, faithfully and fearlessly, and that they will give the result of the same in full, without reservation. This is what the citizens want at the present time, in order that they may see the *modus operandi* of some of their town officers and the result attained by it.

GRAPE VINES.—Our fellow townsman, Mr. E. A. Brackett, so well and favorably known as a sculptor, has for some time also been a successful cultivator of the grape on his premises in this town. He has recently associated with him in the further prosecution and extension of this latter business, Mr. Andrew Wellington of East Lexington. Mr. Brackett's place is designated "Pine Hill Nursery," and those wishing to obtain any grape vines would do well to secure them from this source.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—I would suggest to the efficient Superintendent of our Road, that when any changes in the running of the trains are again made, more publicity should be given of the fact beforehand. Several of the passengers who had not seen or heard of the change on the first of this month, found themselves too late for the train which they usually go in. It would be better to have notices specifying the alterations, instead of the whole form; in this way the attention of passengers would be directed to it. Is it not about time to have a train go in from this place at 7¾ o'clock in the morning as has been customary at this season?

POST OFFICE.—The conflicting elements in regard to the person who should be the Post Master here, have harmonized in the selection and appointment of Mr. J. A. Coolidge to the office. Mr. Coolidge is a thorough Republican and well qualified for this position. The office will be located in his store which is on the opposite side of the railroad from where it has been for some time.

TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Winslow, the Superintendent of our Railroad Corporation, has had the wires of the Vermont and Boston Telegraph Company connect with the ticket office here and his office in Boston. He purposes to take up his residence in the house last occupied by Horace Holt on Washington street, and the telegraph is to afford a means of instant communication to or from him whenever necessity requires it. This is a good idea not only for him, but in case of any accident upon the road it will afford means of conveying information without delay.

WAR.—The patriotism of our citizens in the present crisis of our national affairs is evinced in the display of the stars and stripes from Lyceum building and other places. As the flag of our country was unfurled to the breeze from the first named place, it was greeted by the firing of cannon and the cheers of those assembled in its vicinity. But one feeling pervades all of our citizens in these perilous times. "Stand by the Flag" is the hearty response of all.

EXCELSIOR.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

On Friday morning of last week an effigy was found suspended on a tree nearly opposite the Post Office, bearing the inscription, "Traitor Mallett," "He would secede," &c. During the day it was taken down, and in the evening, after being ridden on a rail through the streets, it was taken to the Common and burned. Some six or eight months ago, Mr. Mallett went to Georgia as a teacher of music, and probably being lionized by his new associates, he entered into their sympathies, joined their military organizations, blustered with them, and finally so far forgot allegiance to his Northern friends as to intimate to them in a letter which was published in the South Reading *Gazette*, that he should not hesitate to assist the South in spilling their blood in defence of Southern principles. On a sudden, last week he arrived in town, as he said, on his way to Europe to complete his musical education. He was not molested personally, but his friends and former associates treated him with coldness and unmistakable disapprobation. On the morning of the demonstration he left town for Boston in the 15 minutes past 8 o'clock train.

The Selectmen have made the following appointments, viz: Fire Engineers, C. H. Davis, Horatio Dolliver, and H. B. Dunn; Police Officers, Wm. G. Skinner, James Oliver, John Lee, Jacob Townsend, Jr., and Haley F. Dager; Sealer of Weights and Measures, Peter Wiley; Superintendent of the Town Scales, P. C. Wheeler; Weighers of Coal, Samuel Gardner and Albert S. Wiley; Sexton of Burials, Jotham Walton; Pound Keeper, James Cartwright; John Lee to take charge of the street lamps.

An adjourned meeting of subscribers to form a Horticultural Society was held on Monday evening, at which a constitution was adopted, and the following officers and committees chosen:—President, James Eustis; 1st Vice do., Lilley Eaton; 2d Vice do., Samuel Kingman; Treasurer, John S. Eaton; Secretary, D. B. Wheelock; Committee on Library, Edward Mansfield, J. S. Eaton, and A. A. Currrier; Premiums, J. G. Brown, Lilley Eaton, and John A. Newman; Ornamental Gardening, Samuel Kingman, Wm. H. Hutchinson, Thomas Emerson, Jr., Mrs. John Winship, and Mrs. Cyrus Wakefield; Fruits, James Eustis, A. C. Perkins, J. D. Mansfield, Mrs. Lucinda Spaulding, and Mrs. Stephen Lufkin; Plants and flowers, Adam Wiley, Hiram Eaton, Ira Wiley, Jr., Mrs. Abram Gould and Mrs. Chas. Patch; Vegetables, Samuel Gardner, A. F. Hutchinson, and P. H. Sweetser. Meetings are to be held monthly.

The Board of School Committe has been organized as follows:—Hon. P. H. Sweetser, Chairman, John Winship, Secretary, and Edward Mansfield, Treasurer. Hon. Lilley Eaton declined acting as Chairman, an office filled by him for many years.

Eleven of the thirteen teachers of last year were re-appointed this spring, though some of them to different schools. Miss Mary Ellen Evans and Miss Lizzie B. Walton, both of this town, have received appointments to fill the vacancies.

The spirit of patriotism runs high here. Our large Post Office is packed on the arrival of every mail, and great numbers congregate outside, all eager to catch the first sound of news. The Armory of the Richardson Light Guard has been thronged also. Some of the officers of the Guard found it inconvenient to accompany them, so on Wednesday evening the vacancies were filled, and as far as we have learned, the company will be thus officered: J. W. Locke, Captain; H. V. Degan, C. H. Shepard, and George Abbott, Lieutenants. The ranks are full,

and the company are in fine spirits. They expect to leave to-day (Thursday.) Some half a dozen or more of our liberal citizens have subscribed one hundred dollars each for the use of the company.

James M. Sweetser, Esq., of South Reading, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Middlesex. M.

☞ We would call the attention of those suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, &c., to an advertisement in another column of this paper, of an important discovery for the cure of those diseases, now introduced for the first time to the American public by Messrs. Leeds, Gilmore & Co., of New York.

GET A PURE ARTICLE.—However opinions may vary as to the use or abuse of liquors as beverages, or for medicinal use, no live man can be found who would not prefer and recommend the *pure article* whenever any is to be taken. There are two kinds of wines spoken of in the Bible; one is recommended "a little for the stomach's sake," the other denounced. No doubt one was *pure*, the other *vile*. If you will use the article, do procure it in its original purity, and only seek for it among honorable and respectable merchants, whose character and long standing as well as judgment can be relied upon, and to whom a reputation for selling fine wines or liquors is of tenfold more importance than any thing they could gain by adulteration.

If consumers have any doubt as to procuring, in their own vicinity, such an article as they desire, we confidently recommend them to the old established house of I. D. RICHARDS & SONS, Boston, whose advertisement may be found in another column.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The beginning of the end. Old sores, bad legs, ulcers, &c. Many people have the misfortune t rough life of finishing where they should have commenced—this is especially applicable to the treatment of disease. Numbers have expended a lifetime in the pursuit of health—while thousands have exhausted their means in the catalogue of cures—who ultimately found relief where they should have begun in Holloway's Pills and Ointment, the only sure remedy when all else have failed. For the speedy and effectual cure of ulcers, bad legs, old sores, boils, &c., the ointment is the best salve in use; and the pills are equally efficacious for purifying the blood, cleansing the secretions of the liver and giving tone and energy to the general constitution. This is the testimony of thousands.

Special Notices.

CORRECTION IN THE SCHOOL REPORT.

Instead of "Burlington St.," read Cambridge St., Instead of "Salem St.," read Cedar St.

B. F. BRONSON, Sec'y.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York

Married.

MCINTOSH—POLSON—In this town, 17th inst., by Rev. B. F. Bronson, Mr. Hugh McIntosh and Miss Isabella Polson.

RUSSELL—DINSMORE—In Winchester, 17th inst., by Rev. R. T. Robinson, Charles H. Russell, Esq., of Medford, to Mrs. S. J. Dinsmore, of Windham, Vt.

Died.

WESTON—In Reading, 12th inst., Mrs. L. Jane Weston, aged 34 years, 5 months.

HARRIMAN—In Stoneham, 11th inst., Mrs. Abbie S. Harriman, 30 years, 2 months.

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,

and all articles used in Millinery. Also,

Dress Making attended to,

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a continuance of the same.

April 19.—tf

To the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex:

THE undersigned, respectfully represent that the public necessity and convenience would be greatly promoted by an alteration in the line of Washington Street, in Winchester, therefore pray that your honorable board may view the premises and straighten, widen and discontinue so much thereof as may be necessary.

JAMES A. WOODBURY and others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Cambridge in said county, on the first Tuesday of January and by adjournment April 16th, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Town Hall, in Winchester, on the 3d day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Winchester, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and order thereon,

Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

A true copy Attest,

MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, held at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, and by adjournment on the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1861.

On the Petition of A. Weld, S. T. Sanborn and Wallace Whitney, Selectmen of Winchester, to define, new locate, and establish the boundaries of Main Street, in said Winchester.

It was adjudged that said defining bounds, and new location are of common convenience and necessity;

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Town Hall, in Winchester, on the third day of June next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,

P. H. SWEETSER, Chairman.

South Reading, April 16, 1861.

INTERESTING TO THE PUBLIC!

PERSONS troubled with Contracted Limbs of many years standing, Stiff Joints or Rheumatism, can be effectually cured, by using

DR. HANSONS Stimulating Ointment

which is sold at Wholesale & Retail at the Depot NO. 145 HANOVER STREET, up one flight of stairs.

Boston Price Fifty cents per bottle, and if the patient is not benefitted the money will be refunded. Advice gratis. Feb. 7th—3m.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Apply at this Office.

Woburn, January 11, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

MIDDLESEX ss. Woburn, April 10, 1861.

IN INSOLVENCY.—Notice is hereby given that Hon. William A. Richardson, Judge of Court of Insolvency, in and for the said County of Middlesex, has issued a Warrant against the estate of

JOHN FLANDERS, OF WOBURN,

in said County, Shoe Manufacturer, Insolvent Debtor. The payment of any debts, and the delivery of any property belonging to said insolvent debtor, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law. A meeting of the Creditors of said Debtor, to prove their debts, and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the TWENTY-FOURTH day of APRIL, instant, at nine o'clock in the forenoon. HORACE COLLAMORE,

2w. *Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.*

PURE LIQUORS AND WINES FOR PRIVATE USE AND MEDICAL PURPOSES.

WE offer the country trade and consumers, a complete assortment of every variety of LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Importers is not only a sufficient guarantee for the *Purity of our Goods*, but that it enables us to offer advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and reliable article of *Liquors and Wines* for medicinal and other purposes, we have for many years given special attention to filling orders for *Private Use*, and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to send their orders to us direct, as we employ no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons who require *Pure Liquors and Wines*, in large or small quantities, may rest assured that all orders will receive our best personal attention, and that every article sent from our house will be satisfactory in every respect. Communications by mail will receive prompt attention, with full and complete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS,

87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1yr

500,000 CUTTER'S SEEDLING STRAWBERRY PLANTS

For Sale at $1.25 per 100, and $10 per 1000.

THIS plant was introduced by the subscriber in 1859. It is the greatest and longest bearer known. It has produced at the rate of 7000 boxes per acre.

Also for sale—Wilson's Albany, Triumphe de Grand, and twenty other varieties. Twenty varieties of hardy Grape Vines—Concord, Diana, Delaware, Dracut Ambert, &c. Raspberry, Currant, Gooseberry, Rose Bushes, Rhubarb, Asparagus roots, &c.

Apple Trees of large size. Pear, Peach, Cherry and Quince Trees. Maple Trees, Evergreens, &c.

Send for illustrated proed Catalogue, enclosing stamp. ☞ *Nursery near the Depot.*

J. W. MANNING, READING, MASS.

NEW PATENT GLASSING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber has recently patented a machine for

Glassing Leather,

which is a great improvement on anything of the kind now in use, and is ready to manufacture them to order. The machine can be seen in operation at Choate & Cummings' Tannery, in Woburn.

WILLIAM ELLARD.

Woburn, April 13th. 1m.

An Important Fact!

1

It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!

2

Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.

3

Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.

4

In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.

5

At 29 and 30 call.
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

ONE GOOD ACT!

THE PRESIDENT has set his signature to the new Tariff Bill. By this means I have made my list of prices for

CARPETINGS

FOR MY SPRING SALES AS FOLLOWS

100 Rolls Union Carpets, at 25 cents per yard.
50 Rolls Cotton and Wool Carpets at 37 cents per yard.
40 Rolls Common Carpets at 45 cents per yard.
350 Rolls Extra Fine Carpets at 50 cents per yard.
425 Rolls Extra Super Carpets at 62½ cents per yard.
100 Rolls Extra Three-ply Carpets from 90 cents to $1.
100 Rolls English Tapestry Carpets at $1 per yard.
275 Rolls Dutch Carpets at 17 cents per yard
750 Rolls Painted Carpets from 30 to 50 cents per yard.
100 Rolls Stair Carpets from 12½ cents to $1 per yard.
400 Rolls Thompsonville, Tariffville, Lowell and Tapleyville.
Extra Super Carpets at 17 censts per yard.

☞ A discount to Wholesale Dealers, to Ministers and their families of all denominations, and Church Committees.

E. C. STEVENS,

124 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.

28—3m.

MAY MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOU'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

AMERICAN STEAM AND GAS PIPE WORKS.

WILLIAM G. PIKE, manufacturer and dealer in STEAM and GAS PIPE of all sizes; Brass and Iron Fittings, of all kinds; Steam Boilers, Valves, Cocks, Heaters, Coils, Condensers, Gas Lighting Apparatus, and everything connected with Steam and Gas.

No 29 Haverhill street Boston.

Steam Apparatus, for Warming Factories, Hotels, Public Institutions and Private Dwellings. Feb. 6th—3m.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy,

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASMATIC & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medicine will be needed.*

Sold in Woburn, at the WOBURN BOOK STORE B. W. CONANT'S and ELBRIDGE TRULL'S, and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co., Tremont street, Carter, Colend & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carny, and Weeks & Porter, Washington street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

T. A. SWEETSER,

Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.

January 25th, 1860.—1yy

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX ss. Reading, April 8th, 1861.

To all persons whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Taxes assessed upon the following premises situated in said Reading, for the years hereafter stated, have not been paid, and are due; and that I shall sell at Public Auction, at the store of JONATHAN FROST, in said Reading, on MONDAY, the SIXTH day of MAY next, at three o'clock, in the afternoon, so much of each of said estates and premises as shall be necessary to pay the taxes so assessed, and all lawful charges thereon, unless the same are paid before the said time of sale.

The following are the names of the persons assessed, a general description of the several estates and premises, and the amount of the taxes assessed and due thereupon, respectively; and the owners are all non-residents so far as they are known.

1 W. F. CLAFLIN—One-fourth of an acre, more or less, of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on the corner of Warren and Forest Avenues, and is Lot numbered 17, on a plan of land in the town of Reading, Mass, belonging to Amos Cummings, jr and G. B. Parott, Surveyor, and recorded with said Middlesex Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 9; and formerly owned by Nathaniel Vaughn. it is bounded, North by Warren Avenue; West by Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 18 on said plan, and East by Lot No. 16 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $9.36
Highway Tax for 1859. .50

2 LOT NO 65, unknown owner—This is about ¼ of an acre of land, with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Forest Avenue, and is numbered 65 upon the above mentioned Plan of A. Cummings, jr., and formerly owned by E. E. Pratt; Bounded, East by said Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 64; West by land of heirs of J Prescott, Esq., and North by Lot No. 66, as marked on said Plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.76

3 LOT 18, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land, about ¼ of an acre, situate on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 18 on said Cummings' Plan; Bounded, Westerly by said Avenue; Northerly by Lot No. 17, and Southerly by Lot No. 19 on said Plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

4 LOT 39, PARK AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land on Park Avenue, on said Cummings' Plan, and numbered 39 thereon; Bounded, Southerly by Park Avenue; Easterly by lot No. 40, and Westerly by Lot No. 38 on said plan, and containing about ¼ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

5 LOTS 61, 62, 63, 64, unknown owner—About one half acre of land on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 61, 62, 63, 64 on said Cummings' Plan, of a triangular shape and bounded East by said Forest Avenue; West by land of heirs of J. Prescott, and North by Lot No. 65 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

6 LOT 32, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ¼ of an acre situate on the corner of Centre and Forest Avenue, and is numbered 32 on said Cummings' Plan, and bounded Northerly by said Centre Avenue; Westerly by said Forest Avenue; Easterly by Lot No. 31, and Southerly by Lot No. 33.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

7 LOT 30, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land situate on said Centre Avenue, and is numbered 30 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue; East by Lot 29; South by lot 36; West by Lot 31 on said plan, containing about ¼ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $0.78

8 LOT 27, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ¼ of an acre on Centre Avenue and numbered 27 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue: East by Lot 26; South by Lot 39, and West by Lot 28 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

9 DANIEL H. SHIRLEY—A lot of land on Washington street, so called, in Reading, and is bounded Northerly by said street, and is Lot No. 15 on a plan of part of the estate of the late Edmund Parker, Esq., and surveyed by Joseph Bancroft, June, 1847, and recorded in said Registry, Book of Plans No. 2, page 88.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04
Highway Tax for 1859 .17

10 WILLIAM L. BATTLES—A parcel of land situate at a place called Fairmount, in said Reading, and bounded—Northerly by North street; Westerly by Second street; Southerly by Hopkins and South streets, and is composed of the Lots numbered 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, on a plan of Fairmount belonging to Wm. L. Brown, Esq., made by E. Bucknam, and recorded in said Middlesex Registry, Book of Plans 6, page 30.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.56
Highway Tax for 1859, .50

11 ALPHA HUNTON—One-half acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Ash street and bounded East by Ash street, leading to South Reading; North and West by land of B. E. Beard; South by land of E. Crouch.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $8.58

12 P. ULMER—2½ acres of land on Bear Hill, consisting of lots numbered 62 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102 103, 104, 105 on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount, and described in deed from Wm. L. Brown to said Ulmer, dated 18th Dec., 1858, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 812, page 162.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2 34
Real Estate for 1859, 1.63

13 MR. PAINE, or unknown owner—About 1¼ acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situated on Main and Ash Streets, and a little North of the track of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and bounded South by a lane which separates it from said track; West by said Main and Ash streets, and North by a street laid out, but not fully graded and occupied.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $18.82
Highway Tax for 1859, 1.60

14 J. M. DANE—About three acres of land on Ash street, and bounded West by Ash street; South by lands of Jaquith and others; East by land of Boston and Maine Railroad, and North by land late of H. Kingman, deceased, described in deed of G. Winn *et ux* to said Dane, dated October 1st, 1855, and recorded in said Registry, Book 724, page 38.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $7.80

15 LOT 31, unknown owner—Contains ¼ of an acre of land situate on Ash street, as laid out on E. Parker's plan, and is numbered 31 on the above mentioned plan of part of Edmund Parker's estate, bounded Northerly by Ash street on said plan, and Westerly by Lot No. 32 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

16 GEORGE W. IRELAND—Three fourths of an acre of land with a house thereon, situate on Washington street, so called, and is same land described in a deed of J. C. Smith to said Ireland, dated 5th November, 1856, recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 752, page 441.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $8.32
Highway Tax for 1859, .65

17 WILLIAM EGAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land on Bear Hill, the same being lots numbered 30 and 31, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

18 JOHN W. BOWKER—About one-eighth of an acre of land on said Bear Hill, the same being numbered Lot 117, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

19 GEORGE M. MCLELLAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land situate on Park Avenue, and numbered 42 on above mentioned Cummings' plan, and is bounded South by said Avenue; West by Lot No. 41; North by land of T. Sweetser, and East by Lot No. 43.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62
Highway Tax for 1859, .10

20 J. W. PEPPER—Three acres on Bear Hill, and numbered on said plan of Fairmount as follows—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.86

21 STATE LOAN AND FUND ASSOCIATION—About three and three fourths of an acre of land on Summer street, and on Bear Hill, with a dwelling house thereon, now occupied by Mrs. William Pierce; and bounded Northerly by said Summer street, and on all other sides by land now or formerly of Wm. L. Brown, Esquire.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $10.92
Highway Tax for 1859, .79

22 WRIGHT NEWHALL'S HEIRS—Four acres of land, more or less, in Cedar Swamp, so called, situate near the stone town bound between the towns of said Reading and Lynnfield, and lying between two lots of land belonging to John Perkins of Lynnfield.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.83

23 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of Hawkes' lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.31

24 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of C. Green's lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.16

25 DAVID TAYLOR—Thirteen acres of land, more or less, situate in said Cedar Swamp, East of J. W. Walcott's lot and adjoining the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

26 ANTHONY CHASE, or unknown—The easterly half of a lot of land called the Lambert Swamp Lot, which lot contains six acres and sixteen rods, more or less; and is bounded Easterly by land of Samuel Pratt; Southerly by the several lands of David Pratt, jr. and Nathan P. Pratt, Esq.; Westerly by land of J. Brooks Nichols and others, and Northerly by lands of Joseph L. Pratt and Asa P. Pratt. Said lot was formerly conveyed by Jeremiah Lovejoy to William Lovejoy, and by the latter to Thomas C. Day, and said Day sold one-half of said lot to said Chase.
State, County and Town Tax for 1859, $1.45
Do. do. do. 1860, .62
Highway Tax for 1858, .15
Do. do. 1859, .17

27 LAMBERT LOT, unknown owner—The westerly half of the above bounded Lambert Swamp Lot. Each half contains three acres and eight rods more or less.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

GEORGE BATCHELDER,
Collector of the Town of Reading.

ASTHMA. For the Instant Relief and Permanent Cure of this distressing complaint use

FENDT'S

BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & Co., 458 Broadway, New York.

Price, $1 per box; sent free by post.

For sale by all Druggists. 10—1y.

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ALL styles of Diaries for 1861, can found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

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PHYSICIANS:

R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D.
MARY HARWOOD, FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

THIS Institution was established to secure greater perfection in the science of Medicine and a more successful practice in the treatment of the various diseases upon natural or rational principles, discarding the use of poisonous drugs, and using such remedies, and such only, as act in harmony with the laws of life. Invalids, therefore who wish to employ sensible means in a sensible way, for the recovery of health, will find advantages at this Institution not to be found elsewhere.

The Electro-Chemical Baths, together with Dr. Greene's improved Medication, have been adopted in this Institution, and have greatly aided in the removal of many diseases.

Most Diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Complaint, Female Complaints, and the great variety of diseases with which the human body is afflicted, are successfully treated with medicine which can be sent to any part of the world, with full directions, as a very correct knowledge can be obtained from answers to the questions in the "Indian Arcana," a copy of which will be sent free when requested. Persons wishing to learn more fully the theory and practice of this Institution, will be supplied with a pamphlet by mail, free, on the receipt of four postage stamps.

All persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should avail themselves of the personal attention of the physicians at the Institute, where proper boarding-houses are provided.

Consultations at the office, free of charge, from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M., or by letter on the receipt of a postage stamp.

All communications should be directed to DR. GREENE, 36 *Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.*

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BURDEN'S NEW PATENT MACHINE HORSE SHOES, punched, creased, and ready for fitting, warranted to fit up as easily and wear as long as the best hand-made Swedes Iron Shoe, and sold at the price of good shoe iron. Weight from ten ounces to three pounds, packed in kegs of one hundred pounds, one size or an assortment, as preferred in each keg. Samples may be seen at the store of LEEDS & TOBEY, 23 BROAD ST., BOSTON. Agents for the sale of Burden's Railroad, Ship and Boat Spikes, Boiler Rivets, Horse Shoes, and Merchant Iron.

The Place to Purchase Everything in the Sewing Machine Department.

C. PATCH & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Sewing Machine Shuttles, Bobbins, Needles, Hemmers, Screw drivers, Oilers and Oil, Silk, Cotton and Linen Thread, and every variety of Sewing Machine Trimmings, at the *lowest prices.* Also, every variety of First Class Sewing Machines at the Manufacturer's LOWEST CASH PRICES. Persons wishing to purchase Sewing Machines will do well to call at

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HOME CIRCLE,—Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Marches, &c., for Piano, $1.50. *Shower of Pearls*, Vocal Duets, $2.00. *Operatic Bouquet*, Duets, Quartetts, Choruses, &c., from the best Operas, $2.00. *Home Melodist*, Words and Music of about 100 Favorite Songs, 25 cts. *Shilling Song Book*, Words of 175 Popular Songs, 12 cts 100 Scotch Songs, 100 Irish Songs, 100 Comic Songs, each 50 cts.

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CHOW-CHOW, Piccalilli, Mixed and other Pickles; Sultana's, Harvey, John Bull, Anchovey, &c., Sauces; Durham Mustard, India Soy, Curry, Walnut, and Mushroom Ketchups, Chutney, &c., are adapted to hot and cold

Meats, Fish, Soups, Gravies. &c.

They should be furnished for every table, and supplied to every cook.

C. & B.'s goods have gained great renown for their purity and quality, not only in England but in other countries. They are sold nearly as low as inferior goods, and purchasers wishing their preparations, should see that the name of Crosse & Blackwell, London, is on each Bottle or parcel purchased.

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Rubber Coats,	-	$1.50	to	$8.00
Rub'r Horse Covers,		2.50	"	5.00
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All Goods at the Manufacturers' Lowest Prices.

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THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steam ships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin, $75 Third Class, $30. Third Class, *from Liverpool*, $40. Third Class, *from Cork to New York*, $30. Third Class, *from Cork to Boston*, $32,50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents, 99 State Street and Constitution Wharf, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

REMITTANCES:—Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britian or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN

CRANE'S PATENT RUBBER BAND

Carpet Sweeper.

THIS is the only article fit to sweep a Carpet. They save all the labor and dust, and the Carpets will last twice as long. They are one of the most important articles in house-keeping, which no one will be without after once using it. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

PRICE $2.50.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE

RUBBER BAND CARPET SWEEPER CO.

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O. H. WEED & CO., Agents.

P. S. We solicit orders from all Traders and Pedlers, to whom we will forward a sample, or any quantity of the above Sweepers, at the lowest wholesale price, viz:—$21 per dozen.

O. H. WEED & CO.

$1200 A YEAR AND EXPENSES GUARANTEED AGENTS FOR

FULLAM'S

$10 Patent Stencil Tools.

THE WHOLE OUTFIT IN A NEAT TRUNK FOR $10.

TWO hours' practice enables any one to use these tools with facility. The outfit contains Chisels and Gouges for LARGE WORK, and stock enough to retail for $150. Circulars and samples sent free.

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Is removed from the foot of WEBSTER ST., East Boston, to

Nos. 17 and 19 Eastern Avenue,

THIRD DOOR FROM COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

CONSTANTLY on hand a choice selection of all kinds of French and American Esopus Burr Millstones. Stones dressed and repaired in Mills at short notice, and by most competent workmen. N. CRILLY.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL COMPANY.

Kerosene, Illuminating, Lubricating and Binnacle Oils.

THE above Oils, from the manufactory of this Company, constantly on handand for sale by the Agents,

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COLDS! COUGHS!!

BROWN'S BRONCHICAL TROCHES CURE *Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, clear and give strength to the voice of*

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FEW are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "slight cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are the most valuable article, especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarsness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at 25 cents a box.

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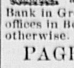

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WIRE AND SOLDER,

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Gold and Silver Assayed and Melted.

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FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRUIT,

Confectionary, &c. Meals with hot Tea and Coffee at all hours.

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$40 EUREKA LOCK-STITCH $40 SEWING MACHINES,

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of the latest style, fine material and faithful workmanship, designed for the NEW ENGLAND RETAIL TRADE. Great care has been taken to get up articles that will favor the eye and do good service. Also, a large assortment of Gentlemen's

FURNISHING GOODS, &C.

☞ Attention invited, believing that purchasers will find something to please.

GEORGE W. SIMMONS & CO.,

OAK HALL,

32 & 33 North Street, Boston, Mass.

Day & Martin, London,

REAL JAPAN BLACKING,

From DAY & MARTIN, 97 High Holborn, London, for polishing and preserving Leather, celebrated throughout the civilized world as the best composition for Boots and Shoes. Sold by the principal dealers in Family Stores, Boots, Shoes, &c. Each bottle of the genuine bears the name of the Agents,

BRAY & HAYES, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

Metcalf's Superior Indelible Ink,

FOR STENCIL PLATES, Thin Brass, Zinc Frames, Brushes, Steel Dies, &c. The best of *STENCIL ALPHABETS.* Also Type and Stamps with Indelible Ink, cheap at wholesale. Letters of inquiry with postage stamp enclosed, and orders, promptly attended to. Direct to

M. J. METCALF, 45½ Salem St., Boston.

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.
From S. M. Pettengill & Co., Boston.

F. R. ROBINSON'S INDEXIBLE SOAP.

TWO SILVER MEDALS AWARDED.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Britanna, and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c., warranted to contain nothing that *can possibly* injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use.

Many of our largest dealers in Silver Ware have given it their unqualified approval. ☞ See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other Soap for cleaning fine House Paint, the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the paint, which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as when new.

PUMICE SOAP instantly removes Ink, Pitch, Varnish, Acid, and other stains from the hands, leaving them soft and white. It is equal to the best French poncine and is sold for less than half the price.

HONEY SOAP, PURE.—Competent and disinterested judges pronounce this Soap equal to the best imported and far superior to most that claims the name, Honey. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin, and fragrant as a flower garden.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest metals, and agreeable to the taste. Physicians and other scientific men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth and Gums of all are infested with Animal Parasites. Careful and repeated experiments have proved that Soap is the only agent that will destroy them without injury to the organs.

It effectually rids the mouth of the fœtid matter and tartar which renders the breath so impure and disagreeable—it gives tone and strength to the gums, and a clear, pearly whiteness to the teeth, preventing their premature decay.

Manufactured only by the BOSTON INDEXICAL SOAP COMPANY,

GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents,

78 Sudbury st., Boston.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

☞ THE GREAT CURATIVE.

PERUVIAN SYRUP!

TRY IT.

Principal Office, 39 Summer Street.

JEWETT & COMPANY.

For Sale by all Druggists.

DENNISON'S MERCHANDISE TAGS. 163 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON. SHIPPING & TREE LABELS.

TAGS FOR Cloths, Clothing, Dry Goods, Carpetings Hardware, Fancy G'ds Jewelry, Furs, Upholstery, Furniture, GasFixtur's

A VOICE FROM THE WEST:

COPIED FROM THE CLEVELAND PLAINDEALER.

UNIVERSAL! UNIVERSAL!

IS THE DEMAND FOR

Dr. S. O. Richardson's

SHERRY WINE BITTERS,

The celebrated New England Remedy for HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE FEVER and AGUE, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all DISEASES arising from a DISORDERED STOMACH, LIVER, OR BOWELS.

THEY are used and recommended by leading Physicians of the country, and all who try them pronounce them invaluable.

Dr. JAMES L. LEEPERE writes from Navarre, Stark County, Ohio: "The Bitters are praised by those suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia and liver complaint."

E. S. DAVIS, Postmaster at Williamsport, Ohio, says: "They give great satisfaction. I used them myself, having taken cold, become prostrate and lost my appetite. It relieved me and I can recommend it with great assurance of its merits."

Dr. WM. M. KERR of Rogersville, Indiana, writes us that they are the most valuable medicine offered. He has recommended them with great success, and with them made several cures of palpitation of the heart and general debility.

THOMAS STANFORD, Esq., Blountville, Henry Co., Indiana, writes us a long letter under date of May 4, 1860. He was much reduced, having been afflicted for three years with great nervous debility, palpitation of the heart of the most severe and prostrating character, "after using a few bottles I was completely restored, and am now in robust health."

GEORGE W. HOFFMAN says he was afflicted with rheumatism for 20 years in all its various forms, and at the date of his letter he had been two years; the bitters effecting the cure, when several physicians attending him could do him no good.

He says, "for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney affection or dropsey, it is a specific and certain remedy."

J. W. HUNT writes from Delphos, Allen County, Ohio, (a section where Fever and Ague prevails,) that he most cheerfully recommends them of decided merit in all cases of Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia and General Debility.

D. K. GALLESHERS, M. D. writes from Van Wert, Ohio. "I most respectfully recommend the Sherry Wine Bitters to the notice of dyspeptic persens, and all who require a stimulating medicine."

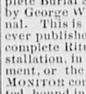
Such News we are receiving Daily.

FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE

Sold by dealers in medicine generally.

THE FREEMASONS' MONITOR,

BY THOMAS SMITH WEBB.



A new and beautifully illustrated pocket edition, containing, in addition to the Manual of Webb, (carefully collated with the original,) a Manual for the Degrees of Royal and Select Master, full Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, and Installation, in Council and Encampment, a historical sketch of the Lectures of Masonry, a correct Likeness of Webb, (with a fac-similie autograph,) and a complete Burial Service for the Orders of Knighthood, by George W. Chase Editor of the Masonic Journal. This is the only *complete* Masonic Monitor ever published, as it is the only one containing complete Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, Installation, in Lodge, Chapter, Council and Encampment, or the above named Burial Service. The MONITOR contains 352 pages, is splendidly illustrated, bound in best Morocco, tucks, gilt, and is sold at $ per copy. The same bound in Muslin, 75 cts. per copy.

Also, the THREE FIRST DEGREES of the same work, in muslin, price 37 cents, at retail. (postpaid to any part of the United States.) A liberal discount made to the trade.

PUBLISHED BY

A. W. POLLARD,

Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in

MILITARY, REGALIA, AND THEATRICAL GOODS.

No. 6 Court St., Boston.

NATURAL HISTORY STORE,

16 Tremont Street, Boston.

CHARLES G. BREWSTER,

DEALER in Preserved Birds, Animals and Skins. Live Birds, fine singing Canaries, Cages, Marine Shells Minerals, Insects, brilliant Feathers, Moss and Feather Work, Artificial Eyes and Leaves. Also, Aquaria Tanks, Goldfish, Glass Shades, Bird Seed of all kinds, Nests, Sand, &c.

Birds and Animals preserved to order. When sent from other places they will be safely packed.

Trusses, Supporters, and Shoulder Braces.

DR. J. W. PHELPS, celebrated throughout New England and the West, as the inventor of various kinds of apparatus for the cure and correction of all kinds of deformities, keeps constantly on hand at his establishment, *No. 68 Tremont Street Boston*, a full assortment, such as Patent Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Knee Caps, Elastic Stockings, &c., &c.,

Dr. Phelps' Apparatus are used and recommended by the faculty at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

J. A. BRUCE,

NO. 106 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Dealer in

Horses, Carriages, Piano-Fortes, Iron Safes, Cigars, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

And various other kinds of Merchandise. Also, *Real Estate* bought and sold. Money loaned on Personal Property. Always ready to buy, sell, or exchange property.

FAIRBANKS & BREED,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Ale, Porter, Cider, Mineral water,

Congress Spring Water, Draught Ale, Porter, and Lager Beer.

Howard Athenæum Building,

HOWARD ST., BOSTON.

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS
From S. M. Pettengill & Co., Boston.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

A Cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, General Debility, and all Scrofulus Humors.

THIS COMPOUND has been used with the most complete success by our most celebrated Physicians, for the removal and permanent cure of the above diseases. Hundreds for whom there was no hope before the discovery of this simple yet effectual remedy, have been raised to health and happiness by its timely use. The following case of Mr. J. Williams is sufficient to convince all of its Wonderful effects. He says:—

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for several months. I had used the clear Cod Liver Oil most of the time, but had derived but little benefit from it. I had an attack of Bleeding at the Lungs, which alarmed my friends very much, as they now supposed there was no hope for me. About this time I heard of your Compound Cod Liver Oil and Lime. I immediately commenced using it, and began soon to percive its beneeficia effects; in two months my cough had entirely left me, and I am now enjoying perfect health. Truly yours, J. Williams."

N. B. This Compound does not nauseate like the Clear Oil.—Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, No. 166 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

ROMAN CEMENT,

Imported by

Bray & Hayes, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

Roman and Portland Cement, for brick or stone work, hydraulics, gas and water pipe joints, &c.,

Business Cards.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, April 1st, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.00 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.00 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.00 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.00 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.00, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.00, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00, 5.15, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.15, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10 p m., Mondays at 11 30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7 55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8 12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 † p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Wednesdays at 10.30 P. M.,

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant
B. L. and N. & L R. R,

March 30th, 1861.

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,

Woburn Centre

Jan. 21, 1860. tf

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1858. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY,

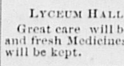
DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,

School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL,.............WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7



HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,

PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satsfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single Hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by leaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

T. RICKARD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Residence on BENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant Street, on the right.

Woburn, Dec. 4. tf

PERSONS'

WOBURN AND BOSTON EXPRESS,

Will leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a. m., and Boston at 2 o'clock, p. m.

OFFICES: J. S. Ellis and W. Woodberry's Store Woburn; No. 6 Court Square, and 46 North Market Street, Boston

A. E. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

No. 3 Wade's Block.

Woburn, April, 1854.

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Pilling's Factory," for the purpose of

Grinding Corn, Rye, &c.,

is now prepared to wait upon such in that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days. BENJ. MANSFIELD.

Nov. 12, 1859 tf

Magazines for 1861!

All Magazines are supplied at the

WOBURN BOOK STORE

at prices less than publishers' rates, together with the saving of postage.

HARPER for 1861,	$ .40.
GODEY, "	.40.
PETERSON, "	.00.
ATLANTIC, "	.40.
ECLECTIC, "	4.80.

and all other Magazines at proportionate rates.

☞ Persons wishing to commence with the New Year, should subscribe at once.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Miscellaneous.

The Bachelor's Lament.

"Oh who would be a bachelor?" I heard a husky groan,
And, looking up, beheld the head of one I long had known:
Stretched out before the fire with his legs upon a chair,
And face of utter wretchedness, he sang this plaintive air—

"Oh, who would be a bachelor, and live in furnished rooms,
With landlady all innocent of brushes and of brooms;
Where all the effort seems to be to try as best she may
How *little* she can do for you, and how *much* make you pay?

"Oh, who would be a bachelor? Just overlook my things;
Each shirt is somewhere buttonless, no collar has both strings:
My socks are worn out at the heels, and ditto at the toes;
The more about it I complain, the worse the matter grows.

"Oh, who would be a bachelor? Just try it for a bit,
And when at evening you come home, be forced alone to sit,
With no companion save your thoughts, and those not over bright;
Oh! ladies, ladies, take my word, it is a sorry sight!

"Oh who would be a bachelor? Not I, upon my life!
I know too much about it. Oh! dear girls, I want a wife!
So listen, all ye maidens—tall or short, or stout or thin—
My heart's to let, this April day! Oh! who will venture in?"

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.—Soon after Mr. Webster removed to Marshfield, he made his masterly speech in the U. S. Senate, in reply to Hayne. The gentleman of whom he bought his farm at Marshfield, Captain Thomas, a great admirer of Mr. Webster, both before and after he knew him personally, had read the great speech of Hayne, in the Boston *Centinel*—a paper that he subscribed for, not without asking Mr. Webster what paper he had "better take." Captain Thomas regarded the speech of Hayne as unanswerable. He was gloomy and quite sick at heart about it. He took to his room, and even went to bed.

In a day or two, the mail brought along another Boston *Semi-weekly Centinel*. It contained a report of Mr. Webster's speech in reply to Hayne. It was carried to the chamber of Captain Thomas, with the announcement of what it contained. Captain Thomas was scarcely aroused by it. He was not only believing, but faithless. He said, "Mr. Hayne cannot be answered; it is of no use to think it."

The newspaper was left, and the bearer took leave.

Soon a joyful noise was heard in the chamber of Capt. Thomas. The sick man had read the speech of Webster, was cured and cried at the top of his voice, "Bring ME MY BOOTS."

POPPING THE QUESTION.—The late Professor D—— was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course the lady replied by a gentle "No!"

The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again.

"Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question which you put to me when we last met?"

The Professor said that he remembered.

"And do you remember my answer, Mr. D——?"

"Oh yes," said the Professor.

"Well, Mr. D——," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind."

"And so have I," drily responded the Professor. He maintained his bachelorhood to the close.

"I am unable," yonder beggar cries,
"To stand or go." If he says *true* he *lies*.

☞ A crowd about a tavern door was busy discussing what animal was the most contrary. Some contended that a mule was—some a hog—some a yoke of oxen. A Dutchman who had gravely listened to the conversation, gave his experience: "Te mule, te hog, and te ox, is very stubborn, but the hen is the stubbornest animal in te world. I had von, and I vanted to hatch some eggs. I made von little nest and put her in it, and she gets up and runs avay. I den makes her anoder little nest and puts her in it, and she runs avay again. I den makes von leetle box and puts it all over te hen, and for all te trubble mit I have, ven I peep under te leetle box, wat should I see but te tam hen a settin, shtandin'."

☞ "Why, Riley, I thought you wasn't allowed to keep open shop on Sunday; how is it?"

"Well, you see, we sell nothing but religious drinks here, and that makes all the difference. What will you take? A Puritan's comfort (brndy smash) or an Age of Reason (brandy and rum)?"

"I'll take the Puritan, Mr. Riley, 'cos I like something of the real grit."

☞ Sam says:—"Fred, don't never imagine woman is an angel. If you ever have any symptoms of that kind, just take a good dose of catnip tea and go to bed; for 'tis a disease worse than the measles if it happens to 'strike in'—I had it once," Girls, what ought to be done with the fellow?

☞ Some poet defines "beautiful extract" to be helping a young lady out of a mud puddle. This is almost as bad as the wit of Hartley Coleridge, who being once asked which of Wordsworth's productions he considerd the best, answered—"His daughter Dora."

☞ Kissing is all very well, I suppose, but, seeing young ladies kiss each other, looks like a very lavish use of good things. Don't you think so?

☞ A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, is reported to have remarked: "Why d'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as parson says; but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a Tar, and she's a Tar-tar."

☞ There are more disappointed lovers after than before marriage.

☞ Go ahead is a good motto; *look* ahead is another.

SHERIFF'S SALE

MIDDLESEX ss. March 26, 1861.

BY VIRTUE of an Execution which issued on a judgment in favor of J. Quincy Blake, of Bedford, in our said County of Middlesex, at the term of the Superior Court holden at Cambridge, for and within our County of Middlesex aforesaid, on the Second Monday of December last, to wit, on the twenty-fifth day of February A. D. 1861, I have taken all the right in equity that Abner B. Lane of Bedford, aforesaid, had on the Thirtieth day of November A. D. 1857, when the same was attached on the original writ or which the said Lane now has to redeem certain Mortgaged Real Estate lying in Bedford in said County, to wit:

A certain tract of land in the Northerly part of Bedford with the buildings thereon, containing eighteen acres more or less—Bounded, beginning at the North Westerly corner of the premises on the road leading from Bedford to Billerica; thence Easterly and bounded Northerly on land belonging to the wife of O. W. Lane, as the wall now stands, in a straight line to land of J. Smith; thence running Westerly on said Smith's land to land of G. Dutton in a straight line as the wall now stands to an angle in the wall; thence Northerly as the wall runs on land of Levi Bailey to an angle in the wall; thence Westerly as the wall now runs to an angle in the wall; thence Northerly as aforesaid; thence Westerly as aforesaid to said road; thence Northerly on said road as the wall now stands to the bound first mentioned; being the same premises mortgaged to Wm. L. Whitney of Cambridge, and recorded in Middlesex registry of deeds (South District,) Book 649, Page 237, to which reference may be had. And on MONDAY the TWENTY-NINTH day of APRIL next, at four o'clock, P.M., at my office in Woburn, in said County, I shall offer for sale to the highest bidder said right in equity of redemption, to satisfy said Execution and all costs and charges of sale.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.

Carpets for the People!

Quality is the Test of Cheapness!

Crossley,s Best Tapestries and velvets,—the best carpets of English production, now opening by the New England Carpet Co., 75 Hanover street, opposite American House, Boston.

20,000 Yards Elegant Tapestry Brussels, for 80 cents per yard. These goods were bought subject to manufacturers' slight imperfections, at a recent auction sale in New York. They are of the most elegant styles, rich and gorgeous colors, and modern patterns. The imperfections are slight, and scarcely perceptible, and of such a nature as not to injure the durability or appearance of the goods, and will be retailed at 80 cents per yard, and no deduction in price on account of wholesale purchases. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover streeet, opposite the American House, Boston.

Royal Velvet Carpets,

For $1 12½ per yard — 20 pieces from the New York auction sales, just opened by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite the American House, Boston.

Kidderminster Carpets,

Subject to slight imperfections in matching,—for 55 cents peryard. These goods are heavy, all wool, bright colors, and modern styles, and are the cheapest carpets in the market. Just received by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Boston.

Superfines and Three-Plys,

Of the best quality now opening by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Boston.

A New Carpet.

CROSSLEY'S IMPROVED ELECTROTYPE,—Recommended for its durability, permanency of colors, elegant styles, and beautiful designs, for sale at 62½ cents per yard, by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street Boston.

Real Brussels.

There has long been a want of a place where the real full frame Brussels could be had without paying the extravagant profits usually demanded for them. In order to meet this want, we have placed in our retail department a general assortment of Chintz, Mosaic, Persian, Turkey, and other popular designs, from the most celebrated makers in England and this country, and shall henceforth keep constantly on hand the fullest and most complete stock of this particular sort of carpet. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite American House, Boston.

Floor Oil Cloths.

No person should be induced to purchase without first seeing those made by the new method of enameling the surface, rendering them very beautiful and durable. For sale by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, opposite American House, Boston.

Floor Oil Cloths.

"GET THE BEST."

The enamelled and satin finished goods now opening by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street, Boston.

Look Out.

As the name of our firm has been very closeyl imitated by others, purchasers are reminded that we occupy our old warehouse, the entrance to which is numbered 75 Hanover street.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS.

THE MAKORA ARABICA,

DISCOVERED BY A

Missionary while traveling in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are threatened with Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Bronchitis should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Asthma, Scrofula and impurities of the blood should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

It cures Consumption.
It cures Bronchitis.
It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds.
It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and impurities of the Blood.

This unequalled remedy is now for the first time introduced to the public.

It was providentially discovered by a missionary while travelling in Arabia. He was cured of Consumption by its use after his case was pronounced hopeless by learned physicians in Europe.

He has forwarded to us in writing, a full account of his own extraordinary cure, and of a number of other cures which have come under his observation, and also a full account of the medicine.

At his request, and impelled by a desire to extend a knowledge of this remedy to the public, we have had his communication printed in pamphlet form for free distribution. Its interest is enhanced by an account which he gives of some of the scenes of the Syrian massacres, which he obtained from those who suffered in that awful tragedy.

This pamphlet may be obtained at our office, or it will be sent free by mail to all who apply for it.

We import the MAKORA ARABICA direct from Smyrna through the house of Cleon & Gylippus, and we have always on hand a full supply put up in bottles ready for use with full directions.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sent by mail, on receipt of price, and 24 cents for postage.

For sale wholesale and retail by

LEEDS, GILMORE & CO,
Importers of Drugs and Medicines,
61 Liberty St., New York.

SOLD ALSO BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY

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No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effects. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.

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It is mild, delicate and fruity, and is designed to be always uniform in quality and character. Put up in pint and quart bottles, in cases containing two dozen pints and one dozen quarts, and is sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

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(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles, (mostly from St. John timber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.

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Curative and Nerve Tonic:

For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.

THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

WILMINGTON DEPOT, May 16th, 1859.

PETER LAWSON—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,

L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.

I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,

T. FOSTER FARMER.

Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly, J. B. EATON.
Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

DRACUT, Nov. 19, 1860.

HON. PETER LAWSON:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you, that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it vry often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me, and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it, and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, thrt I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,

WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

PETER LAWSON, Lowell, Mass, proprietor.
M. S. BURR & CO., No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston General Agents for the United States.

The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W. CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD; in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY. 21—1y.

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SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone

FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS,—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds. Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.

Prepared and sold by W. B. MOFFAT,
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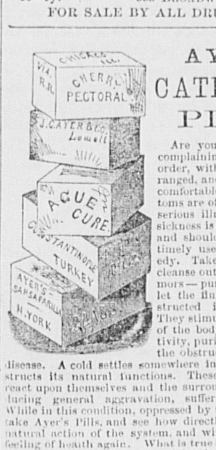
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.



Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering, and disease. While in this condition, oppressed by the derangements, take Ayer's Pills, and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of heath again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint, is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly, and many of them surely, cured by the same means. None who know the virtues of these Pills, will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure.

Statements from leading physicians in some of the principal cities, and from other well known public persons.

From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her.

ASA MORGRIDGE.

As a Family Physic.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, New Orleans.

Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.

DEAR BRO. AYER: I cannot answer you *what* complaints I have *cured* with your Pills better than to say *all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine.* I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1855.

DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst *headache* any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once.

Yours with great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.

Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *bilious complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., 7th Feb., 1856.

SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them. Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.

From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.

Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses for *bilious dysentery* and *diarrhœa.* Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and *purify the fountains of the blood.*

JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, etc.

From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.

Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of *costiveness.* If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are worse. I believe *costiveness* to originate in the liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.

I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the *natural secretion* when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to *cleanse the stomach* and *expel worms.* They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

PULASKI HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.

HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating *neuralgic pains*, which ended in *chronic rheumatism.* Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SENATE CHAMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.

DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured, by your Pills, of *Rheumatic Gout*—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

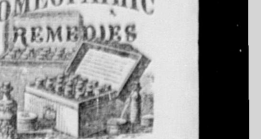
☞ Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

Price, 25 cents per Box, or 5 Boxes for $1.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass

Sold by Druggists and Medicine dealers.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific Remedies for the People.



HEAR WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

The undersigned having used Professor HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES in our families with the most satisfactory results, and having full confidence in their genuineness, purity, and efficacy, cheerfully recommend them to all persons who wish to have safe, reliable, and efficacious remedies at hand for private or domestic use.

The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of "The Northern Independent," Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. E. H. Cressey, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. B. I. Ives, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison; the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, Rector, New-Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. Allen Steele, New-York Conference; the Rev. Samuel Nichols, East-Genesee Conference, N. Y.; the Rev. P. S. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; the Rev. John E. Roble, Buffalo; A. C. Hart, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; the Hon. Neal Dow, Portland, Me.; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, South-Bend, Ind.; the Hon. George Humphreys, N. Y.; Henry D. Cook, Esq., Editor of The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio; the Hon. R. H. Graham, Moline, Ill.; the Hon. Thomas J. Chase, Monticello, Fla.; the Hon. Joseph Benedict, Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bristol, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; A. S. Pond, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; James Plunkett, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

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No. 1.—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.
No. 2.—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, Wetting the Bed.
No. 3.—For Colic, Crying, Teething, and Wakefulness of Infants.
No. 4.—For Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum, and Summer Complaints.
No. 5.—For Colic, Gripings, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.
No. 6.—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.
No. 7.—For Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throat.
No. 8.—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache, and Neuralgia.
No. 9.—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.
No. 10.—DYSPEPSIA PILLS—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Constipation, and Liver Complaint.
No. 11.—FOR FEMALE IRREGULARITIES, Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Periods.
No. 12.—For Leucorrhea, Profuse Menses, and Bearing Down of Females.
No. 13.—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.
No. 14.—SALT RHEUM PILLS—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.
No. 15.—RHEUMATIC PILLS.—For Pain, Lameness, or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins, or Limbs.
A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Old Mismanaged Agues.
P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.
O.—For Sore, Weak, or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.
C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In all acute diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas, the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened, and rendered less dangerous.

Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Piles, Female Debility, and Irregularities, old Headaches, Sore or Weak Eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles or Catarrh, Headache or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

PRICE.

Case of 20 vials complete, in morocco, and Book ......$[illegible]
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Persons who wish to place themselves under the professional care, or to seek advice of Prof. HUMPHREYS, can do so, at his office 562 Broadway, daily from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M or by letter.

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Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and inclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New-York and the medicine will be duly returned by mail or express free of charge.

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No. 562 BROADWAY NEW-YORK

Miss M. Flint, Agent, Main Street Woburn.

DR. M'LANE'S

Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC,

OR

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a knawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE

Will certainly effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to

RETURN THE MONEY

in every instance where it should prove ineffectual: "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the supposition of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

We pledge ourselves to the public, that

Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge

DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY

in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, *not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant*

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FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA.

P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and *take none but Dr. M'Lane's, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.* To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post paid, to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Country Store Keepers generally.

Sold Woburn by Benjamin W. Conaan Elbridge Trull, also by dealers in Medicine everywhere.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL X : : No. 30. | WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861. | TWO DOLLARS A YEAR SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Summons.

To arms! along a thousand wires
The flashing summons flies;
To arms! the ensign of our sires
In dust dishonored lies.
The stars, that long have soared unfurled
O'er fort and field and fleet,
And claimed the homage of the world,
Fall spurned by rebel feet.

To arms! the summons flashes forth
Through city, town and farm,
And, lo! the freemen of the North
By myriads rise and arm;
From forge and field, from mine and mart,
From happy haunt and home—
One feeling fires each patriot heart,
"Our country calls, we come!"

No craven scruple bids them pause,
No differing views divide,
But proud to serve a sacred cause,
They scorn all meaner pride;
And nobly pledging heart and home,
Like brothers forth they fare
To scourge Rebellion from the land,
And treason from its lair.

Yet no mad rage of war they feel,
No lust of conquest know,
And sorrow mingles with the zeal
Which they for duty show;
But, trusting to the triple might
That shields a righteous cause,
They arm and battle for the right—
The Union and the Laws.

Select Literature.

A WAITING-MAID'S STORY.

IT seemed a very long journey that we poor parliamentary passengers were taking, in this early November weather, all the way from London to Liverpool. The stoppages were frequent enough, but of such short duration, we had scarcely time to get ourselves warmed at the crowded grate, before the inexorable bell rung for us to start again, and off we went, with a shriek, into the blinding fog. It was positively too dark to see to read with any comfort, even if one was so indifferent to the biting air as to lend one of his hands to hold his book up; we put both of them into our pockets instead, or more usually sat upon them to keep them warm. It was only when the guard came from time to time to look at our tickets, and trod upon our feet, that we began to feel we had them, so dead they were with cold.

"Sir," observed a comical looking tailor to his official, "your seats are too narrow to be sat upon after my cross-legged fashion, so please be careful; for, although my toes are frozen, they will not bear."

This produced a laugh, and then rose a little idle talk, principally about how miserable we were, and then, as poor people used, we began to tell what our business was in Liverpool, whereupon it seemed that half a carriage full were emigrants. Each had his say; and every tale, however roughly told, had more or less interest, because it was real and human, so that we quite forgot our weariness and cold for a little time. Then since this had answered so well, the sprightly tailor proposed that one of the party should tell us a regular story, of his own life, if he chose, but not only of his present circumstances, but of what lead to them—which was an idea we all received quite rapturously, expecting the tailor himself to begin. But he said no; we must draw lots for that. So, producing some long stripes of measuring paper, he wrote a word on one, and shook them altogether in a hat, and sent it round. There was a great deal of giggling among the men, but for a long time nobody pulled out the fatal lot; at last a burst of laughter from those about one of the corner seats announced that the victim had been selected, and that from among the ladies.

She was certainly the plainest of the female passengers. Her nose turned up, and her mouth had scarcely any turn at all; her hair was read, and so were the rims of her eyes; and themselves were far from being good ones; but there was a certain piquancy and sprightliness about her, too, as though she had been a French lady's maid, rather than an English one. She looked as if she could put her hand and her round arm to anything, and she had been very good tempered and obliging through the whole journey.

It was understood—it had been expressed, indeed, already, rather triumphantly, by the young lady herself—that she was an engaged young person going out to Australia to be married; that there was somebody waiting upon the other hemisphere with out-stretched hands, yearning to take her as his bride. She would be a capital wife for a settler, without doubt, although perhaps in England we should have called her a settler for a wife. She seemed to know very well, indeed, what we were all likely to think about this matter; but she didn't care.

"If I had been better looking"—she began her story with this—"I might never have got a husband, or, at least, not the money to marry him on, which is the same thing. The unsuitableness of my face to what I may be allowed to call a very tolerable figure, has been literally the means of bestowing much happiness, as I hope, upon Joseph, and of putting four hundred pounds into my own pocket.

"And this was how it all came about. My late mistress, who was very kind to me, and had intended, poor thing—for she told me so—to leave me comfortably provided for, took me over with her, seven years ago, to Paris. She was a widow lady, fond of gay life and brilliant amusement, and that place suited her so well, that she made it her home, and I, but little loth, remained there too. Joseph and I had kept company together before that time, but he was not so foolish as to wish me to give up my expectations for the sake of a hurried marriage; he said that he would wait patiently, dear fellow, although the great salt sea was to roll between us, and there could be no chance of getting a letter oftener than once a day. He was a mason's assistant in London, and very hardly worked, it seemed, for he himself was not able to reply so often; however, of course I was not a bird that I could be in two places at once, so I made the best of it, and was as happy as a confidential lady's maid, under such circumstances, could hope to be.

"One evening I had been preparing my mistress, who was a very splendid dresser, for the opera; my only fellow-servant was on leave of absence for some days; and except the porter in the court-yard, there was nobody, when the carriage had driven off that night, in the house save myself; therefore, having nothing better—or at least nicer—to do, and being in my mistress' bedroom, among her beautiful robes and ornaments, it was hardly to be expected that I was to resist such an opportunity of putting them on. The room besides being charmingly hung with mirrors, had a delicious full length, swinging glass, and before this I amused myself for a good long while. I beheld how Mademoiselle Elizabeth Martin—that is my present name, but dear Joseph's is Andrews—how she looked in bareges, in silks, in muslins, for the morning; and how lace and satin, and low sleeves, with pearls, became her for evening wear; finally equipping myself in a pleasant glace silk walking-dress, with a bonnet and a falling veil fit for a bride, I could not help twisting round to see as much of myself as possible; and contrasting the effect at the same time with that of madam—who was beautiful enough, but indifferently proportioned—I involuntarily remarked aloud: 'Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are certainly unexceptionable behind.' It was an absurd thing to say, even to one's self, and I remember blushing like a beet, as though it were not quite out of the question that I could be overheard. There were several jewel drawers—this ruby on my little finger, a ring belonging to my mistress' late husband, was in one of them—but I had no time for more than to set off a handsome necklace or two, and to very much regret that my ears had not been punched for the accommodation of an especial pair of diamond ear-rings, before I heard wheels in the church-yard, and my mistress came home. Everything had been put away very carefully, and I undressed her and saw her to bed as usual. She was more than commonly kind and gentle in her manner that night, as I have often since thought, at least, and when she wished me *bon soir*, she added, 'I am sure we shall both be tired to-morrow, Bessie, so call me an hour later, and take an extra sleep yourself.' I was never to hear good mistress speak any more.

"Did I dream that night that she had left me all her wardrobe, and that I was married in the glace silk? Did I, even in my sleep, build schemes of what I would do with the money that my mistress might enrich me with? No: as I hope for Heaven, and to meet my dear Joseph, with all my woman's heart, too, beating true and warm, I thought no shadow of evil. I told them so in court, where all looked black against me, and they believed me even there. But in that morning, late, when the sun was shining full upon the window, and the noise of people going about their daily work was full and clear, I saw a frightful sight, a ghastly horror, that the day but served to make more hideous and unnatural—my mistress murdered in her bed! No answer when I knocked; again, no answer. The curtains at the bed-side were close drawn, but through the open shutters a fiery flood of light fell red upon the carpet and the curtains—ay, and on the snow-white counterpane, red, also. It was blood! I thought there had been a rain of blood; upon the handles of the drawers, upon the toilet cover, on the dressing of the drawers, upon the towels, in the basin—everywhere, where the murderer's hands had been, after their deadly work; and in the bed—I dared not look in the bed; but in that great spring glass, where I had decked myself but a few hours ago, I saw it all, and every mirror in the room was picturing the same sight—there lay the corpse, the murdered woman with her gaping throat. * * * * * * * They thought at first that I was murdered too, lying so stiff and cold in that dead chamber. I answered nothing to their questions, neither in the house nor in the prison. I knew nothing, nor could I have told them, had I known, until Joseph came. It seemed to me then quite natural that he should be with me—nothing praiseworthy, nothing. (This dear little engaged young person's eyes began to get redder about the rims at this reminiscence; and her story to assume an incoherent as well as choky character.) I did not understand how much I owed him; how, not having heard from me, and reading in the paper that an English lady's maid had been taken up in Paris for the murder in the Rue St. Honore, but she refused to speak, and even had, perhaps, in reality, lost her senses, he started off at once, giving up his employ, and borrowing and begging what he could, and knowing no word of French but the name of that one street, he hurried to me, so that my mind came back to me again and I could tell them what I knew.

"All he did, he said, was less than he ought to have done, because he had behaved so ill to me of old, (which I am sure dear Joseph never had, nor thought of doing.) He stood by me in court—in the prisoner's place along with me he stood, and shared my shame. I told them about the jewels, and of my trying them on; how everything was safe, and the doors locked and the chamber window too high to be climbed up to, though a man might let himself down from it into the yard.

"And then I learned for the first time that all that afternoon and night the murderer had lain hidden under my mistress' bed; and that he must have been there all the time—think of it!—that I was trying on dresses and ornaments; that there was murder in that chamber all the while; it made me shudder even then, amidst that court crowded with people, with Joseph by me.

"They thought it very strange, they said, that since there was so much time before him between my mistress' departure and return, that he had not murdered me instead. He had carried off all the jewels—those in the drawers as well as those which my poor mistress had worn that very evening; but from the moment he had dropped into the court-yard the police could find no trace of him. A mere suspicion fell upon the brother of the gate porter; but it was so vague that he was not put upon his trial.

"A great sum was offered in reward for the apprehension of the murderer, making up, with what was offered by my late mistress' family, nearly £400. She died without a will poor lady, and they were not disposed to give me anything beyond the wages due me. After my acquittal, a collection was made for mine and Joseph's benefit, by some good people; but the money only sufficed to bring us back to England. Joseph had to work out a heavy debt, incurred upon my account, and I went to service at once, resolving to do my best to help him. At the end of two years, poor fellow, except that he had discharged his obligation, he was but little better off than at the beginning; and despairing of ever getting a living for us both in the old country, he sailed twelve months ago for Sidney. Whichever of us first got rich, it was arranged, should cross the sea after the other; and until very lately, seemed that we might each stop where we were, engaged young persons, till we died.

"I was nursery-maid in my new place, and was taking the youngest child across Hyde Park one afternoon, when I was followed by an impertinent man; I had my 'ugly' on, for the sun was hot, so that my face might have been like Venus, for all he knew to the contrary; and otherwise, I flatter myself that I was not disagreeable looking. At all events I attracted the attention of the wretch, who kept close behind me. He was an abominable person, with a foreign appearance—which I had reason for disliking—and eyes that looked different ways, but neither of them nice ways, so that I was glad to get sight of the policeman at the arch. He saw that there was no time to be lost, if he meant to get a look at me at all, so he passed me on a sudden very quickly, turned round, and looked up into my face. I gave him a tolerable stare, too, because I knew it would disappoint him, after his great expectations, and it did so; and not only that, for it made him give a villianous grin, which I hope that I may never see again, and he broke out as if he could not help it for the life of him, with,—'Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are unexceptionable behind.' I cried out 'murder,' and 'police,' as loud as I could, and the man was secured at once.

"No human being except the one who had been under the bed, her murderer, could have known those words, which I had spoken alone, before madam's toilet-glass. He denied everything, of course, and said it was unjust detention; but in a little more than half an hour, a telegraphic message from Paris set his mind at ease in this respect, and demanded his presence in that city. He was the elder brother of the gate-porter, whom I have never seen before; and what I had to tell, in addition to the previous suspicion against him, procured his conviction. He was sent to the galleys for life. This ruby ring, which he wore upon his little finger, I identified as having been in the jewel-drawer that very night, It was bestowed upon me after the trial, by the heir at law, and I obtained besides it the £400 reward. If I had been pretty, you see, there would not have been any occasion for me to have remarked upon it that evening, and I might have remained my whole life an engaged young person."

HUMMING BIRDS.—The ruby throat is very easily tamed, and is a most loving and trustful little creature. Mr. Webber has given a most interesting account of a number of ruby-throats which he succeeded in taming. On several occasions he had enticed the living meteors into his room by placing vases of tempting flowers, but he had always lost them by their dashing at the window, and striking against the glass. At last, however, his attempts were crowned with success, and "this time I succeeded in securing an unwounded captive, which, to my inexpressible delight, proved to be one of the ruby-throated species, the most splendid and diminutive that comes north of Florida. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts refined loaf sugar with one of fine honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. While my sister ran to prepare it, I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually "playing possum"—feigning to be dead most skillfully. It lay upon my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes, and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it. But when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon the point of its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver tea-spoon. When sated, it refused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger, and plumed itself quite as artistically as if on its favorite spray. I was enchanted with the bold, innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen black eyes to survey us, as to say, 'Well, good folks, who are you?'"—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.*

FRESH WATER AT SEA! A fountain in a desert land is hailed with pleasure by the weary traveller; a spring of fresh water in the midst of the ocean must be a still greater delight and surprise to the voyager. Such a spring it is said boils up with great force about eight miles off the coast of St. Augustine, Fla. It is pure fresh water, and ships have lately supplied themselves from it by throwing over a bucket. Think of drinking fresh water drawn from the midst of the "salt, salt sea."

☞ Hon. Jefferson Davis compares the position of the secessionists to the revolutionary fathers, upon which the Evening Post says—"He and his confederates are no more like his compeers than a Chimpanzee stealing an African baby is like Columbus discovering a new continent."

Old dog Tray's ever faithful, they say,
But the dog that is faithful can never be-tray.

SERMON

Preached by Rev. Dr. Stebbins,

ON SUNDAY FORENOON, APRIL 21ST.

We are enabled, by the politeness of the the author, to lay this sermon before our readers in full. It is a production that cannot fail to interest all, under present circumstances:

Gal. 6: 7.—"Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap."

Almost five months ago, on our annual thanksgiving, I spoke to you on the condition of the country. I felt oppressed and alarmed at the utterance and prevalence of radical error in the history of the nation, and could not refrain from exposing them with all the confidence and energy of denial which a consciousness of truth inspires. I felt oppressed with the responsibility of distinctly denying what many most excellent people held to be indisputable truths. I shrunk from the assumption of what appeared to be such temerity as setting up my knowledge against the knowledge of so many persons who had the most undoubting confidence in their political guides. Deeper still did I feel oppressed, standing here, where no word should be spoken but unmixed truth, with no motive but God's glory and man's redemption, to enter the arena of subjects of daily discussion, in the streets, at caucuses, in newspapers, and legislative halls. But I could not refrain. I did not refrain. I am thankful I did not refrain. And five months opportunity of further thought and inquiry have confirmed every fact I stated, every principle I maintained. By every letter of that sermon I stand to-day. Nothing but the hopes expressed therein have failed. Nor is this all that five more months have revealed and confirmed to my mind. The awful scroll of God's great Providence has been unrolled before us still further. The tendencies of which I then spake have been culminating, the everlasting law of righteousness has been revealing itself, *injustice or nationality must perish*. The events of the last week have transfixed my soul with sorrow, not so much that they have come, as because the high necessity of righteousness has brought them. Every tree brings forth its fruit. I would not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. What we sow that we must reap. We have been sowing to the wind, we must reap the whirlwind which has burst so suddenly to many, though foretold by some of the watchmen who saw the cloud when it was no bigger than a man's hand in the serene sky. The word of God, the teachings of history, personal experience all proclaim with a voice as intelligible as it is emphatic that injustice is accursed of the Almighty and that its fruits, however for a time they may abound and attract will perish,—that there is no safe path for person or nation but incorruptible righteousness, sacred regard to human rights, the rights of the humblest. We stand to-day on the shore of a sea of blood. It becomes every man, woman and child to understand precisely what the facts are, what the causes are, what the results will be. No blind dashing against the adamant of God's everlasting law will avail. The walls of eternal justice will not even tremble before the cannonade of all the earth. No frenzy of revenge for supposed wrongs is of any value. The cool, calm, intelligible purpose carried out with firm foot and steady hand and unblenching eye will alone avail. If war and all its terrors are to come and to be endured, let us know at least what it is all for, and what is to come of it. It is the duty of our rulers to frame the policy and direct the hosts who are now rallying for the conflict, and it would probably be simply infatuated presumption which would induce any one to criticise their plans or suggest methods. But there are some great principles which every patient thinker, and diligent reader understands, which underlie all policies, and on a true understanding of which all policies, to be successful must be based.

I. The great principle which must be the immoveable rock on which all hopes and policies are founded is this: THAT FREEDOM IS THE BIRTHRIGHT OF EVERY CHILD OF GOD, AND MUST BE GRANTED AND ENJOYED, or the desolation of Zahara will take the place of our gardens, the ruins of Tyre the place of our warehouses. I have no time to, nor need I, go into any proof of this first axiom of God's everlasting love. No nation has existed which has made merchandise of men whose existence has not been quenched in blood or stifled with corruption. This great enactment of the Eternal is written all over the earth in the desolations of the kingdoms which have wrought this unrighteousness. And our nation is a swift witness to the same unchallenged fact. When our fathers framed this government they most scrupulously and sacredly guarded the constitution from all direct reference to slavery so that when the few slaves which then existed in the country should disappear, there would be no need of eracing a line, or changing a word of that grand instrument,—a glory to the men who framed it, to their sons who have cherished, and *will maintain it*. The great patriots of the revolution were almost to a man decided enemies of slavery. The most vehement denunciations of it came from the immortal patriots of the South. They knew, for they had read history,—Jefferson, perhaps the most scholarly and philosophic man of the age, declared it in words which now stir our blood,—these men knew, I say, that slavery must cease or liberty would perish. The sage of Monticello, as he meditated in his home under the shadow of the Blue Ridge on the condition of his country, exclaimed, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, for the Almighty has no attribute which will permit him to take part with us" in the conflict to enslave and hold men in bondage. This is not the time or the place to amass facts to prove that the patriots of the revolution believed that slavery would soon entirely disappear. Such was the fact. They believed therefore in the permanency of their work because it was founded on the rock of eternal justice.

But what has been the result? The principle of the fathers has been deserted and despised. We have gone on for two generations, extending the terrible wrong advocating it, strengthening it, till civil war blazes all along our borders. Pampered tyranny, as Jefferson predicted, has demanded unrestrained license, and sleeping liberty has at last waked from its slumbers and lifted its bleeding head and fettered limbs in amazement. More exhorbitant have been the demands, less and less sated has been the greed, of oppression. It has fattened on what it had fed. Every concession has been the ground of new demands,—a proclamation of the tameness, or blindness, or forbearance of freedom. The more indulgence has been granted the more the clamor has been increased, till every power must be bent to hold the oppressed, and every soil opened to extend the curse. And when at last the people in their might rose from their supineness and proclaimed in the spirit and language of the Fathers that liberty was the law and spirit of the nation, and not bondage, the foul fiend of tyranny seized anew and tore with frenzy those whom it had before possessed, and they stole from the nation all on which they could lay their hands, and opened grim war on all that resisted their national felony. Everything had been surrendered but the confession, and acting upon it, that slavery was as much the spirit of our institutions as freedom, that under our national flag trading in men, women, and children was as legitimate a business as buying and selling wheat and corn; and because the sons of the men who drafted and sustained the declaration of independence, who made immortal and fertile with their blood the fields of the seven years revolutionary struggle, who framed that noble constitution from which the patriots of Virginia required every direct allusion to the existence of slavery to be struck, because the descendents of *these* men would not so dishonor their fathers and so disgrace themselves, and so challenge the red bolts of eternal justice, they have opened a murderous fire upon men who for two days had ate no bread, and are marching by the sacred ashes of the great Washington at Mt. Vernon, to sack the capital whose corner stone was laid by his consecrated hands!

Does not the history of our nation corroborate what the history of the world proclaims that oppression will ruin a nation, and all the sooner if its virus is infused among freemen? I know what has been said and will be said in reply to all this. I shall be told that we must cherish slavery as well as freedom. That we must protect property in human muscles and hearts as well as in cloth and wheat. This is just what I have said cannot be done long at the longest. *God's law makes it impossible.* You cannot feed on strychnine and bread too. The poison will prevail and kill. You cannot breathe both carbonic acid and the air. You will die. You cannot if you would do these impossible, self-contradictory things. Our noble fathers knew it, and declared it, and embodied it in our constitution.

But suppose it could be done, if people would. Grant that bondage and freedom could exist side by side and prosper, *men* would not permit it. Either freedom must crouch to the rod, or the rod must be broken. Men who "know their rights, and knowing dare maintain" them will not bow to tyranny. The master whose passions have been fed on servile submission will not submit to obedience. If there is not spirit enough in freemen to resist oppression, the nation falls apart of corruption. If there is not force enough in tyranny to wield its lash, oppression ceases and liberty triumphs. So that in no way, by no arrangement, by no mode of compromise can you secure the permanency of a nation which is founded on the irreconcilable elements of freedom and slavery. As well might you attempt to rear a warehouse or a temple, half whose foundation should be on a rock the other half on the waves. It would fall asunder of necessity. Let us look this everlasting law of righteousness fairly in the face. Let us know what is before us. We have daubed with untempered mortar long enough, and now the iron storm has begun to fall upon the walls, let us understand precisely what we must do to rear, on their foundation, a government on which all the tempests of heaven may beat and all the torrents of earth pour, and it will neither fall nor tremble. I am more in earnest on this point because *just here* is where we have been deceived and lead astray. This is the fatal error which has brought all our woes. We have been following for thirty years, yea, fifty years, the false opinion, (advocated by many good men it is true,) that by concessions, and compromises, liberty and freedom could live together in peace. We have been told year after year that this concession would be the last, that wrong would ask no more of right, that freedom need wear no more chains after this link was rivetted for the oppressor; but like the horse leech bondage has still kept crying, "Give, give," and, when we had given, or been defrauded out of everything,—not a foot of our virgin territory left to freedom,—we are threatened with civil war; nay, *it is begun*, and our husbands, fathers, sons and brothers are hastily girding themselves to save from sacrilegious seizure, the capital of the nation, because we would not submit to further depredation, and saught protection in the choice of our rulers; because we would not fall prostrate on our faces, and permit the oppressor to walk over our living bodies to absolute power. Before heaven, we affirm that nothing was left us but abject bondage, or peacable assertion of our rights through the ballot box. And now if blood *must* be shed, "woe to him by whom the offence cometh."

Such, then, is the great basal principle of incorruptible righteousness on which a government must rest in order to endure, to receive either the blessings of God or the benedictions of men. How is it to be attained, I shall be asked? What shall we do to found our government on it, now that it is undermined and falling? The question is a fair one and a necessary one, and I shall not shrink from answering it, answering it with confidence, as this place and the Gospel requires it to be answered. No word need be added to, no word need be stricken from, no punctuation mark need be changed in, that all but inspired constitution which the immortal fathers framed. Carry it out to the very letter in the spirit in which they adopted it, and the work is done. They had no thought that slavery was to continue long, or extend far. Could the Father of his country, the great Washington rise from his tomb, nothing would sooner fill his bosom with wonder and his heart with grief than the enormous increase and spread of slavery; nay that the garden and land of his own Mt. Vernon, are kept (rather wasted) and trodden by slaves, when he freed all his own as an example and a glory to his country. But what is to be done, I am asked by every one of you with an earnestness which will not be denied? I will not deny you, I will answer more definitely. Meet out holy justice to every human being, his *inalienable rights*, (as our fathers declared before heaven and the world they would) "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Under the Constitution all the states established and managed their own domestic institutions, and no one had any right to interfere with any other in this respect. That right has been as strictly regarded as any rights are in a political community. Some infractions always take place either through human frailty or malice. But now the Slave States have waged war upon the government. They have precipitated hostilities. *Now the face of things is all changed.* But *two* methods are left us. The one is, to let the rebellious States go, leaving nineteen millions of freemen of us to go on and prosper, a glorious nation, with no cry of bondmen going up to heaven to avenge their wrongs, no leprosy of oppression eating into our vitals. The *other* is, by the force of numbers and wealth to desolate or conquer these rebel States and free all their slaves by the *laws and rights of war*, as well as in accordance with the demands of immaculate justice. Of these two ways of escape from our present peril I unhesitatingly choose the first. I choose it as a man, as a patriot, as a christian. I believe it will be the best infinitely. No blood or but little will be shed. The rallying yeomanry and mechanics can return to their fields and their shops, and very little difference would be observed in our condition, financial or social; and the awful shadow of slavery would chill us no more. It would fall wholly on those who love it, and whose delusion will be their utter ruin at last. They will sink at length, as sure as God is just and righteousness is omnipotent, into infamy and eternal ruin.

I think this is the way in which God leads us by his holy providence. Set no hostile foot on that soil blasted by the forced labor, and darkened mind of God's humble ones. Spill no blood of our defiant, rebellious, yet deluded brothers of the South. They are joined to their idols, let them alone; leave them to the awful retribution which will as certainly visit them as the sun will shine on their dwellings. We on the other hand, shall not be required to stifle the holiest emotions of our hearts and disregard the most explicit demands of conscience by sending back to scourge and lust the fleeing mother and child. However much our prayers may go up for the lowly and despised ones, how freely shall we breathe that we are not their keepers. I am almost willing to separate that I may simply feel this relief. And if I could be sure that our Southern brothers would permit us to live in peace, I would willingly lay upon my country's altar the little pittance which I have been saving against years and infirmity, and trust myself and those who are dearest to me to the care of Him who hears the "ravens when they cry." I believe if I can fathom the purposes of our government through their proclamations and acts, that such would be their preference. At all events, I believe that such is the course dictated by both humanity and prosperity and future peace.

But if this method is not chosen the other will be adopted. Adopted I said, I should rather have said will finally result. For it often happens that God disposes where men are proposing no such thing. Will the free States spend five hundred millions of money and one hundred thousand lives merely to put down this rebellion, and leave all the causes or *the* cause of it untouched and feelings of hostility a thousand times embittered by civil war? That would be a folly which I trust will never be committed by the people, and if they are so unwise God will so overrule that their folly will be superseded by His wisdom. The day has finally and fully come in which slavery must cease or the nation be sundered. I pity the man who is willing to pour out his blood to perpetuate the same terrible cause of rebellion to be suppressed by another generation in their blood. I pity the man who believes that there is ever to be, or can be, any more peace till division or emancipation comes. He is doomed to disappointment as certainly as the stars shine. I do not expect all of you will agree with me, perhaps none of you will. But I trust you will remember these words which I have spoken to you this day and ponder them deeply. What I have *prophecied this morning will be history.* No government can stand on the crushed hearts of servitude. God's lightnings from above, or man's passions from beneath, will tear or toss it to fragments.

I shall be asked now what will you do with these four millions of oppressed ones when their fetters are broken? In the fervor of thanksgiving for their ransom, I might exclaim, Do nothing with them. Let them alone and they will take care of themselves. In the glow of enthusiasm which would thrill every nerve in my frame at the blessedness of the triumph of holy justice, I might exclaim, Let them perish if they must, since if they perish they perish their own, and their blood is not on our heads. But all this is not necessary. The soil they have wet with the sweat of their bondage, they can still till. The masters whom they have served as slaves grudgingly, they can still serve as freemen gladly. But were their future covered with darkness to our eyes; were their way hedged in by inaccessible mountains on either hand and an impassable sea before, as Israel's of old, God would part the waters, and make the rocks springs. I believe in the safety of doing righteously. I should be ashamed of the men who have spanned rivers and tunnelled mountains, and sent the swift ships and roaring steamers to the ends of the earth, who think along the telegraphic wires from continent to continent, who scatter from their rapid presses the leaves of intelligence as the autumn winds scatter the autumn leaves, who, in two hundred years, have turned a howling wilderness into a fertile field, who have subsidized the rivers to spin and weave, and smelt and build for a world, who read the stars as a school boy does his alphabet, and nightly walk amid the radiant spheres as in their gardens,—I should be ashamed, if such men and their sons and daughters could not read the law of God's great purposes and obey it in regard to these ransomed millions of the lowly and wronged. He who despairs of the success of righteous action, would not rescue a family from a burning building at midnight because he did not know where they would find raiment to cover their nakedness when the morning light appeared, or water wherewith to wet their parched lips. I have no fear. The little sparrows in that last great storm of snow which came roaring my down from the mountains, gathered under window and I fed them; and if I, being evil, fed the sparrows will our infinite Father not care forhis child? Be just and fear not. Be calm; be firm. Take your stand wisely and hold it resolutely. Plant your feet on the everlasting rock of simple justice and no hosts of men, nor even the gates of hell can prevail against you. There are many things which my heart is bursting to say to you, but this is not the time nor the place to say them. They pertain more to the secular than to the sacred, to the mint, anise and cummin, and not to the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and faith.

Let us then, twenty-one sisters, or ninteen, if there be at last no more, join hand in hand in blessed amity, and with our twenty million children, all free as God's air, all just as God's elect, go on prospering in all that is ennobling to man, and admirable to the nations, and acceptable to God, while the mountains stand and the rivers flow, and the ocean bathes our morning and evening shores.

A Fireside Case of Secession.

Mr. L. P. Stillinger is a southern gentleman, married to a northern lady, and residing in Cincinnati, being employed as book-keeper in one of the mercantile houses of that city. Mr. Stillinger, like some of his compatriots, is of rather a gasconading disposition, especially on Saturday evenings, when he receives his weekly salary, and devotes a portion of it to the purchase of exciting beverages. Mrs. Stillinger excels her husband, contrives to keep him in pretty good training. The secession furore has made the heroic element in Mr. Stillinger's composition more ungovernable than ever; and on returning home last Saturday evening, just "tight" enough to be valiant, he confronted Mrs. S. with what he believed to be an exceedingly awe-inspiring air.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "the injuries which you and all your tribe of northern miscreants have inflicted on myself and the rest of the southern chivalry can no longer be endured, and the breaking up of this old worn-out national confederacy must, of course, be attended with a dissolution of the union between you and me."

"So you may think just now," disdainfully answered the lady; "but you will be of a different opinion after awhile."

"Never!" was the stout rejoinder. "From this moment I renounce, disclaim, and resolve not to touch anybody of northern birth, and everything of northern manufacture. I'll drink to the independence and sovereignty of the south."

He was about to take a bottle of domestic champagne from a closet, when he was interrupted by a derisive laugh from his wife, who inquired:

"And are you going to drink to that sentiment in Longworth's Cincinnati, made Catawba?"

"No! I forgot 'twas that stuff," said he, hastily putting back the bottle. "But get out my shirts and stockings, and pack them up, so that I may secede at once, and join the noble army of South Carolina patriots."

"But you have renounced all your shirts and stockings," coolly answered Mrs. S; "for they are articles of northern manufacture."

"None of your treacherous gammon," shouted Stillinger; "all of my shirts, except the collars and wristbands, are made of pure southern cotton."

"Yes, but the cotton was woven into muslin at the Lowell mills, and made into shirts by a Yankee sewing machine," replied Mrs. Stillinger.

"This is the way the north adds to injury," exclaimed Mr. S., much enraged. "I think with Governor Brown, of Georgia, that instead of seceding from the union ourselves, the best plan is to drive the northerners out of it; and so, madam, instead of going out myself, I'll turn *you* out."

With these words, he seized the astonished lady by the arms and shoved her into the entry. Here there stood a large tub of water which was about to be used for scrubbing; and Mrs. Stillinger (who, as we have said, was more than a match for her husband in all respects) grasped him by the collar, flung him into the tub, and rolled him over three or four times before she released him. Soured and shivering and sobered, Mr. Stillinger crept up stairs to change his clothes, whining forth:

"Why, Jane, I only wanted to see if I *could* frighten you, I'm not such a blamed fool as to try secession *in earnest*. Only send me a glass of hot toddy, and I'll not ask for any other concession."

And so Mr. Stillinger did not secede.

☞ "I say, Sam, why am de State of Alumbama like a big piece of cork? Gubs um up?" "Yah." "Because of its *great boy-Yancey*."

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861

OUR DUTY.

The present is emphatically a time for action—prompt, energetic, intelligent action. We live in such a time as none of us have ever seen before, and God grant that our children may never see the like in the future. It remains for the freemen of the North to say whether this Government, established by the toils and struggles, the prayers and tears, the blood and treasure of their fathers, shall prove a failure, and whether this land—so often called the asylum of the oppressed and the home of the free, is to sink under a sway more despotic than the serfs of Russia, in their deepest degradation, ever experienced. We are not arming for conquest; we are not mustering for the purpose of depriving the South of one right that belongs to her. No; a higher, holier cause is ours. It is to sustain Right and Government, in opposition to Injustice and Anarchy. There have been ultraists at the North, but can the South raise her hand to heaven and say, I am pure? We need not cite facts to prove that the conduct of the South toward the North has always been dictatorial and aggressive. Free speech, and the right of petition—by whom in days gone by, have we been deprived of these? For years there has been a constant effort to silence every Northern man who has presumed or dared to say anything on the floor of Congress displeasing to the South. But the crisis has at length come. It must now be met and decided—once and forever—whether we of the North are to live Freemen, or take the Southern yoke upon our necks. What they propose to do has already been declared. It now remains for them to make good the position we have taken, and teach the traitors of the South a lesson they will never forget. We cannot all shoulder the musket and march to the field of conflict. But we can, every one of us—each in his proper sphere, and proper way—aid in this holy cause. We can contribute of our substance, and pour forth our sympathies to strengthen the hands and hearts of those who have willingly stepped forward for the defence of our country in this her hour of peril. Let him not forget, who is found wanting in liberality and patriotism in an hour like this, that, let the dominion of the South be once fixed upon us, and these our pleasant homes, the comforts God has given us, yea, and our very lives, will cease to be of value to us. Let us rouse, then, then, in the fullness of our might. Let all sympathy for traitors against our Government be crushed out. Let the voice of the North be heard—louder than the cries disunion or the thunder of its batteries, declaring the doom of those who have sought to overturn Government, despising just laws, and trampling our escutcheon beneath their feet. Let the power of the North move forward with the resistless sway of the ocean when lashed into fury by storm and tempest. Some who left our dear New England a few days since, have fallen by traitor hands. Others may share the same fate. But if this land is destined to be baptized anew with blood, ere it becomes indeed and in truth the land of the free, let no one withhold the sacrifice that Heaven seems calling upon us to offer.

Is there one who fears the final result? Does any man suppose that New England and the North ever *can* be subjugated? Can men breathe the air of our hills and mountains and not be free? As soon will our rivers run backward to their sources, as the sons of the North bow to the dictation of tyrants of any name. Let actions, not sounding words, show forth our sincerity and our fidelity to the country in this time of her threatened danger.

RESUSCITATION OF THE PHALANX.—This corps are again in the field for military du y, yet not with the expectation of merely playing soldier, but with the decided conviction that they will be called upon to smell powder on the battle field. Although only twenty-five of the previous members are connected with the new formation, still we have every reason to believe that the present company, under the drill and management of the veteran officers of the old, will in a short time be made thoroughly acquainted with military evolutions, and be, in no wise, inferior to their predecessors. The company are drilling night and day with great energy and perseverance, and by next Saturday expect to be ready to respond to any call that may come from the commander-in-chief. On Monday evening an informal election for officers took place, with the following result:—For Capt., Timothy Winn; 1st Lieut., W. T. Grammer; 2d do., C. S. Converse; 3d do., E. F. Wyer; 4th do., T. Glynn. The formal election will take place as soon as the company receive their commission, which will be when they feel themselves fully ready to go into actual service. The different tailors of our town are busily engaged in making the uniforms, and before long we will see our "bold sojer boys" in their "new clothes," which will not be gaudy or clumsy, but plain, serviceable and convenient. There is enough spirit of the old Phalanx in this company, to give it a standing and position at once among the militia of the State, and we believe that the laurels won by the corps in the past, will be its state and as honorably upheld now as they were heretofore, and that old Woburn will have no cause to hang her head in shame for any shortcomings on the part of her sons.

☞ The Jacob Webster Engine Company of this town, have voted to donate the $100 of prize money which they received at the Manchester muster some time ago, for the benefit of those of their numbers who have joined the Phalanx. Cheers for the Jacob Webster boys.

"Who are the Traitors."

The Boston Saturday Evening *Gazette* of last week has an article under the head we have quoted. It seems to regard the appellation of traitor as altogether too severe to apply to those at the North whose sympathies are all with the South. To be sure the name is a harsh one and indicates, when justly applied, no ordinary offence. A traitor to his country would do, had the power, no better than Benedict Arnold sought to do; and the men who condemn the North and sympathises with the South, would aid them in their abominable attack upon the North, would lend more than the influence of sympathy, did an opportunity present itself. The man who is conscious of entire loyalty to his Government will never imagine that any one has stigmatized him as a traitor. The Southern leaders are trying to overthrow the Government of this country, only to usurp the power themselves and to govern the people with all the tyranny of European despots. If a man is guilty of murder, in the sight of heaven, who only indulges murderous feelings in his heart, no less is it true that he is a traitor who sympathises with the enemies of his country and wishes them success. Give such a man the power, increase the number in any community from a minority to a majority, and we shall then see "who are the traitors."

We live at a time when the men of New England and of the North, are called upon to stand up for Truth, for Law, and for the Government. Thank God; thank God; they are ready to meet the crisis, and they will meet, it before the present troubles are over, in a manner that will command the admiration of the world, and draw upon them the blessings of Heaven.

☞ The following is a list of subscriptions received since our last issue, towaed the Relief Fund:

A. Thompson	$250	Walter Fowle	10
H. Conn	200	C. S. White	10
John R. Kimball	100	John Burke	10
George Holden	100	Stephen Hine	10
Syl. Wood	75	Hepsey Converse	10
S. A. Grammer	50	Charles Carter	10
Maverick Wyman	50	John L. Parker	10
John Weston	50	Tracy C. Nichols	10
Jona. Tidd	50	C. B. Dimmick	10
Leonard Thompson	50	Charles S. Parker	10
E. Wyman 2d	50	M. J. Persons	5
Sewell Flagg	50	Jos. A. Parker	5
C. G. Lund	50	Seth Reed	5
L. Shaw	50	Danl. Conrey	5
Eckley Stearns	50	H. A. Sheldon	5
S. I. Thompson	50	C. E. Carroll	5
Charles Bond	50	N. Gibson	5
S. Richardson & Sons	25	J. S. Hennessey	5
Dr. S. Trull	25	Mrs. J. T. Pearsons	5
Josiah Parker	25	H. Fiske	5
Reuben Willey	25	A. W. Clark	5
Joseph Kendall	25	L. W. Perham	5
D. Gould Converse	25	G. C. Nichols	5
A. S. Wood	25	Chas. Minchin	5
C. Jones	25	Jacob Eames	5
W. Wyman	25	M. M. Tidd	5
W. A. Stone	25	J. C. Plummer	5
D. H. Richards	25	F. B. Dodge	3
R. B. Eaton	20	Eli Cooper	3
J. A. Warren	20	E. D. Richardson	3
B. H. Ober	20	Wm. Menard	2
Saml. Tilton	20	J. F. Barrett	2
J. P. Converse	20	M. Shea	2
J. A. Mann	20	James Nelson	2
S. Cook	15	J. H. Walker	1
J. S. Thyng	15	Alex. Chisholm	1
George Winn	12	John Pierce	1
E. J. Jenks	15	John Roach	1
A. F. Morrill	10	Wm. Greaney	1
Warren Fox	10	E. McCabe	1
O. G. Parker	10	R. Gilman	1
J. Parker 2d	10	Pat. Breslin	1
Jacob Whitcher	10	Martin Hall	1
Horace Ward	10	F. Fitzpatrick	1
Stephen Thompson	10	A. Doherty	1
B. T. H. Porter	10	J. Quigley	1
N. H. Hyde	10	J. N. Doherty	1
A. Roundy	10	M. Fitzpatrick	1
P. L. Converse	10	T. F. Carr	1
J. G. Flagg	10	M. Breslin	1
Jesse Converse	10	M. McDonaugh	1
O. Green	10	T. Mulerby	1
Geo. Fowle	10	D. McCarney	50 cts.

Dexter Carter doubles his first subscription making $20 in all; E. W. Hudson gives $200 for the benefit of families; J. P. Tyler makes 25 uniforms, and W. B. Harris gives $25 worth of wood, potatoes, &c.

The total amount subscribed in money up to the present time, is about $7854,59.

BURLINGTON UP AND DOING.—A meeting was held in Burlington, on Monday evening, in response to a call which was given from the different pulpits on Sunday. The meeting was fully attended. Wm. Lawrence was chosen Chairman, and Chas. C. Foster, Secretary. Speeches were made by different persons. It was voted to pay all persons who left Burlington to do military duty in this crisis, ten, twenty or thirty dollars per month as their necessities required. The Selectmen were instructed to call a Town Meeting, and it is to be held next Tuesday. A dozen men are now ready to take up arms in defence of their country's rights, and more will be ready when the time comes for their services. They will probably join some company in adjoining towns. The question is sometimes asked, by unknowing ones, where is Burlington? and if there are any who do not know, we say for their benefit that she is a little town in Middlesex County, possessing all that patriotic and manly feeling found in larger and more important places, and will not fail to do her duty nobly in the impending struggle; and we can assure our readers if any of her sons should be so fortunate as to lay their hands on Jeff. Davis, the sooner he balances his accounts the better it will be for his future prospects.

SUCCESSFUL COURSE OF LECTURES.—We understand that as a result of the past winter's course of Lectures in Lynnfield Centre, by Manning, Alger, Martin, Phillips, and Stone, of Boston, and March of Woburn, the Orthodox Congregational Church there, has secured a valuable Organ, which was made use of for the first time last sabbath. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, instead of preaching a "War Sermon," discoursed on Sacred Music, from the text; "Praise ye the Lord, Praise him with stringed instruments and Organs."

SERMONS.—We offer no apology for occupying so much space this week in presenting our readers with the sermons of Rev. Mr. March, and Rev. Dr. Stebbins, delivered to their people last Sabbath morning. There is a religious element that should never be lost sight of in the controversy that is now going on between the two sections of our country. Our Fathers trusted in the God of Battles, and it is hoped that their sons will look to the same source for help in their time of trial and need.

PRESENTATION OF REVOLVERS.—Capt. Timothy Winn, has received at the hands of Hon. Bowen Buckman, a beautiful Colt's revolver. J. M. Randall, Esq., presented the four Lieutenants of the company with one each of Allen's revolvers. These are serviceable weapons, and each member should have one. Who will make the next move?

CORRECTION.—In announcing the subscriptions of our citizens last week, we should have stated that Rev. Dr. Stebbins offered $100 for the benefit of the families of those who might march to the defence of the country, and that he said that $500 of his salary would be contributed for the same purpose if it should be needed.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May has been received from Messrs. J. J. Dyer & Co. Boston. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

☞ We are compelled to condense much of our matter this week in order to make room for all.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Work Bags for the Troops.

The following passage occurs in a note received yesterday from a Captain of Infantry in Boston, :—"On the first departure of troops from Boston, there was but one man out of seven hundred, that was provided with any facilities for mending clothes, and in all that have gone since there are not more than twenty. About these little conveniences for campaigning, which are greater necessities even than shirts or uniforms, nobody will ever think who has not the recollection of the wants described by a soldier in actual service."

The bag should be made of new ninepenny print, double, with compartments for each article, so that they may be easily got at when time and need press. It should contain

1 pair round pointed scissors.
1 paper carpet needles.
2 awning needles.
1 skein blue or gray yarn.
3 hanks strong black linen thread,
2 skeins coarse black silk.
1 spool coarse white thread,
¼ gross porcelain shirt buttons.
5 or 6 dozen suspender buttons.
A piece of wax.
1 piece of gray twilled tape.
2 pieces white do.

A needle case made of new delaine, small, plain and strong, filled with the needles and half a paper of pins.

Every article should be good of its kind, and the thread, yarn and silk nicely wound. No fancy work or ornament of any sort is required. There are bits of new calico and delaine in every house suitable for the bag and needle case, and the contents as described above cost about eighty cents. It is believed there are many women also in every house, who would be glad to do thus much for the comfort of our soldiers, and to do it at once.

Woburn, April 24th. O.

At the meeting of the First Congregational Parish, last Monday evening, the following letter was received from Gen. Abijah Thomson;

WOBURN, April 22nd, 1861.

Gentlemen of the Parish Committee;—Sirs: Through you I present to the First Congregational Parish in Woburn, the Clock which is now put on the New Church; and there may it remain as long as the church shall stand—said Parish to keep it in good running order,—and to be under their control, for their benefit and the public at large. May we be admonished by the striking of the hour, that one more hour is gone, which we cannot recall. After a few more hours or days are come and gone we shall hear the sound no more on earth.

Respectfully yours,
ABIJAH THOMPSON.

The letter having been read, it was voted that the thanks of the Parish be presented, through the Clerk, to Gen. Thompson for his munificence in presenting so elegant and valuable a clock to the Parish.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—A meeting of the fire department of Woburn, was held in the Town Hall, on Thursday evening last, for the purpose of taking the sense of the different companies in regard to drilling in military tactics. Numerous gentlemen spoke upon the subject, and all were unanimous and patriotic in their feelings. On motion, it was voted that each company drill three nights in a week at their several halls, and one night in conjunction. It was also voted that the Department meet next Thursday evening at the Town Hall, for drill, and that the Engineers provide a drill-master.

CITIZENS' MEETING.—The adjourned meeting of citizens was continued at Lyceum Hall on Saturday evening last. The enthusiasm was as strong as at the previous meeting. Many persons added their names to the subscription list with liberal sums. The Selectmen were requested to call a town meeting, which they attended to at once, and the meeting will be held a week from next Monday. A committee was appointed to attend to a person in Billerica, who was supposed to be a Southern spy and correspondent.

☞ Josiah Porter, 1st Lieut. of the Boston Light Artillery, is the first graduate of Harvard College, that has been called into active service. He was a member of the class of 1852, and his fellow alumni of that year have ordered for him a bowie knife, which is to be the handsomest and most serviceable article of the kind ever made in this country. It is to be presented to the Governor to-day with the request that he will transmit it to Lieut. Porter.

FLAG RAISING.—During the present week the stars and stripes have been flung to the breeze from the Depot, from A. Thompson & Co.'s tannery, and between the Baptist Church and the flagstaff on the Common. Choate & Cummings raise one from their tannery to-day.

PAPER HANGINGS.—The attention of the public is called to the large lot of Paper Hangings now offered for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

Wilmington "wide awake."

The citizens of this town met in the vestry of the church, on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of raising a few volunteers to represent old Wilmington in the struggle now going on. Mr. J. B. Putnam, chairman of the Selectmen, opened the meeting, and Wm. H. Carter was elected President; S. H. Tolman, James Leavitt, and Charles W. Swain, Vice Presidents; Jona. Carter, 2d, Secretary. A paper was placed before the meeting for signers who presented themselves accordingly. Remarks were made by Rev. S. H. Tolman, Walter Blanchard, Esq., and Asa G. Sheldon, &c. Mr. B. was captain of a Wilmington company in days of yore, and will drill the volunteers. Mr. Alfred Carter of Woburn, and William Winn of Burlington, were present and made some interesting remarks concerning the forming of companies in other towns, cheers were given when they made their appearance in the meeting. The number of persons enlisted was twenty-four, and they will commence drilling immediately. May 2d is the day appointed for the Town Meeting to take action in regard to appropriations, &c. I understand, Billerica and Tewksbury will join us; so much the better, "keep the ball rolling" now it is started.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society met with Mrs. S. B. Nichols, Wednesday evening, but, owing to the military meeting, few gentlemen were present.

Flags are floating over Bond's Bakery, the Boston & Lowell railroad depot, the rail shop on Sheldon's hill, and other points. The greatest patriotism prevails. A.

Wilmington, April 25th, '61.

APPLETON ACADEMY.—On Saturday April 20, the members of this institution, from the cupola of their building floated to the breeze two flags (fifteen by nine) amid the ringing of bells, a salute of thirty four guns from a nine pound cannon, and the tumultuous shouts of the assembled students and citizens. The citizens in the morning, called together by a fife and drum, after parading through the principal streets, marched to the Academy Hall, where speeches were delivered by the leading citizens and the faculty. After the speeches all assembled on the green in front of the Academy. The flags were then thrown out by the graduating class at a signal from the Prof. which was a signal also for the first gun.

Thus the students manifested their ardent love for their country and devotion to the stars and stripes. UNION.

New Ipswich, N. H., April 24th.

☞ We would call the attention of those suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, &c., to an advertisement in another column of this paper, of an important discovery for the cure of those diseases, now introduced for the first time to the American public by Messrs. Leeds, Gilmore & Co., of New York.

STONEHAM.

Extracts of Letters received from the Stoneham Light Infantry.

Our anxiety to hear from our soldiers has been relieved this (Thursday) morning. We have no doubt that all the region about here will be glad to know just how those brave fellows felt, the day after the skirmish at Baltimore. I give you extracts from three of the score of letters received from our men to-day. The first extracts are taken from a letter written by "Jim Whittaker." Jim would always raise a smile on the soberest face, from his comical knack of doing and saying things. He doesn't seem to have lost all his mirth yet.

"WASHINGTON, D.C., April 20th.

Dear Charles—I am in the Senate Chamber, occupying the desk of Charles Sumner—not about to make a speech, (though, no doubt, I shall some day,) but seated to write you a letter. * * * When we arrived at Philadelphia, there was assembled such a number of people as I never saw before. I made up my mind that "Filadelfy" was bigger'n Stoneham, by more'n half. We 'put up' at the Girard House—an awful big house, I tell *yeou*. At 11 o'clock, they gave the signal for all to retire; and we did retire, for we had'nt slept one hour since we left home. But at 20 minutes of 12 o'clock the order came by telegraph that we should push on. The order came like lightning, that is, by electricity, and about as quick as lightning we were up and ready to go. Pretty long sleep, I call that! How would it suit your constitution, think? We got on board a cattle car, full as fast as the cattle could, I guess. Arrived at Baltimore about 12 o'clock, Friday. All was still—not a cheer was heard. We began then to suspect that all was not right. While waiting for the horses to draw us to the other depot, what an awful crowd collected you can't imagine. One or two companies were taken at a time. It came our turn—portions of two companies from Lowell, and one from Lawrence, and ours. We started all together to overtake the others who were more in number than we were.

The mob began to crowd us. I was on the outside of the file—a mighty poor place for a fellow, I *tell* you. They called us all manner of hard names, at the same time showing their teeth. Then they threw stones and bricks. What maddened us most was that the Police used no extra exertions to stop the mob. Soon there came a little sprinkling of balls from their pistols. I was knocked down several times, but succeeded at last in keeping my perpendicularity. I received a slight bruise on my knee pan. At last we turned upon them and fired, which counted I warn you. They didn't know we had our guns loaded.

At last some of our boys began to drop down in our ranks. Then it was that we began to pick our men. I brought down one fellow that had on a little, white apron, a bar tender to all appearances. I felt about as I expressed myself on the Wednesday morning I left home; but after bringing my first man to the dust, I gained courage and began to load and fire in short meter. Stoneham and Lowell boys did nearly all the firing."

Selections from a letter written by F. M. Sweetser:—

"WASHINGTON, D.C., April 20, 1861.

* * * In the afternoon (of Thursday) we took (at New York) the cars for Philadelphia. We arrived there in the first part of the evening and took supper. Got to bed at 10 o'clock. At 11 o'clock we were ordered out and started for Washington.

We arrived at Baltimore without any trouble, but there was where the trouble commenced. * * * When we got out of the cars the crowd began to shout and scream. As we marched on toward the Washington Depot, they began to throw stones and bricks, and then they fired pistols. We let them have about twenty bullets, which scattered them in double quick time. They tore up bridges and blockaded the streets in order to stop us, but they didn't do it. We kept up a scattering fire all the way across the city. There was no one of our company killed as far as I could learn. If any, not more than one or two.

The Mayor of the city took a gun from a man that was hit with a stone and fired it into the mob, killing one of them.

If the people of Stoneham could have seen our company during the fight, they would have been proud of it.

We are stationed in the Capital, having now with us seven day's rations. We are ordered out now. Good bye for the present.

Extracts from a letter written by Stephen Flanders:—

"WASHINGTON, April 20, 1861.

* * * * "My health is very good at present, with the exception of a slight wound on the top of my head. It is not of a serious character. I got it from the mob in Baltimore while passing from one depot to the other. We were assaulted with brickbats, stones, and bullets. Some dozen or fifteen were wounded, —only two or three very badly. Our worthy Captain, John H. Dike, is yet in Baltimore, having been seriously wounded, but he expects to join us again in a few days. Horace (H. F. Danforth) is another one who was left at Baltimore. Report says he was only slightly wounded.

We had a very pleasant time of it all along our route, till we arrived in Baltimore. In New York city, all through New Jersey, at Philadelphia, and at all the other places where we passed through, the people cheered us, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and all gave every indication that they were on our side. But at Baltimore we heard no cheers, saw no waving of handkerchiefs, but their faces were drawn out very long, and not a smile greeted us. They gave out word that we could not pass through the city, that we should sacrifice our lives if we attempted it. But we received the order "Forward," and we did forward, in silence, carrying our flag unfurled. We were fired upon from all parts of the street. I heard the bullets whistle about my ears smartly. At last a stone took me in the head and knocked me down. But I got up immediately and discharged my musket at the rebels, and then kept on the march to the depot.

I am here in the hospital with the rest of the wounded. My courage is still good."

For the Middlesex Journal.

All Honor to our Soldiers.

MR. EDITOR:—My last letter to you represented "Stoneham in the Field," I gave expression to the belief that our soldiers would do us, and do themselves honor, when they should reach the field of battle. It seems that they performed a feat on the 19th inst., that will give us another reason to recall the memory of that anniversary of the opening battle of the Revolution, with warm and patriotic heart-pulse. The record of their struggle has already been written, and eager listeners have caught the news from mouth to mouth with breathless anxiety. Every man, woman and child is praising the valor of our brave soldiers. Last Friday afternoon, when our half-past four train from the city reached town, and our citizens first got intelligence of the attack on our men, the first and all-important inquiry was, "did they flinch?"

You might have seen the countenance light up with joy and exultation, when the answer to that question was rendered. It was a most unequal contest, about a hundred against ten thousand. The ten thousand were on their own ground, and in a kind of work to which very many of them had got accustomed; that is, engaging in a mob. The one hundred were strangers to the place and to the kind of warfare. They had looked for something like honorable warfare. But here they were surrounded by an infuriated crowd, who assailed them with every specimen of epithet, known only to Plug Uglies, and that stripe of human kind. Now, with these facts, and calling to mind that the mob had given out word that the troops should not pass, what might have been expected of those soldiers? Did they turn and run? Did they skulk? Nay! nothing like that. They raised their flag and marched through that packed multitude, a distance of a mile and a half, enduring insults and contumelies such as only a Baltimore mob could inflict, and never flinched a hair. They behaved more like soldiers who had seen service in actual battle, than like raw recruits, as many of them were. We say, "all honor" to them.

Our village is all alive with war. Mr. J. Parker Gould, a graduate of a military school, has received the requisite papers from head quarters and has enrolled eighty staunch young men, and he is at this moment drilling them in the science of war. They will stand a good chance to go at the next requisition of troops from old Massachusetts. The subscription for the soldiers and their families is already above $2000. I have heard of the following subscriptions of large sums, in addition to those you published last week:—Col. Elbridge Gerry, $100; Irs Gerry, 100; Col. Lyman Dike, 50 (in addition to his other 50, given before); Geo. Cowdry, 50; Samuel Green, 50, (hope "old Sam" will open his heart and his purse again—he is amply able—'twould do him good) At the mass meeting last Saturday evening, when considerable progress was making in obtaining the Relief Fund, A. V. Lynde, Esq. being called upon to speak, said among other things, that he was very much gratified to see this movement in behalf of the wives and children of the soldiers, but, having done about what he thought he ought to in that direction, he proposed to give "material aid" to the soldiers themselves in the shape of revolvers. He would do as well by the new company in process of organization as he did for the one that has gone; namely, to give each officer one of Allen's improved army revolvers. Mr. Solon Dike, a native of Stoneham, and until within a fortnight, a resident at the South, also spoke, and wished all success to the cause. He had been obliged to leave Savannah because the place had become too warm for him. He retreated as far north as Norfolk, and had hoped he might remain there in safety. He had been called a d——d Black Republican three times before he left there the Monday morning previous. Had the steamer been an hour later, they would not have had permission to leave Virginia.

For the Middlesex Journal

The excitement still continues in town. On Friday morning two young men were hung in effigy on the elm tree in Central Square. They remained there all day and in the evening were taken down, drawn through the streets and then burned in the Square. These men formaly members of the Light Infantry but unwilling to go with them. Since that time they have joined the new company and will march to join their old comrades. On Saturday evening a meeting was held in the Town Hall for the purpose of chosing bommittees for collecting the money and distributing it.

The audience was addressed in a patriotic manner by Messrs Squares, Barrett, Gerry, Cowdry, Lydne, Hill and other gentlemen. Over two thousand dollars has already been raised and several of our most wealthy men have given their word that no family whose protector has gone to the war, shall suffer. Mr. Gould's company is full. They are now drilling and the men are anxious to be led to battle to avenge their fallen comrades. We have obtained the following names of the Stoneham Light Infantry who were wounded in the melee at Baltimore:—Capt. John Dike, Lieut. James F. Rowe, Corp'l. S. L. Colley, H. Dike, W. H. Young, Stephen Flanders, H. Perry, John Foster, Charles Gill, J. W. Pennell, John Kempton, Morris Meade, Daniel Brown, A. Robbins, James Whittaker, D. S. Moody, William Butterfield, S. S. Johnson and Victor Lorendo. The drummer of the Stoneham Light Infantry has returned from Baltimore. He narrowly escaped from the mob by tearing off his stripes and throwing away his drum. He reached home Sunday morning.

The Liberty Pole in Central Square has been cut down and a larger and handsomer one will probably be erected in its place. This pole has stood for many years. It was erected by the Whigs. SPECTATOR.

WINCHESTER.

☞ the following parody on Tennyson's poem, "Riflemen form," is by a Gentleman of Winchester

The War.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the *South* that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well, if it do not roll our way.
Storm! Storm! Freemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns;
Be not gulled by the traitor's plea!
Are figs of thistles, grapes of thorns?
How can *slavery* make men free:
Storm! Storm! Freemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!

Let you parties a moment go
Look to your guns and take good aim
Better that thousands perish so
Than the Capitol should be in flames;
Storm! Storm! Freemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm.

Form, be ready to do or die!
Every true man gives his mite,
Round your country standard rally
Even foremost in the fight!
Storm! Storm! Freemen Form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm;

For the Middlesex Journal.

TOWN MEETING.—The adjourned Town Meeting was held on Monday afternoon last. Several article in the Warrant which had been passed over were taken up and acted upon. Under article 10—Capt. Albert Ayer, in behalf of Excelsior Engine Company; offered the services of the Company to the town for the ensuing year, gratis—Accepted:—Voted, to abate the Poll Tax of the members of the Engine Company for this year.

On Selectmen's Report in regard to illegal burials in the proposed Catholic Burial Ground, it was voted, that the Selectmen be instructed to see if any interments have been made in this town contrary to the laws in such case made and provided, and to properly enforce the law in relation thereto.

Under the article in relation to the preservation of fish, (the former action of the town having been illegal there being no law in relation to it, and one having been passed since by the last Legislature,) the gentlemen chosen at the last meeting were re-chosen the Committee to carry out the provisions of the new law.

Voted to raise $5500 for the suport of the Poor and Incidental Expenses.

The Comittee appointed at the last meeting to examine into the affairs of the late Treasurer as connected with the town, submitted their Report, which was after considerable discussion, accepted and addoted. Mr. Richardson made a speech in justification or extenuation of his conduct. The Report of the Committee was substantially as follows:—Actual amount due from the late Treasurer, N. A. Richardson, $3558.78; from this sum may be deducted the amount of uncollected taxes returned by Mr. R, (provided the collection thereof be committed to another,) $631.58; Balance due from Mr. R, about which there is no dispute $2927.20.

In January, 1858, Mr. R borrowed from the Lowell Five Cents Savings Bank, $2000 and gave his note as Treasurer of the town for the same. Again in May, 1858, he borrowed from the same Institution, $2000 for which he also gave his note as Treasurer. Neither of these notes have been paid, nor have they, or the interest paid on them, appeared in the Treasurer's accounts, and so far as appeared in evidence no one connected with the town, except the Treasurer, had any knowledge of their existence. The interest has been paid by Mr. R. but not charged to the town. The Committee were of opinion that the Treasurer had no authority to give the note of the town for either, and that the town is not legally liable to pay them, all authority vested in him by the town to borrow money having been previously exhausted.

In August, 1860, Mr. R borrowed on demand the sum of $1600 of Stephen Cutter and gave his note as Treasurer, which is still unpaid. This note was put into the Treasurers account as well as the interest paid on the same, but the money was not appropriated to the purposes of the town. The Committee express the opinion for the same reason as given in regard to the other loans that the town is not legally liable therefor.

These are believed to be all the outstanding claims against the town arising out of the doings of the late Treasurer, which the holders are likely to attempt to make the town liable for. The Committee have simply reported the facts, leaving the town to take such action concerning payment as they may deem expedient, merly adding, that a payment of claims not legally due, would imperil if not destroy the right to recover such sums from the sureties on the Treasurer's bonds and might be productive of other difficulties. For this reason, the amount of the last named note as well as interest paid thereon, have been stricken out of the liabilities of the town.

If the town shall be held liable to pay the three notes mentioned, the indebtedness of the town will be increased by the sum of $5648.00 One other piece of paper was discovered to be in existence, signed by the late Treasurer, being a note for $1000 to E. W. Hall, of Boston, as part of a private transaction between him and Mr. R. The note was given without authority, which fact was well known to said Hall at the time of the transaction and the Committee recommend no action in regard to it, except to refuse payment if demanded.

In regard to the bonds and securities, the Committee find the bond of the late Treasurer for the last year to be for the sum of $15000, with Harrison Parker, John H. Richardson and Salem T. Ward as sureties for the respective years. All the bonds given are in possession of the proper officers of the town, except two which have been mislaid or lost, but if necessary action can be brought against the sureties on those as their contents are known, and the names of parties who executed them. The mere loss of a instrument does not affect the legal responsibility of the parties whose names are upon the same. The sureties on the two mising bonds were—first, Alvin Taylor, Sullivan Cutter, H. K. Stanton;—second Harrison Parker, Sullivan Cutter, H. K. Stanton.

The Report was drawn up by Charles P. Curtis, Jr., the Chairman of the Committee and signed by all the members, Mr. Joy concurring only in the facts.

No further action was taken by the town in the premises, and no appropriation made for defending the suits which will in all probability be brought against the town by the holders of the notes which the town have by their action refused to pay.

WAR.—So anxious were a large number of our citizens to hear the latest news from the South last Sunday, that a special messenger went into the city after church in the morning to get some papers. He returned before service in the afternoon, and the large number of copies which were brought out, were quickly disposed of and perused.

In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Robinson of the Congregational Church preached a sermon upon the religious use which should be made of the present distracted state of the Country. He took his text from 2d Epistle to Timothy 2d Chapter, 3d Verse, "Thou therefore endure hardship, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He alluded to the scenes which had been witnessed during the previous week and to the war as a prominent topic of our thoughts and conversation. He forcibly stated what a good soldier should be—he was required to be courageous and to know no fear—loyal to his Country and its flag, ready to endure hardship and privation and to meet death unflinchingly in the performace of his duty. These necessary traits of the citizens soldier were dwelt upon with power.

So the Chistian as a soldier of Jesus Christ should possess the same traits if he would prove himself a worthy champion of the cross. The congregation united with the choir in singing at the close of the service the National Hymn, which went off finely.

At the Baptist Church the same hymn was sung in the afternoon and the pastor will preach a war sermon next Sunday morning.

On Monday evening a large and enthusiastic meeting of the citizens was held in the Town Hall for the purpose of giving vent to their patriotic feelings in a substanial manner. Dr. Alonzo Chapin was Chairman and Josiah Hovey, Esq., Secretary. Spirited remarks were offered by the Chairman, Messrs F. O. Prince, Ingalls, J. F. Stone, Wilder, B. F. Thompson and others. A subscription list was opened to defray the expenses of a company of volunteers which it was proposed to raise from this town, and provide for the families of the same while absent. The followiug was the result:—Stephen Cutter and Henry Cutter, $250 each; S. H. Cutter, $200; J. F. Stone, $150; J. G. Baxter, J. H. Bacon, B. F. Thompson, F. O. Prince, O. R. Clark, W. Ingalls, A. N. Shepard, D. N. Skillings, H. Parker, T. P. Tenney, C. P. Curtis, jr., W. C. Boon, $100 each; A. Thompson 2d, S. R. Smith, E. Sanderson, J. Shattuck, C. Church, S. P. Bartlett, S. W. Twombly, H. K. Stanton, P. Kelley, $50 each; W. A. Warren, Warren Johnson, A. Winn, J. M. Sanford, J. Ford, Sumner Richardson, N. A. Richardson, Obed Stearns, $25 each; S. Thompson, G. Allen, $20 each; J. D. Carleton, R. T. Whitten, T. S. Holton, F. Johnson, J. B. Folger, $10 each; Abel Houghton, Salem Wilder, $15 each; the latter gentleman also furnishes a revolver; making in all $2820. Many were not present who will contribute and those before noted expressed their willingness to double their subscription if needed. Messrs B. F. Thompson, A. D. Weld and Henry Cutter were chosen Finance Committee to superintend the distribution of the funds. Nineteen persons signed a paper as volunteers to form a military company. The meeting was continued until a late hour and an earnest spirit was evinced showing that the town will do its duty.

PARISH MEETING.—The Annual Parish Meeting of the Congregational Society was held on Monday Evening in the Vestry. After choosing a Clerk the meeting was adjourned to a subsequent evening to enable the members to participate in the War meeting.

VENTRILOQUISM.—Our old friend Harrington gave one of his interesting and amusing exhibitions in Lyceum Hall on Tuesday Evening to a good audience. EXCELSIOR.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

South Reading is doing her full share to meet the demand for troops in the present emergency. Our company has gone, and another is rapidly preparing for the marching orders. Last week on Friday the Richardson Light Guards took their departure from home and friends to bear arms in defence of the Federal Government. They left their armory a little before 4 o'clock P. M., and marched to the residence of their patron, Doctor S. O. Richardson, who addressed them in a few very appropriate remarks. At 4 o'clock they partook of a collation on the common, prepared by the citizens. At ¼ before 5 they were at the Depot where half an hour was spent in parting exercises. An earnest and impressive prayer was offered by Rev. D W. Phillips and addresses were made by Mr. Mansfield, chairman of the Board of Selectmen; Hon. Lilley Eaton, Rev. E. A. Eaton and P. C. Wheeler, Esq. From 1000 to 2000 persons were present from different parts of the town and from neighboring towns, but the scene was quiet, solemn and impressive. The 19th of April 1861, as well as the 19th of April 1775, will long be remembered by our people. The thoughts and scenes were so exciting through the day, that it was almost impossible for persons to work, even if they had anything to do. The bells rang, flags were flying, mottoes were displayed, and hearts were rejoicing, sorrowing, aching, breaking.

Last Sabbath was an exciting day though very quiet. Many people went to Boston expecting to see the company, but were disappointed, as they left the city at an early hour on that morning. Others gathered in groups "either to tell or hear some new thing." In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Phillips delivered a very able war discourse from 1st Samuel, 17—47, "For the battle is the Lord's." He spoke strongly and boldly in favor of the Union, and of the war in defence of the government. The Lord is on our side, for ours is the cause of right.

We noticed with the music on the 19th, Mr. Joseph Hartshorn, an honest, dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, between 70 and 80 years old, who volunteered his services as drummer to escort the Company from the Armory to the Common, Depot &c. It is easy to march to such music it savors so much of the spirit of the American revolution.

On Monday afternoon our Jurors returned from the Supreme Judicial Court at Lowell, being dismissed for another week as, on account of the war excitement, Lawyers and witnesses could not be found to attend to the cases.

Another Military Company is being formed in town, to be under the command of Major John Wiley. It will soon be in readiness to respond to any call from the Governor.

The Ladies had a meeting at the Town Hall on Thursday afternoon, to make arrangements for providing clothing &c. for the company now forming for service.

Next Monday, at 5 o'clock P. M., a town meeting will be held to adopt measures to provide for families that may require aid, while those on whom they were dependent, are absent at the call of their country.

A Military Campany has been formed at Greenwood in which Hon. P. H. Sweetser weekly drills.

The residents in the North District have procured a beautiful flag to be placed upon the School House of that Ward. There is one displayed also on the Montrose School House.

The great grand fathers of two of the young men who went with the Richardson Light Guard on the 19th, were at the fight in Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, and one them was knocked down by the breech of a british gun, but succeeded in crawling to a house near by and escaped.

The Selectmen have appointed Mr. George Hiram Sweetser to be Town Clerk protempore in the absence of C. H. Shepard who has gone to the wars. M.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The spring term of all our schools has been commenced. The teachers are as follows. District No. 1, Grammar School Miss R. H. Brown, of West Gorham, Maine; Primary, by Miss Sarah A. Sweetser, of Reading. No. 2, Primary School, Miss Lavinia M. Carter, of Reading; Grammar School, by Miss Mary E. Bancroft, of Lynnfield Centre. No. 3, Mixed, Miss Ellen Bacheldor, of Reading. No. 4, Mixed, by Miss H. L. Pratt, of Reading. No. 5, Mixed, by Miss Elizabeth H. Hobson, of South Lynnfield. No. 6, Haven street Primary, by Miss Adelaide S. Barrell, of Reading; Centre Primary, by Miss Eliza Jane Cate, of Reading; Lower Medium, by Miss Annie M. Dawson, of Reading; Upper Medium, by Miss Arabelle M. Clement, of Concord, N. H.; Grammar, by Miss Mary S. Butler, of Reading; High, by Mr. L. B. Pillsbury.

Mr. Lewis E. Gleason is to be our new Postmaster, and will enter upon his duties in that capacity in Lyceum Hall building.

Twenty of our young men have left town, connected themselves with the South Reading Rifle Company, and by this time are taking a peep at the rebels. Quite a little purse of money was presented to each one, through the efforts of our patriotic fellow townsman, C. D. Brown, Esq., Postmaster.

A meeting was held in Lyceum Hall, last Monday evening, in response to the call of the committee chosen at a former meeting, to consider the present aspect of our national affairs. Speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Barrows, C. P. Judd, Esq., Mr. Wright, of the *Boston Herald*, Rev. Mr. Torry, Mr. James B. Folsom and others. Mr. Folsom has seen actual service on board of a Man of War, was so engaged in the war of 1812, having entered the service in 1809 and continued therein until 1833. He was maimed in firing a salute; says he cannot handle a musket now but can touch off the 26 pounders as smart as most any of 'em, and is ready to go at once. It was indeed soul inspiring to hear this old veteran talk, the ardor and enthusiasm he manifested would lead one to suppose that he was just coming on to the stage of action. After speech making, a Military Drill Association was formed and all necessary By-Laws adopted, one of which excludes persons addicted to frequent use of the ardent—a most excellent provision. After the adoption of rules and regulations the paper was laid upon the table for the yeomanry of Reading to show their love of our country and its institutions by enrolling their names, and in a few minuets 150 names were appended. They are to meet for Drill and Military exercises three times every week. At this meeting, on motion of Mr. T. Pratt, it was voted to call a town meeting, which meeting will be held on Tuesday, April 30, to take into consideration matters in which every townsman should have a common interest. Art. 2. To see what measures the town will take to provide an Armory or other room for the use of the Reading Military Drill Association. Art. 3. To see if the town will instruct the Selectmen to provide Arms from the state, for the use of the Reading Military Drill Association, or what they will do in reference thereto. Art. 4. To see what measures the town will take to aid those persons who have already enlisted, or hereafter may enlist in the service of the government. Art. 5. To see what measures the town will take to assist the families of such as have, or hereafter may enlist in the service of the government. Art. 8. To see what measures the town will take to furnish Arms and equipments for the enrolled Militia. A report of the doings of this meeting I will endeavor to forward next week.

Ex-Postmaster H. N. Cate has joined Fletcher Websters company, and left town this (Thursday, April 25th,) morning.

The Stars and Stripes were floating to the breeze from the belfry of the Bethersda church last Sabbath. Would that they might be seen suspended from the four corners of every church in the land. LENO.

TOWN WARRANT.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn in said County, GREETING:

IN the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn qualified to vote in elections and town affairs, to meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on MONDAY, the Sixth day of May next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., to act on the following articles, viz:—

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To see what instructions, if any, the town will give the Selectmen in regard to the families of those citizens of Woburn who may enlist for the defence of law, order and liberty in this trying hour of our National crisis.

Art. 3. To see what sum or sums of money the town will appropriate for the payment of the soldiers who may enlist for the defence of the Union, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art. 4. To see if the town will authorize the Treasurer to hire money for the above purpose, under the direction of the Selectmen, or do anything in relation thereto.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by posting up attested copies thereof at each of the public meeting-houses in said town, seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting and causing the same to be published in the *Middlesex Journal* and *Woburn Budget*.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time for holding said meeting.

Given under our hands, at Woburn, this twenty-fifth day of April, A. D. 1861.

JOHN CUMMINGS, JR.,
E. E. THOMPSON,
E. N. BLAKE,
WALTER WYMAN,
JOSEPH KELLEY,
ELBRIDGE TRULL,
} SELECTMEN OF WOBURN.

A true copy, Attest: EDWARD SIMONDS, Constable of Woburn.

CORRECTION IN THE SCHOOL REPORT.

Instead of "Burlington St.," read Cambridge St., Instead of "Salem St.," read Cedar St.

J. B. F. BRONSON, Sec'y.

Sermon by Rev. Mr. March,

DELIVERED ON SUNDAY FORENOON, APRIL 21ST.

Matt. 24:6—"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet."

These prophetic words of our Lord received their first fulfillment in the calamities which came upon Jerusalem and the Jewish nation in the lifetime of some who heard him speak. They have been continually fulfilled to the tried and suffering people of God in all the conflicts and convulsions of the ages. And even through the long line of the centuries, amid all the changes and revolutions that have come over the convulsed and groaning earth, the clear, calm voice of the divine Messenger of peace and salvation, addresses his disciples in the same words, "See that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet." The brightest hopes of humanity have been most frequently darkened with their eclipse. The day which pours the glories of the morning upon the mountains with the greatest profusion, and which passes on from noon to night with the most serene and cloudless beauty, is most sure to be followed by a day of darkness, of thick clouds and of angry tempest. The period of repose, of growing knowledge and truth, when man's imperfect vision sees the reign of peace and righteousness just about to be inaugurated in the earth, is followed by a horror of great darkness and a cup of trembling which millions must drink. When Christ came as the Prince of Peace to establish his reign among men the warring nations ceased for awhile from the work of mutual destruction, that they might gaze on that wondrous birth. But it was only the momentary hush of the elements before the coming of the storm with deeper darkness and louder thunders. For successive centuries, wherever the growing light of christianity shone upon the thick darkness of heathenism and revealed its abominations, there were sure to be recorded new enlistments to the "noble army of martyrs," and there the church triumphant received new members fresh from the baptism of blood. When the star of the Reformation broke forth from the long night of a thousand years, there were millions to hail its rising with acclamations of joy; but it was, nevertheless, the herald of a day of conflict and of greater tribulation to the faithful disciples of Jesus than they had ever experienced before. Our Fathers braved the perils of the ocean, the wilderness and the savage foe, that they might become a peculiar people—a holy nation—transmitting the priceless inheritance of law, liberty and religion to their children. And yet the terrors of the deep, the hardships of exile, the hostility of the heathen were not enough for this trial of their faith. They must pass through the blasting fires of a fratricidal war. The unnatural mother beyond the sea, jealous of the rising power of her exiled children, turned in wrath to devour her own offspring; and they were compelled to establish their title to the inheritance of the wilderness, by the double conquest of an uncultivated soil and a foreign foe. In reviewing the conflicts through which they passed, we can now see something of wrong on both sides. Doubtless it was not always with the right spirit, that they battled for the right. Nevertheless it was the severity of the trial that gave them their strength. They always came forth from beneath the cloud of suffering and calamity like Moses from the mount of God, with new light upon their countenances. The hopes of the human race have been brighter for every shadow that fell upon their path. It is sad indeed that every step of progress in the establishment of the ultimate reign of righteousness and peace on earth, must cost such fearful sacrifices. The blood of battle is a dreadful baptism for the new born child of truth, religion and liberty. But the example of the Son of God, himself the Prince of Peace, teaches us that it is better to submit to that baptism than to suffer the reign of darkness and oppression and iniquity to go on. I regard the profession of arms, merely as a profession, and the splendor of military glory attained by conquest, with unmingled abhorrence. And yet I am satisfied that there are some things worse than war. National corruption and imbecility and licentiousness, are worse. Anarchy, universal resistance to law, and desecration of justice, are worse. General contempt of judicial authority, and denial of covenant obligations and the subjection of national authority to the disorganizing violence of passion and selfishness, falsehood and revenge, are worse. The enforced subjection of millions of immortal men to the condition of cattle, and the unscrupulous, and long continued perversion of the most sacred human constitutions, and of truths divine, to the maintenance of a system, which inflames and poisons the passions of the strong, and sells the weak for prey to lust, licentiousness and cupidity,—all these are worse than war, for the maintenance of the truths of God and the rights of man.

And it has at last come to this in our once peaceful and prosperous country, that we must both ask and answer the question whether there be anything worse than war, whether anything can justify an appeal to the arbitration of the sword,—whether we possess anything nowadays which we would not surrender though the fires of fratricidal contest should burn from one end of the land to the other. The call to arms has already gone forth from the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and thousands of strong men have already exchanged the implements of peaceful labor for the weapons of death. Hitherto we have congratulated ourselves upon our position at a safe distance from the political convulsions which are ever shaking the thrones and harrassing the people of the old world. But we have no longer occasion to wait for war news to come from beyond the sea. The columns of daily newspapers contain scarcely anything else than accounts of the deep and strong agitation with which the nation is shaking. Even on this peaceful day the standard of war floats upon every flag staff in city and country; millions of treasure are offered to carry on the conflict and the long lines of railway cars are freighted with troops, hurrying forward to bear their part in the great campaign. And unless some extraordinary and unforeseen providence shall arrest the dreadful tragedy which enacted its first scene in the harbor of Charleston, a week ago, many of the young and strong have already left their homes never to return; many vacancies have been made in family circles never to be filled. And this whole subject has so completely possessed our minds that we cannot banish it from our thoughts if we would when engaged in the peaceful and solemn services of the sanctuary and the Sabbath day. And it is especially appropriate that we should here, not only in prayer, commend the interests of our country to God's holy keeping, but that we should ask how it becomes us as Christian men to meet the demands of this awful crisis. It is not indeed the time or the place to discuss particular policies, or to balance the blame for the outbreak between different political parties or different sections of the country. But it is the time and place for us to cultivate a deeply religious conscientiousness and firmness of purpose such as will enable us to meet the awful crisis and acquit ourselves like men. Among the last instructions of our Lord to his disciples, he taught them how to sustain themselves in the great tribulation which should come upon their country. And surely we cannot obtain a better guide to teach us what sentiments it becomes us to entertain, and in what spirit to support the burdens that shall be laid upon us in the fearful conflict before us.

I. Let us take to ourselves the charge contained in our Lord's words, "*See that ye be not troubled.*" There is no occasion for alarm, anxiety, distraction or desperation of mind, so long as we keep ourselves upon the post of duty and watch with the determination to endure unto the end. "Who," says an apostle who lived in times of greater peril than we have ever seen or ever expect to see, "who is he that shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" There is a *good*, a great, glorious, everlasting *good* for every man to follow into whatever perils and sacrifices it may lead. And if he shall be called to pass through deep waters red with blood, and the way before him shall be darkened with clouds of conflict, still the divine command to him is as it was to the hosts of Israel on the shores of the yet undivided sea, —"Go forward." Any man who determines to pursue the right, the true, and the good, wherever it may lead, is liable to be brought into many straits where to go back is impossible,—to stand still is cowardice and destruction. His only safety is to go forward. And when the path of duty has been for a long time difficult to find, when it has been obscured by conflicting testimonies and hard questions and perplexing policies, any man should count it a favoring providence which dispels the clouds and shows him just where he has to go. It is such a relief to be delivered from suspense and uncertainty, that a brave and true-hearted man would rather face the terrors of the earth, than be kept in doubt. And it is just for this reason that in the present awful crisis of our country we can find something to be thankful for. We are just beginning to find out where we are, and what we have to do. The causes of our present danger have long been at work, sapping the foundations of our national strength, union and liberty. But they put on so many fair and treacherous disguises that the unsuspecting and simple-hearted were deceived, not knowing the depths of iniquity or the subtlety of the power of darkness. Now all good and true men, who love their country, and who would sooner sacrifice their right hand than endanger its peace, or dishonor its name, are beginning to see alike, and to stand shoulder to shoulder for common defense. About the hardest thing for a free, reading, talking and debating people to do, is to lay aside their petty contentions and party prejudices, and unite heart, hand and purse for the common good. And if the pressure of great, terrible and long continued public calamity shall eventually condense this whole people, or any portion of the original confederacy, into something like living, organic national unity, then our sufferings and sacrifices will not have been all in vain. The principle of governing by the majority of wills among the people is safe only in proportion as that majority is great and strong, and the independent wills of many become united as the will of one sovereign. It is very doubtful whether anything short of great trial and costly sacrifice and long continued conflict can create or continue that unity among us for any considerable time. The public mind is ever swinging from one extreme to another. When all our industrial resources are multiplied and prosperous, and our state and national elections are completed without violence or revolutionary contention, we say, "Behold the peace, the unity, the beautiful order of an enlightened and self-governing people." We proudly declare ourselves to be a living and million fold refutation of the old world theories of governing by the strong arm, and hereditary right, and kingly prerogative. Then the American traveler, passing from city to city on the continent of Europe, smiles with contempt or shudders with horror at the armed police meeting him at every corner, and the bodies of troops marching through every street, and the strong fortifications frowning with cannon and bristling with bayonets for the defense of every city, pass, river, port and frontier. And he says, "Why do not the people rise in the majesty of their united and irresistible strength and assert their right to govern themselves and maintain peace by free and intelligent obedience to laws that themselves have made?" But when corruption breaks out in high places of trust and power among ourselves; when peaceable citizens are deterred from the discharge of their duty to their country by the terror of mobs, and the candidate for office is sure to win who is supported by the passionate and lawless clamors of the multitude; when disunion lifts up its defiant standard, and there is no centralized power to execute its quick and strong vengeance upon rebellion and treason; then there may be many who are ready to say,—"This principle of popular sovereignty is a mistake and a failure. It leads to nothing but endless agitation, conflict and uncertainty. The people only set up their own idols and then cast down the work of their own hands, and spit upon them. Oh! for such a governing power,—though it be that of a despot, such as all would be compelled to fear and respect. Oh! for the strong hand and the conquering cannon peal of some mighty Napoleon, whose autocratic will might subdue the million conflicting wills of popular sovereignty into the union of submission, and the peace of enforced obedience."

So wavers the public mind, from one extreme to another, and so little confidence have the great mass of the people in the rectitude and permanency of the institutions which themselves have established. Their privileges have not *cost* them enough to be prized at their real worth. The defenders of law, peace and public liberty have not been *tried* sufficiently to be trusted. There is not sufficient intelligence, conscientiousness and self-sacrifice to complete successfully great moral revolutions for the establishment of truth, righteousness and freedom. The requisite hardihood of virtue must be cultivated by something more serious than the gymnastic play of public debate, and conventional harangues and newspaper controversy. The furnace of trial must be heated seven times, that the pure gold may purge off its base alloy, and come forth from the flames reduced in bulk, but increased in value. This great and awful crisis has come upon us, and it seems as if the whole land would be sprinkled with blood and swept with a besom of fire, because we have been more anxious to multiply material resources, and to extend territory, than to do justice and love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God. The viperous spirit of disunion and oppression, and treachery, has been protected and pampered in the bosom of the nation until it has acquired strength to sting, to escape, and to assume an attitude of hissing and hostile defiance. It is too much to say before God that any *one* class of men, or any *one* political party are solely responsible for the terrible consequences that are upon us. In some cases even the measures that were honestly taken to prevent the calamity, may seem to have hastened its coming and increased its violence. But the day of trial *has come*, and we must meet it as the men of old, who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong." With all that is awful and revolting in the intelligence of each successive day, the course of duty is becoming plainer and plainer. All minor differences are losing their hold upon the hearts of patriotic citizens, as the distant peril draws near and assumes a more defiant and terrible aspect. And we shall be *one* people again, as were our fathers when the many questions of public interest are all reduced to this one—are we to have a government of law and order and justice, with strength to enforce its requirements, or shall the principle of capricious and passionate disorganization and disunion be suffered to rule, till State is divided against State, household against household, and every man's hand is against every other, and the land is filled with violence.

II. Let every christian patriot, let every man who desires his country's peace, *abstain from intemperate or inflammatory or vindictive passion*. If a terrible conflict must needs come, let it be met as mariners meet the storm, not in anger or excitement, but with a calmness and determination which afford them the best promise of safety. We are not called upon to do or to suffer anything for our country, which the most enlightened conscience cannot approve. The cause of freedom and truth and justice is one with the cause of love, benevolence and christianity, and it needs no support from the blind impulses of passion, sudden provocation or revenge. There is to be no war of conquest—no expenditure of blood or treasure for the attainment of military glory. If there is to be any violence at all it must be the violence with which the law lays its hands upon the muderer and inflicts the penalty due to his crime. We cannot be called upon as christian men or as patriots to approve or inflict any other. We certainly have the right to enjoy peace. We have a right to make our public regard for liberty something more than a name. We have a right to demand that the constitutional authority of the government, established by the wisdom of our fathers shall be obeyed. We have a right to expect that any desired change in that government shall be sought by some other means, than fraud, falsehood, robbery and violence. We have the right to hold and defend the Capital and archives of the nation against the attacks of an organized insurrection, taking the name of a new "Confederacy" and openly declaring to the world that its sole distinctive bond of unity and perpetuity is "African slavery." We have a right to say that the precious inheritance of free institutions, and just law, and public security, purchased for us by the labors and sufferings of our fathers, and transmitted as a sacred legacy to us and our children, shall not be lightly perverted or hastily taken away. We have a right to say that in this land freedom shall not be a mock word, and the government by the people a scandal and a stone of stumbling to all the friends of freedom in the old world. We have a right to say that the glorious gospel of the Son of God shall have free course in this land and shall be permitted here to gather riches and immortal trophies of its own virtuous grace with which to enlighten and deliver the natives of the heathen in the dark places of the earth. If we have not a right to say as much as this, and make good our words by our deeds, then our American citizenship is a mockery and the blood of our fathers was shed in a useless sacrifice.

And yet the just maintenance of these rights requires us to put far away from our lips and our hearts all wrath, and revenge, all clamor and evil speaking. We are to meet the awful crisis of the time with purposes stronger than death in our hearts, but with no flippant or boastful words upon our lips. We are to engage in nothing upon which we cannot ask the blessing of the God of love. Neither by action or inaction are we to make for ourselves a history which ourselves or our children will blush to read. If out of all this present confusion and disorganization our country is to come forth with its sacred institutions established upon broader and better foundations, then that result can be secured only by patient consideration, united counsels, great exertions, an earnest application for guidance unto that Eternal Spirit who alone can give wisdom and understanding to people and rulers, hush the violence of passion and bring the devices of the wicked to nought. And if all our fond hopes are destined to be disappointed,—if henceforth the history of this land is to be read in all nations with amazement and mockery,—if the knell of our American liberty has already been tolled and nothing remains for the excited people and the mustering armies to do but to bury the dishonored and disfigured corse in its deep grave, then let us attend its obsequies with such sorrow and solemnity as that with which the orphans of the first settlers wept over the blood of their murdered mother and the ashes of their burnt dwelling.

III. But, *thirdly*, if we are true to ourselves and to God, this need not be. Terrible as is the crisis that has come upon us, it is no time for despondency. This cry of disunion, this revolt of states, this gathering of armies, this upheaval of the old foundations as if volcanic fires were smouldering beneath —all these things must come to pass. *But the end is not yet.* If any cause is good enough to enlist the services and sacrifices of good men, then they ought to have faith enough in it to believe that it is unconquerable. It is not for us to say how long the struggle will last, or how much the victory will cost the conquerors. But the good cause always gains as soon as its supporters have suffered enough to learn how to make a right use of success. The cause of truth and righteousness and liberty never *can* cost more than it is worth. For it is better to *die* than to forsake the truth or become the servant of unrighteousness unto sin. If we give way to despondency as soon as the coming storm casts its shadow upon our path, it shows that we have lived in ease, or amused ourselves with fanciful theories of progress and universal peace, and we need the discipline of our fathers days to teach us to hope against hope, and to believe that there is one cause that never can be utterly defeated.

> "He always wins who sides with God,
> To him no chance is lost;
> To him God's will is sweetest when
> It triumphs at his cost."

We do not know the true greatness of living, if we do not know what it is to be tried for our faith and to be tempted and baffled in our hopes, and yet to cherish them with a martyr's devotion, and a prophet's vision of their sure fulfilment. The strength and prosperity of a nation do not consist in the uninterrupted pursuit of commerce, manufactures and agriculture, and the most rapid accumulation of wealth and the resources of luxury and learning. Faith in God, devotion to the truth, patient endurance under difficulties, the spirit of self-denial for the common good, benevolence to the needy, and succor to the wronged,—these constitute the true strength, hope, and glory of a nation. If we had all the treasures of art, all the stores of commerce, the productions of every clime, and the gold of a hundred Californias pouring riches into our lap, and we had nothing to do but sit still and receive, it would not be worth as much to us as one long, dark year of suffering and conflict and peril, such as our fathers experienced, to teach us what is the true strength and glory of a nation, and on what foundation to rest our hopes of safety and peace. If we had money enough to endow all our churches, schools, and institutions of learning, so that an individual would never be called upon to give for others what he could use for himself;—if every individual and family were provided with all the means and facilities for leading an easy, peaceful and luxurious life;—if all fear of war and famine and pestilence and deranged commerce and prostrated industry were removed, and then the Son of Man should come, would he find faith in God and fidelity to truth in this nation? I am afraid not. Such a state of material prosperity would only be improved by men to become sensual and selfish, weak and wicked. And I say all this only to show that there is no reason to lose heart and hope because there is a period of darkness and tempest before us. *The end is not yet.* In your patience possess your souls. There are still abundance of faithful men in all this land and they will come out of their secret places and bind the wild beasts of anarchy and rebellion when the country seems most in danger of being overrun and desolated. Bad men are quick and good men are slow to suspect treachery or to resist violence. The Almighty himself is long suffering, slow to wrath, and his followers are like him,—confident in the strength and rectitude of their course, and knowing that the triumph of the wicked is short. The haste and violence of rebellion is a confession that it has not the strength to endure, and that what it does it must do quickly. The tornado will doubtless sweep over the land, and the path of its progress will be marked with desolation, but the fields will be greener in their next verdure, the uprooted forest will enrich the soil to bring forth a more luxuriant growth, and the prostrate dwellings will be replaced by more substantial structures. *The end is not yet.* When it comes, the disturbers of our former peace will find, that in their eager and passionate haste to sever the cords that held freemen together in united States, they have also broke the bonds of the captive with their own violence, and slavery dies by its own hand.

IV. *Finally.* This is pre-eminently a time in this land when all men ought to pray and not to faint. And let no one adopt any course of action, approve any measures, or defend any principle upon which he cannot ask God's blessing in daily prayer. There is a God that rules among the nations. He *can* allay the violence of human passion, and scatter the forces of the wicked. Unhappy and unprotected must be the lot of him who has no God in whom to trust in such a time of peril and conflict as this. I am afraid that as a people we have not sought guidance and protection from the Almighty as we should. Political agitation has taken the place of prayer, and we have trusted in the rulers of our choice more than in God. We have held the officers of Government responsible to ourselves for the discharge of their duty, and not sufficiently considered that they have a higher responsibility to him by whom kings reign and princes decree injustice. We have mingled so many expediences and policies in the discharge of our duty as citizens that we have been ashamed to ask God's blessing upon plans so greatly wanting in the pure, gentle, peaceable wisdom which is from above. Surely it is time for us to return unto the Lord our God with repentance and humiliation, beseeching him for mercy's sake to return unto us, to forgive our sins, and cease from his sore displeasure against us that we perish not. Let us pray to be delivered from the blind impulses of passion, pride, prejudice, and revenge, and to be endued with wisdom, soundness of mind, and spiritual understanding to know our duty, and do it as in the sight of God, whatever effort or sacrifice it may cost us. In this unhappy difference between brethren, let us pray to be filled with all kindness, charitableness and humbleness of mind, that we may learn how to forbear, forgive and to conciliate, and let us pray not the less to be filled with all christian firmness, fortitude and integrity to maintain righteousness, truth and liberty as the inalienable birthright of all the inhabitants of the land. In every house, every day let there be prayer for the President of the United States, and the executive officers of Government, that they may be made equal to the awful responsibility that rests upon them, and that under God they may become the deliverers of the country in time of its greatest peril. Let us pray for the thousands who have been called forth to maintain the integrity of Government, by force of arms, that their hearts may be strong, and that they may keep themselves from corruption while bearing the sword as "ministers of God, to be peaceable for good, but as avengers to execute his wrath upon them that do evil." Let us pray for the desolate and afflicted families and friends at home, who already feel that the cruel sword of war hath pierced through their own souls, that they may be comforted and provided for in their desolation, and that the departed ones may speedily return to them in peace and joy.— And, finally, let us pray evermore that this great calamity that has come upon the land may result in bringing us all more habitual and entire dependance on God, deeper humility, greater fidelity in duty, more active zeal and self denial in maintaining the principles of Christian righteousness, liberty, truth, and peace, throughout this land and the world.

Special Notices.

Notice.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation and Trustees of the Stoneham Five Cents Savings Bank, will be held at the Bank Room on TUESDAY, May 7th, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

W. M. HEATH, Sec'y.

Stoneham, April 25th, 1861.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

Married.

STEVENS—TILESTON.—In Woburn, 24th inst., by Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Mr. John P. Stevens, to Miss Emma A. Tileston, both of Woburn.

PIERCE—BUCKNAM.—24th inst. by Rev. D. March, Mr. Edwin W. Pierce, of Lawrence, to Miss Eliza Frances Bucknam, of Stoneham.

KIMBALL—AMES.—In Chelsea, 24th inst., Mr. Albert Kimball, of Bradford, to Miss Isabella Ames, of Chelsea,—recent teacher in one of the public schools of South Reading.

HERRICK—BANCROFT.—In Lynnfield Centre, April 24th, by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, Mr. Geo. E. Herrick, of So. Danvers, to Miss Abbie Ann Bancroft, daughter of Henry Bancroft, 2d, of Lynnfield Centre.

Died.

MADAN.—In Woburn, 21st inst., Emeline P. Madan, aged 42 years.

WARLAND.—In North Woburn, 23rd inst., Harriet M. wife of Pascal M. Warland, 29 years.

NICHOLS—22d inst, Ella, daughter of E. W. and J. E. Nichols.

TOWNSEND.—In South Reading, 18th inst. Elizabeth A. wife of Mr. Jacob Townsend, jr. aged 34 years. 19th inst., infant child of Mr. Townsend, mother and child were buried together on Saturday.

To owners and keepers of DOGS WITHIN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

NOTICE is hereby given that all Licenses for Dogs will expire on the 30th day of April, 1861. Persons wishing to renew their Licenses can retain their original number by applying to me pevious to the 7th day of May.

N. WYMAN, Town Clerk of Woburn.

Woburn, April 27th, 1861.—tf

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,

and all articles used in Millinery. Also,

Dress Making attended to,

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinance of the same.

April 19.—tf

To the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex:

THE undersigned, respectfully represent that the public necessity and convenience would be greatly promoted by an alteration in the line of Washington Street, in Winchester, therefore pray that your honorable board may view the premises and straighten, widen and discontinue so much thereof as may be necessary.

JAMES A. WOODBURY and others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Cambridge in said county, on the first Tuesday of January and by adjournment April 16th, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Town Hall in Winchester, on the 3d day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Winchester, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and order thereon,
Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
A true copy Attest,
MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, held at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, and by adjournment on the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1861.

On the Petition of A. Weld, S. T. Sanborn and Wallace Whitney, Selectmen of Winchester, to define, new locate, and establish the boundaries of Main Street, in said Winchester.

It was adjudged that said defining bounds, and new location are of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Town Hall, in Winchester, on the third day of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,
E. H. SWEETSER, Chairman.

South Reading, April 16, 1861.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Apply at this Office.

Woburn, January 11, 1861.

COLLECTOR' SALE.

MIDDLESEX SS. Reading, April 8th, 1861.

To all persons whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Taxes assessed upon the following premises situated in said Reading, for the years hereafter stated, have not been paid, and are due; and that I shall sell at Public Auction, at the store of JONATHAN FROST, in said Reading, on MONDAY, the SIXTH day of MAY next, at three o'clock, in the afternoon, so much of each of said estates and premises as shall be necessary to pay the taxes so assessed, and all lawful charges thereon, unless the same are paid before the said time of sale.

The following are the names of the persons assessed, a general description of the several estates and premises, and the amount of the taxes assessed and due thereupon, respectively; and the owners are all non-residents so far as they are known.

1 W. F. CLAFLIN—One-fourth of an acre, more or less, of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on the corner of Warren and Forest Avenues, and is Lot numbered 17, on a plan of land in the town of Reading, Mass., belonging to Amos Cummings, jr and G. B. Parott, Surveyor, and recorded with said Middlesex Deeds, Book of Plans, No 9; and formerly owned by Nathaniel Vaughn. It is bounded, North by Warren Avenue; West by Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 18 on said plan, and East by Lot No. 16 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $9.36
Highway Tax for 1859, .50

2 LOT NO. 65, unknown owner—This is about ¼ of an acre of land, with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Forest Avenue, and is numbered 65 upon the above mentioned Plan of A. Cummings, jr., and formerly owned by E. E. Pratt; Bounded, East by said Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 64; West by land of heirs of J. Prescott, Esq., and North by Lot No. 66, as marked on said Plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.76

3 LOT 18, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land, about ¼ of an acre, situate on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 18 on said Cummings' Plan; Bounded, Westerly by said Avenue; Northerly by Lot No. 17, and southerly by Lot No. 19 on said Plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

4 LOT 39, PARK AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land on Park Avenue, on said Cummings' Plan, and numbered 39 thereon; Bounded, Southerly by Park Avenue; Easterly by lot No. 40, and Westerly by Lot No. 38 on said plan, and containing about ¼ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

5 LOTS 61, 62, 63, 64, unknown owner—About one half acre of land on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 61, 62, 63, 64 on said Cummings' Plan, of a triangular shape and bounded East by said Forest Avenue; West by land of heirs of J. Prescott, and North by Lot No. 65 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

6 LOT 32, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ¼ of an acre situate on the corner of Centre and Forest Avenue, and is numbered 32 on said Cummings' Plan, and bounded Northerly by said Centre Avenue; Westerly by said Forest Avenue; Easterly by Lot No. 31, and Southerly by Lot No. 33.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

7 LOT 30, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land situate on said Centre Avenue, and is numbered 30 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue; East by Lot 29, South by lot 36; West by Lot 31 on said plan, containing about ¼ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $0.78

8 LOT 27, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ¼ of an acre on Centre Avenue and numbered 27 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue; East by Lot 26; South by Lot 39, and West by Lot 28 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

9 DANIEL H. SHIRLEY—A lot of land on Washington street so called, in Reading, and is bounded Northerly by said street, and is Lot No. 15 on a plan of part of the estate of the late Edmund Parker, Esq., and surveyed by Joseph Bancroft, June, 1847, and recorded in said Registry, Book of Plans No. 5, page 88.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04
Highway Tax for 1859 .17

10 WILLIAM L. BATTLES—A parcel of land situate at a place called Fairmount, in said Reading, and bounded—Northerly by North street; Westerly by Second street; Southerly by Hopkins and South streets, and is composed of the Lots numbered 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, on a plan of Fairmount belonging to Wm. L. Brown, Esq., made by E. Bucknam, and recorded in said Middlesex Registry, Book of Plans 6, page 30.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.56
Highway Tax for 1859, .50

11 ALPHA HUNTON—One-half acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Ash street and bounded East by Ash street, leading to South Reading; North and West by land of B. E. Beard; South by land of E. Crouch.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $8.53

12 P. ULMER—2¼ acres of land on Bear Hill, consisting of lots numbered 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105 on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount, and described in deed from Wm. L. Brown to said Ulmer, dated 18th Dec., 1858, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 812, page 162.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.34
Real Estate for 1859, 1.63

13 MR. PAINE, or unknown owner—About 1½ acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situated on Main and Ash Streets, and a little North of the track of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and bounded South by a lane which separates it from said track; West by said Main and Ash streets, and North by a street laid out, but not fully graded and occupied.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $18.82
Highway Tax for 1859, 1.60

14 J. M. DANE—About three acres of land on Ash street, and bounded West by Ash street; South by lands of Jaquith and others; East by land of Boston and Maine Railroad, and North by land late of H. Kingman, deceased, described in deed of G. Winn *et ux* to said Dane, dated October 1st, 1855, and recorded in said Registry, Book 724, page 38.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $7.80

15 LOT 31, unknown owner—Contains ¼ of an acre of land situate on Ash street, as laid out on E. Parker's plan, and is numbered 31 on the above mentioned plan of part of Edmund Parker's estate, bounded Northerly by Ash street on said plan, and Westerly by Lot No. 32 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

16 GEORGE W. IRELAND—Three fourths of an acre of land with a house thereon, situate on Washington street, so called, and is same land described in a deed of J. C. Smith to said Ireland, dated 5th November, 1853, recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 752, page 441.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $8.32
Highway Tax for 1859, .65

17 WILLIAM EGAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land on Bear Hill, the same being lots numbered 30 and 31, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

18 JOHN W. BOWKER—About one-eighth of an acre of land on said Bear Hill, the same being numbered Lot 117, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

19 GEORGE M. MCLELLAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land situate on Park Avenue, and numbered 42 on above mentioned Cummings' plan, and is bounded South by said Avenue; West by Lot No. 41; North by land of T. Sweetser, and East by Lot No. 43.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62
Highway Tax for 1859, .10

20 J. W. PEPPER—Three acres on Bear Hill, and numbered on said plan of Fairmount as follows —1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.86

21 STATE LOAN AND FUND ASSOCIATION—About three and three fourths of an acre of land on Summer street, and on Bear Hill, with a dwelling house thereon, now occupied by Mrs. William Pierce; and bounded Northerly by said Summer street, and on all other sides by land now or formerly of Wm. L. Brown, Esquire.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $10.92
Highway Tax for 1859, .79

22 WRIGHT NEWHALL'S HEIRS—Four acres of land more or less, in Cedar Swamp, so called, situate near the stone town bound between the towns of said Reading and Lynnfield, and lying between two lots of land belonging to John Perkins of Lynnfield.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.83

23 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of Hawkes' lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.31

24 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of C. Green's lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.16

25 DAVID TAYLOR—Thirteen acres of land, more or less, situate in said Cedar Swamp, East of J. W. Walcott's lot and adjoining the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

26 ANTHONY CHASE, or unknown—The easterly half of a lot of land called the Lambert Swamp Lot, which lot contains six acres and sixteen rods, more or less; and is bounded Easterly by land of Samuel Pratt; southerly by the several lands of David Pratt, jr. and Nathan P. Pratt, Esq.; Westerly by land of J. Brooks Nichols and others, and Northerly by lands of Joseph L. Pratt and Asa P. Pratt. Said lot was formerly conveyed by Jeremiah Lovejoy to William Lovejoy, and by the latter to Thomas C. Day, and said Day sold one-half of said lot to said Chase.
State, County and Town Tax for 1859, $1.45
Do. do. do. 1860, .62
Highway Tax for 1858, .15
Do. do. 1859, .17

27 LAMBERT LOT, unknown owner—The westerly half of the above bounded Lambert Swamp Lot. Each half contains three acres and eight rods more or less.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

GEORGE BATCHELDER,
Collector of the Town of Reading.

MAY MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOU'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS From S. M. Pettengill & Co., Boston.

F. R. ROBINSON'S

INDEXIBLE SOAP.

TWO SILVER MEDALS AWARDED.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Britannia, and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c., warranted to contain nothing that *can possibly* injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use.

Many of our largest dealers in Silver Ware have given it their unqualified approval. See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other Soap for cleaning fine House Paint, the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the paint, which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as when new.

PUMICE SOAP instantly removes Ink, Pitch, Varnish, Acid, and other stains from the hands, leaving them soft and white. It is equal to the best French ponciue and is sold for less than half the price.

HONEY SOAP, PURE.—Competent and disinterested judges pronounce this Soap equal to the best imported and far superior to most that claims the name, Honey. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin, and fragrant as a flower garden.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest metals, and agreeable to the taste. Physicians and other scientific men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth and Gums of all are infested with Animal Parasites. Careful and repeated experiments have proved that Soap is the only agent that will destroy them without injury to the organs.

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THEY are used and recommended by leading Physicians of the country, and all who try them pronounce them invaluable.

Dr. JAMES L. LEEPERE writes from Navarre, Stark County, Ohio: "The Bitters are praised by those suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia and liver complaint."

E. S. DAVIS, Postmaster at Williamsport, Ohio, says: "They give great satisfaction. I used them myself, having taken cold, become prostrate and lost my appetite. It relieved me and I can recommend it with great assurance of its merits."

Dr. WM. M. KERR of Rogersville, Indiana, writes us that they are the most valuable medicine offered. He has recommended them with great success, and with them made several cures of palpitation of the heart and general debility.

THOMAS STANFORD, Esq., Blountville, Henry Co., Indiana, writes us a long letter under date of May 4, 1860. He was much reduced, having been afflicted for three years with great nervous debility, palpitation of the heart of the most severe and prostrating character, "after using a few bottles I was completely restored, and am now in robust health."

GEORGE W. HOFFMAN says he was afflicted with rheumatism for 20 years in all its various forms, and at the date of his letter he had been two years; the bitters effecting the cure, when several physicians attending him could do him no good.

He says, "for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney affection or dropsey, it is a specific and certain remedy."

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D. K. GALLESHERS, M. D. writes from Van Wert, Ohio. "I most respectfully recommend the Sherry Wine Bitters to the notice of dyspeptic persons, and all who require a stimulating medicine."

Such News we are receiving Daily.

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Trusses, Supporters, and Shoulder Braces.

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FEW are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "slight cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are the most valuable article especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at 25 cents a box.

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WE wish to call the attention of the public to our superior STOCK, PALE, and AMBER ALES, brewed by us for the trade, and Family Use, put up in barrels, half Barrels, and kegs none superior in the market—at wholesale and retail, on reasonable terms.

Also, for sale by us, at wholesale and retail, Dr. MOWE'S Celebrated COUGH BALSAM and VEGETABLE BITTERS, the best medicines in use. Upwards of 60,000 bottles of these Bitters have been sold by us in the last year. Every family should get a dozen, as spring is coming, to cleanse and purify the blood, also as an appetizer.

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FOR Family use and manufacturing purposes. The Eureka Machines make the *beautiful* Lock-Stitch ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, and will stitch, hem, fell, cord, gather, quilt, bind and tuck. They are what everybody is inquiring for—a perfect Family Sewing Machine; being equally well adapted to sew the most flimsy muslin and the heaviest woollen fabrics. The Eureka Machines use all kinds of thread, and the same thread is used for the under as well as the upper thread. They are warranted more durable. They are warranted to give the most perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Address THOMAS DERMOTT, Agent, 260 Washington Street.

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Dear Sir:—The "Eureka Sewing Machine" which I purchased of you last October works to a charm, and has given, thus far, *perfect satisfaction*. We find it a matter of great convenience that it makes a stitch alike on both sides. We cheerfully recommend the "Eureka" to any who desire to get the best Family Machine.

REV. T. WILLARD LEWIS.

HOPKINTON, Jan. 8, 1861.

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Miscellaneous.

Shop and Freedom.

Though with the North we sympathise,
It must not be forgotten
That with the South we've stronger ties,
Which are composed of cotton,
Whereof our imports mount unto
A sum of many figures,
And where would be our calico
Without the toil of niggers?

The South enslaves those fellow-men,
Whom we love all so dearly;
The North keeps Commerce bound again,
Which touches us more nearly.
Thus a divided duty we
Perceive in this hard matter,
Free trade, or sable brothers free?
Oh, won't we choose the latter?—*Punch.*

Leaving Home.

The extraordinary spectacles witnessed in many of the towns and cities of Eastern Massachusetts on Monday of last week can never be forgotten. The soldiers holding allegiance to the several regiments first called upon for duty were prompt to accept the call, as the facts and figures testify. The unexpectedness of the summons, the short time allowed for preparation, (the hours of Monday *night* only,) and the immense amount of labor to be gone through with, combined to increase the excitement. The wife adjusted the belt of her husband, but the tear would spring up—the father readily assisted in the equipment of an only son, but the lip would tremble as it uttered farewell; and amid clouds and sunshine, amid tears and smiles, the blessing was invoked, and the volunteer at early dawn left the old homestead for active military service.

During the evening of Tuesday, and all through Wednesday, the members of the four regiments quartered about the city were the recipients of visits, packages and letters from "the loved ones at home." The popular songs of the barracks were of course "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner," but an accompaniment to the cleaning of many a cross belt and a breast-plate was "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Every soldier claimed to have received a cheerful "God Speed," and from the enthusiasm which attended the departure and progress of the troops from their respective homes on Monday, there is no chance whatever to doubt the fact.

Good.—At a party, a haughty young beauty turned to a student who stood near her and said:

"Cous'n John, I understand your eccentric friend L. is here. I have a great curiosity to see him. Do bring him here and introduce him to me."

The student went in search of his friend, and at length found him lounging on a sofa. "L.," said he, "my beautiful cousin Catherine wishes to be introduced to you."

"Well, trot her out, John," drawled L., with an affected yawn.

John returned to his cousin and advised her to defer her introduction to a more favorable time, repeating the answer he had received. The beauty bit her lip, but the next moment said, "Well, never fear! I shall insist on being introduced."

After some delay, L. was led up, and the ceremony of introduction duly performed.—Agreeably surprised by the beauty and commanding appearance of Catherine, L. made a profound bow; but instead of returning it she stepped backward, and raising her eye-glass, surveyed him deliberately from head to foot, then waving her hand toward him, drawled out, "Trot him off, John; trot him off,—that is enough."

Pleasures of Imagination.—How many beautiful visions pass before the mind in a single day, when the reins are thrown loose, and fancy feels no restraint! How curious, interesting and instructive would be the history of the workings of a single mind for a day! How many imaginary joys, how many airy castles, pass before it—which a single jostle of this rough world at once destroys! Who is their who has not imagined a summer fairer than ever bloomed—scenery in nature more perfect than was combined by the pencil—honors more distinguished than were ever bestowed—homes more peaceful than ever enjoyed—companions more angelic than ever walked the earth—and bliss more complete and more thrilling than ever were alloted to man!—*Todd.*

Nearly Home.—"Almost well, and *nearly at home*," said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was by a friend. A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered "Never better; for now I know that I am almost home." Then looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burnt, he said, "Only two more stiles to get over and I am at my Father's house." "Dying," said the Rev. S. Medly, "is sweet work—sweet work. Home! Home!" Another on his death-bed, "I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that *I have got a good home to go to*."

☞ Minnie was one day talking to her little class in Sunday school about God's great love to man. Wishing to impress it upon their minds, and to know whether they understood her, she asked:

"Now, children, who loves all men?"

The question was hardly asked before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly—

"All women!"

Mixing the Quotations.—We are assured that Jones was not tipsy the other evening, when it became his duty at the proper stage of the proceedings to give the regular toast to Woman, for he said so afterwards. He proceeded:

"Oh Women in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—
But—but—seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

☞ Some mischievous wag, one night, pulled down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door. In the morning it read:

"All sorts of turning and twisting done here."

Woburn Testimony

Woburn, March 20th, 1861.

Mr. Peter Lawson,—Dear Sir.—This is to certify, that having witnessed the effects of Lawson's Nervous Curative in numerous cases, for the past two years, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe it possesses all the virtues you claim for it, and I most cheerfully recommend it to the public.

Very respectfully yours,
B. W. Conant, Druggist.

Business Cards.

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WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.
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Particular attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
May 14, 1859.

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At Stoneham from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

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WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
ALSO, DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.
☞ *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.*
(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).
Nov1, 1858. ytf

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.
Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand
☞ SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.
Woburn, Feb. 14.

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT BUSINESS.
THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.
☞ New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale.
Winchester, Sept. 1. GEORGE ALLEN. tf

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

Central Market
Main Street, Woburn.
THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. Soles, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.
Oct 8, 1859. tf

WILLIAM WINN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Burlington, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estat attended to on reasonable term
Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

PERRY, BELL & EATON,
Manufacturers and dealers in
HARD, SOFT AND FANCY SOAPS.
☞ *Soap made expressly for Curriers' use.*
All orders promptly attended to.
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.
Feb. 14. ly

E. D. HAYDEN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW
No. 4 Wade's Block, Woburn, Mass.
Feb. 13. ytf

East Woburn Grocery Store.
H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.*
East Woburn, Sept. ytf

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DEALER IN
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

DR. C. T. LANG
SURGEON DENTIST,

Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.,
Woburn Centre, Mass.

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THE infamous practice of adulterating Brandies having become so common that a genuine article is the exception; it is of *vital importance* to those requiring it for Family use and invalids, that it should be of undoubted purity and efficacy.

With a view to meeting the popular demand for a reliable Brandy in its natural state, free from alcholic flavor and impurities, and fully appreciating the fact that it is often recommended by the Medical Faculty, as a *sustaining stimulant*, when all other remedies fail, we are now bottling and selling at reasonable rates, a Brandy of our own importation from one of the most responsible houses in France, and known as

"*Bininger's Genuine Cognac Brandy.*"

It is mild, delicate and fruity, and is designed to be always uniform in quality and character. Put up in pint and quart bottles, in cases containing two dozen pints and one dozen quarts, and is sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents. The above is also for sale in original packages, viz.: Eights and Quarter Casks.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
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For sale in Boston by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co. Nos. 11 and 12 Marshall Street, M. S. Burr & Co.; Weeks & Potter; Seth E. Pecker; D Goodnow & Co.; Reed, Cutler & Co.; T. L. Smith; S. Pierce & Co.; Stephen Weeks; C. S. Davis & Co.; Jas. Mackintire 23—1y

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For Family and Medical Use.

THIS natural product of the most nutritious grain recommends itself as presenting in a concentrated form the nutritive properties of Wheat, and has received the highest encomiums from eminent medical authorities, as possessing qualities that are absolutely FATTENING;—this desideratum renders it invaluable to those who are suffering from consumption, Lung Complaint, Bronchitis, Impaired Strength, Lack of Vital Energy, and all diseases which, in their incipient stages require only a generous diet, and an invigorating, nourishing stimulant.

Put up in quart bottles, in iron bound cases of one and two dozen each, and sold by all prominent Druggists, Grocers and Town Agents.

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Sole Proprietors, No. 19 Broad Street, New York.
For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co. Nos. 11 & 12 Marshall st.; M. S. BURR & Co.; WEEKS & POTTER; SETH E. PECKER; D. GOODNOW & Co.; REED CUTLER & Co.; T. L. SMITH; S. PIERCE & Co.; STEPHEN WEEKS; and C. S. DAVIS & Co.
Nov. 1860.—1y

Almanacs for 1861!
BROWN'S, Thomas', Pilgrim's and Christian Almanacs for 1861, also as soon as published, the Boston and Lady's Almanacs, at the Woburn Bookstore.

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AGENT,
333 Broadway, N. Y.,
Publisher of Music and Music Books and Dealer in
Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Organ Accordeons, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Viols, Violincellos, Accordeons, Flutinas, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionets, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Bass Instruments for Bands, Piano Stools and covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

SHEET MUSIC.
FROM all the publishers in the U. S., Bertini's Huntins, and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments, Church Music Books; Music elegantly Bound; Music paper, and all kind of Music Merchandise,
At the Lowest Prices.

NEW PIANOS,
At $175, $200, $225, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $160; New Melodions, $45, $60, $75, $100, and up to $200; Second Hand Melodeons, from $30 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $160; nine stops, $185 and $225; thirteen stops, $250, $275 and $300; fifteen stops, $320 and $375. A liberal discount to Clergymen Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

Testimonials of the Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons.
John Hewitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:—
"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two more: they will be more popular than any other make."
"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our Seminary, one of which has been severely tested for three years, and we can testify to their good quality and durability."—Wood & Gregory, *Mount Carrol, Ill.*
H. Waters, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Having, used one of your Piano Fortes for two years past. I have found it a very *superior Instrument.*
ALONZO GRAY,
Principal Brooklyn Heights Seminary."
"The Piano I received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place."—JAMES L. CLARKE, *Charlestown, Va.*
"The Melodeon has safely arrived. I cel obliged to you for your liberal discount."—Rev. J. M. McCormick,—*Yarquesville, S. C.*
"The Piano was duly received. It came in excellent condition, and is very much admired by my numerous family. Accept my thanks for your promptness."—Robert Cooper, *Warrenham Bradford County, Pa.*
"Your piano pleases us well. It is the best one in our county."—Thomas A. Latham, *Campbell on, Ga.*
"We are very much obliged to you for having sent such a fine instrument for $250."—Brank, Hele & Co., *Buffalo Democrat.*
"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*
"We can speak of the merits of the Horace Waters pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very finest quality."—*Christian Intelligencer.*
"The Horace Waters pianos are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material. We have no doubt that buyers can do as well, perhaps better, at this than at any other house in the Union."—*Advocate and Journal.*
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"Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Music and Pianos to be found in the United States, and we urge our southern and western friends to give him a call whenever they go to New York."—*Graham's Magazine*
Warehouse—333 Broadway, N.Y.

SABBATH SCHOOL BELL,
113,000 Issued in ten Months.
The unprecedented sale of this book has induced the publisher to add some 30 new tunes and hymns to its present size, without extra charge, except on the cheap edition. Among the many beautiful tunes and hymns added may be found: "I ought to love my mother;" "O, I'll be a good child, indeed I will." These and eight others from the Bell, were sung at the Sunday School Anniversary of the M. E. Church at the Academy of Music, with great applause. The Bell contains nearly 200 tunes and hymns, and is one of the best collections ever issued. Price 13c; $10 per hundred, postage 2 cts; bound 20 cts., $15 per hundred, postage 4c. Elegantly bound, embossed gilt, 25c., $20 per hundred. It has been introduced into many of the Public Schools.
The Bell is published in small numbers, entitled Anniversary and Sunday School Music Book, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in order to accommodate the million; price $2 and $3 per hundred. No. 5 will soon be issued—commencement of another book. Also, Revival Music Book, Nos. 1 and 2, price $1 and $2 per hundred, postage 1c. More than 350,000 copies of the above books have been issued the past eighteen months, and the demand is rapidly increasing. Published by
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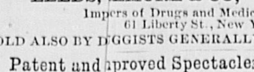
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In cases of *General Debility*, whether the result of acute diseases, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render creditable. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.
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PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increase on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the liver to have been extensively deranged.

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Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, in cases of Ague and Fever, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.
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Curative and Nervo Tonic:
For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.
THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.
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Peter Lawson—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and stil. continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,
L. STRATTON,
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Peter Lawson, Esq.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.
I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,
T. FOSTER FARMER.
Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.
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Peter Lawson, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly,
J. B. EATON.
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WILLIAM McCUTCHEON
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The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W. CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD; in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY. 21—1y.

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The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the
VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES
are well known to be infallible.
DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.
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FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.
The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.
DROPSIES of all kinds, by freezing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of Gravel.
Also *WORMS*, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.
SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.
SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.
The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.
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FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.
BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS,—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds. Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.
And for the speedy cure of the subjoined varieties of Disease:
Scrofula and Scrofulous Affections, such as Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Blains, and all Skin Diseases.
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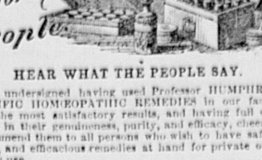
J. C. Ayer & Co. Gents: I feel it my duty to acknowledge what your Sarsaparilla has done for me. Having inherited a Scrofulous infection, I have suffered from it in various ways for years. Sometimes it burst out in Ulcers on my hands and arms; sometimes it turned inward and distressed me at the stomach. Two years ago it broke out on my head and covered my scalp and ears with one sore, which was painful and loathsome beyond description. I tried many medicines and several physicians, but without much relief from any thing. In fact, the disorder grew worse. At length I was rejoiced to read in the Gospel Messenger that you had prepared an alterative (Sarsaparilla), for I knew from your reputation that any thing you made must be good. I sent to Cincinnati and got it, and used it till it cured me. I took it, as you advise, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a month, and used almost three bottles. New and healthy skin soon began to form under the scab, which after a while fell off. My skin is now clear, and I know by my feelings that the disease has gone from my system. You can well believe that I feel what I am saying when I tell you, that I hold you to be one of the apostles of the age, and remain ever gratefully. Yours,
ALFRED B. TALLEY.
St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.
Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Eruptions* by it constantly.
Bronchocele, Goitre or Swelled Neck.
Zebulon Sloan of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bottles of your Sarsaparilla cured me from a *Goitre*—a hideous swelling on the neck, which I had suffered from over two years."
Leucorrhœa or Whites, Ovarian Tumor, Uterine Ulceration, Female Diseases.
Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York City, writes; "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alterative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in *Female Diseases* of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhœa by it, and some where the complaint was caused by *ulceration of the uterus.* The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for these female derangements."
Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dangerous *ovarian tumor* on one of the females in my family, which had defied all the remedies we could employ, has at length been completely cured by your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Our physician thought nothing but extirpation could afford relief, but he advised the trial of your Sarsaparilla as the last resort before cutting, and it proved effectual. After taking your remedy eight weeks no symptom of the disease remains."
Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.
New Orleans, 25th August, 1859.
Dr. J. C. Ayer: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the request of your agent, and report to you some of the effects I have realized with your Sarsaparilla.
I have cured with it, in my practice, most of the complaints for which it is recommended, and have found its effects truly wonderful in the cure of *Venereal and Mercurial Disease.* One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers in his throat, which were consuming his palate and the top of his mouth. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken, cured him in five weeks. Another was attacked by secondary symptoms in his nose, and the ulceration had eaten away a considerable part of it, so that I believe the disorder would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it yielded to my administration of your Sarsaparilla; the ulcers healed, and he is well again, not of course without some disfiguration to his face. A woman who had been treated for the same disorder by mercury was suffering from this poison in her bones. They had become so sensitive to the weather that on a damp day she suffered excruciating pain in her joints and bones. She, too, was cured entirely by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I know from its formula, which your agent gave me, that this Preparation from your laboratory must be a great remedy; consequently, these truly remarkable results with it have not surprised me.
Fraternally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.
Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint.
Independence, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859.
Dr. J. C. Ayer: Sir, I have been afflicted with a painful chronic *Rheumatism* for a long time, which baffled the skill of physicians, and stuck to me in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One bottle cured me in two weeks, and restored my general health so much that I am far better than before I was attacked. I think it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.
Jules Y. Getchell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been afflicted for years with an *affection of the Liver*, which destroyed my health. I tried every thing, and every thing failed to relieve me; and I have been a broken-down man for some years from no other cause than *derangement of the Liver.* My beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Espy, advised me to try your Sarsaparilla, because he said he knew you, and any thing you made was worth trying. By the blessing of God it has cured me, and has so purified my blood as to make a new man of me. I feel young again. The best that can be said of you is not half good enough."
Schirrus, Cancer Tumors, Enlargement, Ulceration, Caries and Exfoliation of the Bones.
A great variety of cases have been reported to us where cures of these formidable complaints have resulted from the use of this remedy, but our space here will not admit them. Some of them may be found in our American Almanac, which the agents below named are pleased to furnish gratis to all who call for them.
Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Melancholy, Neuralgia.
Many remarkable cures of these affections have been made by the alterative power of this medicine. It stimulates the vital functions into vigorous action, and thus overcomes disorders which would be supposed beyond its reach. Such a remedy has long been required by the necessities of the people, and we are confident that this will do for them all that medicine can do.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the Relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced Stages of the Disease.
This is a remedy so universally known to surpass any other for the cure of throat and lung complaints, that it is useless here to publish the evidence of its virtues. Its unrivalled excellence for coughs and colds, and its truly wonderful cures of pulmonary disease, have made it known throughout the civilized nations of the earth. Few are the communities, or even families, among them who have not some personal experience of its effects—some living trophy in their midst of its victory over the subtle and dangerous disorders of the throat and lungs. As all know the dreadful fatality of these disorders, and as they know, too, the effects of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them that it has now all the virtues that it did have when making the cures which have won so strongly upon the confidence of mankind.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass
Sold by Druggists and Medicine dealers.



HEAR WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.
The undersigned having used Professor HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES in our families with the most satisfactory results, and having full confidence in their genuineness, purity, and efficacy, cheerfully recommend them to all persons who wish to have safe, reliable, and efficacious remedies at hand for private or domestic use.
The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of "The Northern Independent," Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. E. H. Cressey, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. B. I. Ives, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison; the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, Rector, New-Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. Allen Steele, New-York Conference; the Rev. Samuel Nichols, East-Genesee Conference, N. Y.; the Rev. P. S. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; the Rev. John E. Robie, Buffalo; A. C. Hart, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; the Hon. Neal Dow, Portland, Me.; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, South-Bend, Ind.; the Hon. George Humphreys, N. Y.; Henry D. Cook, Esq., Editor of The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio; the Hon. R. H. Graham, Moline, Ill.; the Hon. Thomas J. Chase, Monticello, Fla.; the Hon. Joseph Benedict, Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bristol, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; A. S. Pond, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; James Plunkett, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.
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No. 1.—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.
No. 2.—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, Wetting the Bed.
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No. 5.—For Colic, Gripings, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.
No. 6.—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.
No. 7.—For Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throat.
No. 8.—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache, and Neuralgia.
No. 9.—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.
No. 10.—Dyspepsia Pills.—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Constipation, and Liver Complaint.
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P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.
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C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.
In all acute diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas, the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened, and rendered less dangerous.
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In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Piles, Female Debility, and Irregularities, old Headaches, Sore or Weak Eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles or Catarrh, Headache or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.
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corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles, (mostly from St. John lumber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.
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DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
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Bellingham's Celebrated
STIMULATING UNGUENT,
For the Whiskers and Hair.
THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.
The Stimulating Unguent
is prepared by Dr. C. P. Bellingham, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of
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in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.
It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp, it will cure BALDNESS, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn RED or towy hair DARK and restore gray hair to its original color leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Unguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.
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THE READY FAMILY SOAP MAKER, AND UNIVERSAL CLEANSER.
WILL make hard water soft, clean Paint, remove Ink from Type, Grease from Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.
One Box costs............................25 cents
4 to 4½ lbs. refuse grease, usually given away, at about ½ cent per lb., say 20
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Forty-five cents, therefore, is the cost of a barrel of FIRST RATE SOFT SOAP.
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OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.
March 15th, 1861.—3m

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Sermon by Rev. Mr. March,

DELIVERED ON SUNDAY FORENOON, APRIL 21ST.

Matt. 24:6—"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet."

These prophetic words of our Lord received their first fulfillment in the calamities which came upon Jerusalem and the Jewish nation in the lifetime of some who heard him speak. They have been continually fulfilled to the tried and suffering people of God in all the conflicts and convulsions of the ages. And even through the long line of the centuries, amid all the changes and revolutions that have come over the convulsed and groaning earth, the clear, calm voice of the divine Messenger of peace and salvation, addresses his disciples in the same words, "See that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet." The brightest hopes of humanity have been most frequently darkened with their eclipse. The day which pours the glories of the morning upon the mountains with the greatest profusion, and which passes on from noon to night with the most serene and cloudless beauty, is most sure to be followed by a day of darkness, of thick clouds and of angry tempest. The period of repose, of growing knowledge and truth, when man's imperfect vision sees the reign of peace and righteousness just about to be inaugurated in the earth, is followed by a horror of great darkness and a cup of trembling which millions must drink. When Christ came as the Prince of Peace to establish his reign among men the warring nations ceased for awhile from the work of mutual destruction, that they might gaze on that wondrous birth. But it was only the momentary hush of the elements before the coming of the storm with deeper darkness and louder thunders. For successive centuries, wherever the growing light of christianity shone upon the thick darkness of heathenism and revealed its abominations, there were sure to be recorded new enlistments to the "noble army of martyrs," and there the church triumphant received new members fresh from the baptism of blood. When the star of the Reformation broke forth from the long night of a thousand years, there were millions to hail its rising with acclamations of joy; but it was, nevertheless, the herald of a day of conflict and of greater tribulation to the faithful disciples of Jesus than they had ever experienced before. Our Fathers braved the perils of the ocean, the wilderness and the savage foe, that they might become a peculiar people—a holy nation—transmitting the priceless inheritance of law, liberty and religion to their children. And yet the terrors of the deep, the hardships of exile, the hostility of the heathen, were not enough for this trial of their faith. They must pass through the blasting fires of a fratricidal war. The unnatural mother beyond the sea, jealous of the rising power of her exiled children, turned in wrath to devour her own offspring; and they were compelled to establish their title to the inheritance of the wilderness, by the double conquest of an uncultivated soil and a foreign foe. In reviewing the conflicts through which they passed, we can now see something of wrong on both sides. Doubtless it was not always with the right spirit, that they battled for the right. Nevertheless it was the severity of the trial that gave them their strength. They always came forth from beneath the cloud of suffering and calamity like Moses from the mount of God, with new light upon their countenances. The hopes of the human race have been brighter for every shadow that fell upon their path. It is sad indeed that every step of progress in the establishment of the ultimate reign of righteousness and peace on earth, must cost such fearful sacrifices. The blood of battle is a dreadful baptism for the new born child of truth, religion and liberty. But the example of the Son of God, himself the Prince of Peace, teaches us that it is better to submit to that baptism than to suffer the reign of darkness and oppression and iniquity to go on. I regard the profession of arms, merely as a profession, and the splendor of military glory attained by conquest, with unmingled abhorrence. And yet I am satisfied that there are some things worse than war. National corruption and imbecility and licentiousness, are worse. Anarchy, universal resistance to law, and desecration of justice, are worse. General contempt of judicial authority, and denial of covenant obligations and the subjection of national authority to the disorganizing violence of passion and selfishness, falsehood and revenge, are worse. The enforced subjection of millions of immortal men to the condition of cattle, and the unscrupulous, and long continued perversion of the most sacred human constitutions, and of truths divine, to the maintenance of a system, which inflames and poisons the passions of the strong, and sells the weak for prey to lust, licentiousness and cupidity,—all these are worse than war, for the maintenance of the truths of God and the rights of man.

And it has at last come to this in our once peaceful and prosperous country, that we must both ask and answer the question whether there be anything worse than war, whether anything can justify an appeal to the arbitration of the sword,—whether we possess anything nowadays which we would not surrender though the fires of fratricidal contest should burn from one end of the land to the other. The call to arms has already gone forth from the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and thousands of strong men have already exchanged the implements of peaceful labor for the weapons of death. Hitherto we have congratulated ourselves upon our position at a safe distance from the political convulsions which are ever shaking the thrones and harrassing the people of the old world. But we have no longer occasion to wait for war news to come from beyond the sea. The columns of daily newspapers contain scarcely anything else than accounts of the deep and strong agitation with which the nation is shaking. Even on this peaceful day the standard of war floats upon every flag staff in city and country; millions of treasure are offered to carry on the conflict and the long lines of railway cars are freighted with troops, hurrying forward to bear their part in the great campaign. And unless some extraordinary and unforeseen providence shall arrest the dreadful tragedy which enacted its first scene in the harbor of Charleston, a week ago, many of the young and strong have already left their homes never to return; many vacancies have been made in family circles never to be filled. And this whole subject has so completely possessed our minds that we cannot banish it from our thoughts if we would when engaged in the peaceful and solemn services of the sanctuary and the Sabbath day. And it is especially appropriate that we should here, not only in prayer, commend the interests of our country to God's holy keeping, but that we should ask how it becomes us as Christian men to meet the demands of this awful crisis. It is not indeed the time or the place to discuss particular policies, or to balance the blame for the outbreak between different political parties or different sections of the country. But it is the time and place for us to cultivate a deeply religious conscientiousness and firmness of purpose such as will enable us to meet the awful crisis and acquit ourselves like men. Among the last instructions of our Lord to his disciples, he taught them how to sustain themselves in the great tribulation which should come upon their country. And surely we cannot obtain a better guide to teach us what sentiments it becomes us to entertain, and in what spirit to support the burdens that shall be laid upon us in the fearful conflict before us.

I. Let us take to ourselves the charge contained in our Lord's words, "*See that ye be not troubled.*" There is no occasion for alarm, anxiety, distraction or desperation of mind, so long as we keep ourselves upon the post of duty and watch with the determination to endure unto the end. "Who," says an apostle who lived in times of greater peril than we have ever seen or ever expect to see, "who is he that shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" There is a *good*, a great, glorious, everlasting *good* for every man to follow into whatever perils and sacrifices it may lead. And if he shall be called to pass through deep waters red with blood, and the way before him shall be darkened with clouds of conflict, still the divine command to him is as it was to the hosts of Israel on the shores of the yet undivided sea,—"Go forward." Any man who determines to pursue the right, the true, and the good, wherever it may lead, is liable to be brought into many straits where to go back is impossible,—to stand still is cowardice and destruction. His only safety is to go forward. And when the path of duty has been for a long time difficult to find, when it has been obscured by conflicting testimonies and hard questions and perplexing policies, any man should count it a favoring providence which dispels the clouds and shows him just where he has to go. It is such a relief to be delivered from suspense and uncertainty, that a brave and true-hearted man would rather face the terrors of the earth, than be kept in doubt. And it is just for this reason that in the present awful crisis of our country we can find something to be thankful for. We are just beginning to find out where we are, and what we have to do. The causes of our present danger have long been at work, sapping the foundations of our national strength, union and liberty. But they put on so many fair and treacherous disguises that the unsuspecting and simple-hearted were deceived, not knowing the depths of iniquity or the subtlety of the power of darkness. Now all good and true men, who love their country, and who would sooner sacrifice their right hand than endanger its peace, or dishonor its name, are beginning to see alike, and to stand shoulder to shoulder for common defense. About the hardest thing for a free, reading, talking and debating people to do, is to lay aside their petty contentions and party prejudices, and unite heart, hand and purse for the common good. And if the pressure of great, terrible and long continued public calamity shall eventually condense this whole people, or any portion of the original confederacy, into something like living, organic national unity, then our sufferings and sacrifices will not have been all in vain. The principle of governing by the majority of wills among the people is safe only in proportion as that majority is great and strong, and the independent wills of many become united as the will of one sovereign. It is very doubtful whether anything short of great trial and costly sacrifice and long continued conflict can create or continue that unity among us for any considerable time. The public mind is ever swinging from one extreme to another. When all our industrial resources are multiplied and prosperous, and our state and national elections are completed without violence or revolutionary contention, we say, "Behold the peace, the unity, the beautiful order of an enlightened and self-governing people." We proudly declare ourselves to be a living and million fold refutation of the old world theories of governing by the strong arm, and hereditary right, and kingly prerogative. Then the American traveler, passing from city to city on the continent of Europe, smiles with contempt or shudders with horror at the armed police meeting him at every corner, and the bodies of troops marching through every street, and the strong fortifications frowning with cannon and bristling with bayonets for the defense of every city, pass, river, port and frontier. And he says, "Why do not the people rise in the majesty of their united and irresistible strength and assert their right to govern themselves and maintain peace by free and intelligent obedience to laws that themselves have made?" But when corruption breaks out in high places of trust and power among ourselves; when peaceable citizens are deterred from the discharge of their duty to their country by the terror of mobs, and the candidate for office is sure to win who is supported by the passionate and lawless clamors of the multitude; when disunion lifts up its defiant standard, and there is no centralized power to execute its quick and strong vengeance upon rebellion and treason; then there may be many who are ready to say,—"This principle of popular sovereignty is a mistake and a failure. It leads to nothing but endless agitation, conflict and uncertainty. The people only set up their own idols and then cast down the work of their own hands, and spit upon them. Oh! for such a governing power,—though it be that of a despot, such as all would be compelled to fear and respect. Oh! for the strong hand and the conquering cannon peal of some mighty Napoleon, whose autocratic will might subdue the million conflicting wills of popular sovereignty into the union of submission, and the peace of enforced obedience."

So wavers the public mind, from one extreme to another, and so little confidence have the great mass of the people in the rectitude and permanency of the institutions which themselves have established. Their privileges have not *cost* them enough to be prized at their real worth. The defenders of law, peace and public liberty have not been *tried* sufficiently to be trusted. There is not sufficient intelligence, conscientiousness and self-sacrifice to complete successfully great moral revolutions for the establishment of truth, righteousness and freedom. The requisite hardihood of virtue must be cultivated by something more serious than the gymnastic play of public debate, and conventional harangues and newspaper controversy. The furnace of trial must be heated seven times, that the pure gold may purge off its base alloy, and come forth from the flames reduced in bulk, but increased in value. This great and awful crisis has come upon us, and it seems as if the whole land would be sprinkled with blood and swept with a besom of fire, because we have been more anxious to multiply material resources, and to extend territory, than to do justice and love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God. The viperous spirit of disunion and oppression, and treachery, has been protected and pampered in the bosom of the nation until it has acquired strength to sting, to escape, and to assume an attitude of hissing and hostile defiance. It is too much to say before God that any *one* class of men, or any *one* political party are solely responsible for the terrible consequences that are upon us. In some cases even the measures that were honestly taken to prevent the calamity, may seem to have hastened its coming and increased its violence. But the day of trial *has come*, and we must meet it as the men of old, who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong." With all that is awful and revolting in the intelligence of each successive day, the course of duty is becoming plainer and plainer. All minor differences are losing their hold upon the hearts of patriotic citizens, as the distant peril draws near and assumes a more defiant and terrible aspect. And we shall be *one* people again, as were our fathers when the many questions of public interest are all reduced to this one—are we to have a government of law and order and justice, with strength to enforce its requirements, or shall the principle of capricious and passionate disorganization and disunion be suffered to rule, till State is divided against State, household against household, and every man's hand is against every other, and the land is filled with violence.

II. Let every christian patriot, let every man who desires his country's peace, *abstain from intemperate or inflammatory or vindictive passion.* If a terrible conflict must needs come, let it be met as mariners meet the storm, not in anger or excitement, but with a calmness and determination which afford them the best promise of safety. We are not called upon to do or to suffer anything for our country, which the most enlightened conscience cannot approve. The cause of freedom and truth and justice is one with the cause of love, benevolence and christianity, and it needs no support from the blind impulses of passion, sudden provocation or revenge. There is to be no war of conquest—no expenditure of blood or treasure for the attainment of military glory. If there is to be any violence at all it must be the violence with which the law lays its hands upon the muderer and inflicts the penalty due to his crime. We cannot be called upon as christian men or as patriots to approve or inflict any other. We certainly have the right to enjoy peace. We have a right to make our public regard for liberty something more than a name. We have a right to demand that the constitutional authority of the government, established by the wisdom of our fathers shall be obeyed. We have a right to expect that any desired change in that government shall be sought by some other means, than fraud, falsehood, robbery and violence. We have the right to hold and defend the Capital and archives of the nation against the attacks of an organized insurrection, taking the name of a new "Confederacy" and openly declaring to the world that its sole distinctive bond of unity and perpetuity is "African slavery." We have a right to say that the precious inheritance of free institutions, and just law, and public security, purchased for us by the labors and sufferings of our fathers, and transmitted as a sacred legacy to us and our children, shall not be lightly perverted or hastily taken away. We have a right to say that in this land freedom shall not be a mock word, and the government by the people a scandal and a stone of stumbling to all the friends of freedom in the old world. We have a right to say that the glorious gospel of the Son of God shall have free course in this land and shall be permitted here to gather riches and immortal trophies of its own virtuous grace with which to enlighten and deliver the natives of the heathen in the dark places of the earth. If we have not a right to say as much as this, and make good our words by our deeds, then our American citizenship is a mockery and the blood of our fathers was shed in a useless sacrifice.

And yet the just maintenance of these rights requires us to put far away from our lips and our hearts all wrath, and revenge, all clamor and evil speaking. We are to meet the awful crisis of the time with purposes stronger than death in our hearts, but with no flippant or boastful words upon our lips. We are to engage in nothing upon which we cannot ask the blessing of the God of love. Neither by action or inaction are we to make for ourselves a history which ourselves or our children will blush to read. If out of all this present confusion and disorganization our country is to come forth with its sacred institutions established upon broader and better foundations, then that result can be secured only by patient consideration, united counsels, great exertions, an earnest application for guidance unto that Eternal Spirit who alone can give wisdom and understanding to people and rulers, hush the violence of passion and bring the devices of the wicked to nought. And if all our fond hopes are destined to be disappointed,—if henceforth the history of this land is to be read in all nations with amazement and mockery,—if the knell of our American liberty has already been tolled and nothing remains for the excited people and the mustering armies to do but to bury the dishonored and disfigured corse in its deep grave, then let us attend its obsequies with such sorrow and solemnity as that with which the orphans of the first settlers wept over the blood of their murdered mother and the ashes of their burnt dwelling.

III. But, *thirdly*, if we are true to ourselves and to God, this need not be. Terrible as is the crisis that has come upon us, it is no time for despondency. This cry of disunion, this revolt of states, this gathering of armies, this upheaval of the old foundations as if volcanic fires were smouldering beneath—all these things must come to pass. *But the end is not yet.* If any cause is good enough to enlist the services and sacrifices of good men, then they ought to have faith enough in it to believe that it is unconquerable. It is not for us to say how long the struggle will last, or how much the victory will cost the conquerors. But the good cause always gains as soon as its supporters have suffered enough to learn how to make a right use of success. The cause of truth and righteousness and liberty never *can* cost more than it is worth. For it is better to *die* than to forsake the truth or become the servant of unrighteousness unto sin. If we give way to despondency as soon as the coming storm casts its shadow upon our path, it shows that we have lived in ease, or amused ourselves with fanciful theories of progress and universal peace, and we need the discipline of our fathers days to teach us to hope against hope, and to believe that there is one cause that never can be utterly defeated.

> "He always wins who sides with God,
> To him no chance is lost;
> To him God's will is sweetest when
> It triumphs at his cost."

We do not know the true greatness of living, if we do not know what it is to be tried for our faith and to be tempted and baffled in our hopes, and yet to cherish them with a martyr's devotion, and a prophet's vision of their sure fulfilment. The strength and prosperity of a nation do not consist in the uninterrupted pursuit of commerce, manufactures and agriculture, and the most rapid accumulation of wealth and the resources of luxury and learning. Faith in God, devotion to the truth, patient endurance under difficulties, the spirit of self-denial for the common good, benevolence to the needy, and succor to the wronged,—these constitute the true strength, hope, and glory of a nation. If we had all the treasures of art, all the stores of commerce, the productions of every clime, and the gold of a hundred Californias pouring riches into our lap, and we had nothing to do but sit still and receive, it would not be worth as much to us as one long, dark year of suffering and conflict and peril, such as our fathers experienced, to teach us what is the true strength and glory of a nation, and on what foundation to rest our hopes of safety and peace. If we had money ennough to endow all our churches, schools, and institutions of learning, so that an individual would never be called upon to give for others what he could use for himself;—if every individual and family were provided with all the means and facilities for leading an easy, peaceful and luxurious life;—if all fear of war and famine and pestilence and deranged commerce and prostrated industry were removed, and then the Son of Man should come, would he find faith in God and fidelity to truth in this nation? I am afraid not. Such a state of material prosperity would only be improved by men to become sensual and selfish, weak and wicked. And I say all this only to show that there is no reason to lose heart and hope because there is a period of darkness and tempest before us. *The end is not yet.* In your patience possess your souls. There are still abundance of faithful men in all this land and they will come out of their secret places and bind the wild beasts of anarchy and rebellion when the country seems most in danger of being overrun and desolated. Bad men are quick and good men are slow to suspect treachery or to resist violence. The Almighty himself is long suffering, slow to wrath, and his followers are like him,—confident in the strength and rectitude of their course, and knowing that the triumph of the wicked is short. The haste and violence of rebellion is a confession that it has not the strength to endure, and that what it does it must do quickly. The tornado will doubtless sweep over the land, and the path of its progress will be marked with desolation, but the fields will be greener in their next verdure, the uprooted forest will enrich the soil to bring forth a more luxuriant growth, and the prostrate dwellings will be replaced by more substantial structures. *The end is not yet.* When it comes, the disturbers of our former peace will find, that in their eager and passionate haste to sever the cords that held freemen together in united States, they have also broke the bonds of the captive with their own violence, and slavery dies by its own hand.

IV. *Finally.* This is pre-eminently a time in this land when all men ought to pray and not to faint. And let no one adopt any course of action, approve any measures, or defend any principle upon which he cannot ask God's blessing in daily prayer. There is a God that rules among the nations. He *can* allay the violence of human passion, and scatter the forces of the wicked. Unhappy and unprotected must be the lot of him who has no God in whom to trust in such a time of peril and conflict as this. I am afraid that as a people we have not sought guidance and protection from the Almighty as we should. Political agitation has taken the place of prayer, and we have trusted in the rulers of our choice more than in God. We have held the officers of Government responsible to ourselves for the discharge of their duty, and not sufficiently considered that they have a higher responsibility to him by whom kings reign and princes decree injustice. We have mingled so many expediences and policies in the discharge of our duty as citizens that we have been ashamed to ask God's blessing upon plans so greatly wanting in the pure, gentle, peaceable wisdom which is from above. Surely it is time for us to return unto the Lord our God with repentance and humiliation, beseeching him for mercy's sake to return unto us, to forgive our sins, and cease from his sore displeasure against us that we perish not. Let us pray to be delivered from the blind impulses of passion, pride, prejudice, and revenge, and to be endowed with wisdom, soundness of mind, and spiritual understanding to know our duty, and to do it as in the sight of God, whatever effort or sacrifice it may cost us. In this unhappy difference between brethren, let us pray to be filled with all kindness, charitableness, and humbleness of mind, that we may learn how to forbear, forgive and to conciliate, and let us pray not the less to be filled with all Christian firmness, fortitude and integrity to maintain righteousness, truth and liberty as the inalienable birthright of all the inhabitants of the land. In every house, every day let there be prayer for the President of the United States, and the executive officers of Government, that they may be made equal to the awful responsibility that rests upon them, and that under God they may become the deliverers of the country in time of its greatest peril. Let us pray for the thousands who have been called forth to maintain the integrity of Government, by force of arms, that their hearts may be strong, and that they may keep themselves from corruption while bearing the sword as "ministers of God, to the peaceable for good, but as avengers to execute his wrath upon them that do evil." Let us pray for the desolate and afflicted families and friends at home, who already feel that the cruel sword of war hath pierced through their own souls, that they may be comforted and provided for in their desolation, and that their departed ones may speedily return to them in peace and joy.—And, finally, let us pray evermore that this great calamity that has come upon the land may result in teaching us all more habitual and entire dependance on God, deeper humility, greater fidelity in duty, more active zeal and self denial in maintaining the principles of Christian righteousness, liberty, truth, and peace, throughout this land and the world.

Special Notices.

Notice.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation and Trustees of the Stoneham Five Cents Savings Bank, will be held at the Bank Room on TUESDAY, May 7th, at 7½ o'clock, P.M.

WM. H. HEATH, Sec'y.

Stoneham, April 25th, 1861.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York

Married.

STEVENS—TILESTON—In Woburn, 24th inst., by Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Mr. John P. Stevens, to Miss Emma A. Tileston, both of Woburn.

PIERCE—BUCKNAM.—24th inst. by Rev. D. March, Mr. Edwin W. Pierce, of Lawrence, to Miss Eliza Frances Bucknam, of Stoneham.

KIMBALL—AMES.—In Chelsea, 24th inst., Mr. Albert Kimball, of Bradford, to Miss Isabella Ames, of Chelsea,—recent teacher in one of the public schools of South Reading.

HERRICK—BANCROFT.—In Lynnfield Centre, April 24th, by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, Mr. Geo. E. Herrick, of So. Danvers, to Miss Abbie Ann Bancroft, daughter of Henry Bancroft, 2d, of Lynnfield Centre.

Died.

MADAN.—In Woburn, 21st inst., Emeline P. Madan, aged 42 years.

WARLAND.—In North Woburn, 23rd inst., Harriet M. wife of Pascal M. Warland, 29 years.

NICHOLS—22d inst., Ella, daughter of E. W. and J. E. Nichols.

TOWNSEND.—In South Reading, 18th inst. Elizabeth A. wife of Mr. Jacob Townsend, jr. aged 34 years. 19th inst., infant child of Mr. Townsend, mother and child were buried together on Saturday.

To owners and keepers of DOGS WITHIN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

NOTICE is hereby given that all Licenses for Dogs will expire on the 30th day of April, 1861. Persons wishing to renew their Licenses can retain their original number by applying to me pevious to the 7th day of May.

N. WYMAN, Town Clerk of Woburn.

Woburn, April 27th, 1861.—tf

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,

and all articles used in Millinery. Also,

Dress Making attended to,

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinance of the same.

April 19.—tf

To the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex:

THE undersigned, respectfully represent that the public necessity and convenience would be greatly promoted by an alteration in the line of Washington Street, in Winchester, therefore pray that your honorable board may view the premises and straighten, widen and discontinue so much thereof as may be necessary.

JAMES A. WOODBURY and others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Cambridge in said county, on the first Tuesday of January and by adjournment April 16th, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Town Hall in Winchester, on the 3d day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Winchester, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and order thereon,
Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
A true copy Attest,
MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, held at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, and by adjournment on the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1861.

On the Petition of A. Weld, S. T. Sanborn and Wallace Whitney, Selectmen of Winchester, to define, new locate, and establish the boundaries of Main Street, in said Winchester.

It was adjudged that said defining bounds, and new location are of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Town Hall, in Winchester, on the third day of June next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,
E. H. SWEETSER, Chairman.

South Reading, April 16, 1861.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Apply at this Office.

Woburn, January 11, 1861.

COLLECTOR' SALE.

MIDDLESEX SS. Reading, April 8th, 1861.

To all persons whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Taxes assessed upon the following premises situated in said Reading, for the years hereafter stated, have not been paid, and are due; and that I shall sell at Public Auction, at the store of JONATHAN FROST, in said Reading, on MONDAY, the SIXTH day of MAY next, at three o'clock, in the afternoon, so much of each of said estates and premises as shall be necessary to pay the taxes so assessed, and all lawful charges thereon, unless the same are paid before the said time of sale.

The following are the names of the persons assessed, a general description of the several estates and premises, and the amount of the taxes assessed and due thereupon, respectively; and the owners are all non-residents so far as they are known.

1 W. F. CLAFLIN—One-fourth of an acre, more or less, of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on the corner of Warren and Forest Avenues, and is Lot numbered 17, on a plan of land in the town of Reading, Mass, belonging to Amos Cummings, jr and G. B. Parott, Surveyor, and recorded with said Middlesex Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 9; and formerly owned by Nathaniel Vaughn. It is bounded, North by Warren Avenue; West by Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 18 on said plan, and East by Lot No. 16 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $9.36
Highway Tax for 1859, .50

2 LOT NO. 65, unknown owner—This is about ¼ of an acre of land, with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Forest Avenue, and is numbered 65 upon the above mentioned Plan of A. Cummings, jr., and formerly owned by E. E. Pratt; Bounded, East by said Forest Avenue; South by Lot No. 64; West by land of heirs of J. Prescott, Esq., and North by Lot No. 66, as marked on said Plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.76

3 LOT 18, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land, about ¼ of an acre, situate on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 18 on said Cummings' Plan; Bounded, Westerly by said Avenue; Northerly by Lot No. 17, and Southerly by Lot No. 19 on said Plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

4 LOT 39, PARK AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land on Park Avenue, on said Cummings' Plan, and numbered 39 thereon; Bounded, Southerly by Park Avenue; Easterly by lot No. 40, and Westerly by Lot No. 38 on said plan, and containing about ¼ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

5 LOTS 61, 62, 63, 64, unknown owner—About one half acre of land on said Forest Avenue, and numbered 61, 62, 63, 64 on said Cummings' Plan, of a triangular shape and bounded East by said Forest Avenue; West by land of heirs of J. Prescott, and North by Lot No. 65 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

6 LOT 32, FOREST AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ¼ of an acre situate on the corner of Centre and Forest Avenue, and is numbered 32 on said Cummings' Plan, and bounded Northerly by said Centre Avenue; Westerly by said Forest Avenue; Easterly by Lot No. 31, and Southerly by Lot No. 33.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

7 LOT 30, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land situate on said Centre Avenue, and is numbered 30 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue; East by Lot 29, South by lot 36; West by Lot 31 on said plan, containing about ¼ of an acre.
State, County and Town Tax, for 1860, $0.78

8 LOT 27, CENTRE AVENUE, unknown owner—Lot of land about ¼ of an acre on Centre Avenue and numbered 27 on said plan of Cummings, and bounded—North by Centre Avenue; East by Lot 26; South by Lot 39, and West by Lot 28 on said plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.78

9 DANIEL H. SHIRLEY—A lot of land on Washington street so called, in Reading, and is bounded Northerly by said street, and is Lot No. 15 on a plan of part of the estate of the late Edmund Parker, Esq., and surveyed by Joseph Bancroft, June, 1847, and recorded in said Registry, Book of Plans No. 9, page 88.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04
Highway Tax for 1859 .17

10 WILLIAM L. BATTLES—A parcel of land situate at a place called Fairmount, in said Reading, and bounded—Northerly by North street; Westerly by Second street; Southerly by Hopkins and South streets, and is composed of the Lots numbered 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, on a plan of Fairmount belonging to Wm. L. Brown, Esq., made by E. Bucknam, and recorded in said Middlesex Registry, Book of Plans 6, page 30.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.56
Highway Tax for 1859, .50

11 ALPHA HUNTON—One-half acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on Ash street and bounded East by Ash street, leading to South Reading; North and West by land of B. E. Beard; South by land of E. Crouch.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $8.53

12 P. ULMER—2¼ acres of land on Bear Hill, consisting of lots numbered 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105 on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount, and described in deed from Wm. L. Brown to said Ulmer, dated 18th Dec., 1858, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 812, page 162.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.34
Real Estate for 1859, 1.63

13 MR. PAINE, or unknown owner—About 1½ acre of land with a dwelling house thereon, situated on Main and Ash Streets, and a little North of the track of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and bounded South by a lane which separates it from said track; West by said Main and Ash streets, and North by a street laid out, but not fully graded and occupied.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $18.82
Highway Tax for 1859, 1.60

14 J. M. DANE—About three acres of land on Ash street, and bounded West by Ash street; South by lands of Jaquith and others; East by land of Boston and Maine Railroad, and North by land late of H. Kingman, deceased, described in deed of G. Winn *et ux* to said Dane, dated October 1st, 1855, and recorded in said Registry, Book 724, page 38.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $7.80

15 LOT 31, unknown owner—Contains ¼ of an acre of land situate on Ash street, as laid out on E. Parker's plan, and is numbered 31 on the above mentioned plan of part of Edmund Parker's estate, bounded Northerly by Ash street on said plan, and Westerly by Lot No. 32 on same plan.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

16 GEORGE W. IRELAND—Three fourths of an acre of land with a house thereon, situate on Washington street, so called, and is same land described in a deed of J. C. Smith to said Ireland, dated 5th November, 1853, recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 752, page 441.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $3.32
Highway Tax for 1859, .65

17 WILLIAM EGAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land on Bear Hill, the same being lots numbered 30 and 31, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

18 JOHN W. BOWKER—About one-eighth of an acre of land on said Bear Hill, the same being numbered Lot 117, on the above mentioned plan of Fairmount.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.52

19 GEORGE M. MCLELLAN—About one-fourth of an acre of land situate on Park Avenue, and numbered 42 on above mentioned Cummings' plan, and is bounded South by said Avenue; West by Lot No. 41; North by land of T. Sweetser, and East by Lot No. 43.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62
Highway Tax for 1859, .10

20 J. W. PEPPER—Three acres on Bear Hill, and numbered on said plan of Fairmount as follows—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $2.86

21 STATE LOAN AND FUND ASSOCIATION—About three and three fourths of an acre of land on Summer street, and on Bear Hill, with a dwelling house thereon, now occupied by Mrs. William Pierce; and bounded Northerly by said Summer street, and on all other sides by land now or formerly of Wm. L. Brown, Esquire.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $10.92
Highway Tax for 1859, .79

22 WRIGHT NEWHALL'S HEIRS—Four acres of land more or less, in Cedar Swamp, so called, situate near the stone town bound between the towns of said Reading and Lynnfield, and lying between two lots of land belonging to John Perkins of Lynnfield.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.83

23 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of Hawkes' lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.31

24 ONE ACRE IN CEDAR SWAMP—This lot is situate in said Swamp, Middle Range, North of Widow Brown's lot, and South of C. Green's lot, and between the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.16

25 DAVID TAYLOR—Thirteen acres of land, more or less, situate in said Cedar Swamp, East of J. W. Walcott's lot and adjoining the same.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $1.04

26 ANTHONY CHASE, or unknown—The easterly half of a lot of land called the Lambert Swamp Lot, which lot contains six acres and sixteen rods, more or less; and is bounded Easterly by land of Samuel Pratt; Southerly by the several lands of David Pratt, jr. and Nathan P. Pratt, Esq.; Westerly by land of J. Brooks Nichols and others, and Northerly by lands of Joseph L. Pratt and Asa P. Pratt. Said lot was formerly conveyed by Jeremiah Lovejoy to William Lovejoy, and by the latter to Thomas C. Day, and said Day sold one-half of said lot to said Chase.
State, County and Town Tax for 1859, $1.45
Do. do. do. 1860, .62
Highway Tax for 1858, .15
Do. do. 1859, .17

27 LAMBERT LOT, unknown owner—The westerly half of the above bounded Lambert Swamp Lot. Each half contains three acres and eight rods more or less.
State, County and Town Tax for 1860, $0.62

GEORGE BATCHELDER,
Collector of the Town of Reading.

MAY MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOU'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS
From S. M. Pettengill & Co., Boston.

F. R. ROBINSON'S
INDEXIBLE SOAP.
TWO SILVER MEDALS AWARDED.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Britannia, and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c., warranted to contain nothing that *can possibly* injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use.

Many of our largest dealers in Silver Ware have given it their unqualified approval. ☞ See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other Soap for cleaning fine House Paint the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the paint, which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as when new.

PUMICE SOAP instantly removes Ink, Pitch, Varnish, Acid, and other stains from the hands, leaving them soft and white. It is equal to the best French pouncine and is sold for less than half the price.

HONEY SOAP, PURE.—Competent and disinterested judges pronounce this Soap equal to the best imported and far superior to most that claims the name, Honey. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin, and fragrant as a flower garden.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest metals, and agreeable to the taste. Physicians and other scientific men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth and Gums of all are infested with Animal Parasites. Careful and repeated experiments have proved that Soap is the only agent that will destroy them without injury to the organs.

It effectually rids the mouth of the fœtid matter and tartar which renders the breath so impure and disagreeable—it gives tone and strength to the gums, and a clear, pearly whiteness to the teeth, preventing their premature decay.

Manufactured only by the BOSTON INDEXICAL SOAP COMPANY.

GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents,
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☞ THE GREAT CURATIVE.
PERUVIAN SYRUP
TRY IT.
Principal Office, 39 Summer Street.
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DENNISON'S MERCHANDISE TAGS. 163 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON. SHIPPING & TREE LABELS.
TAGS FOR Cloths, Clothing, Dry Goods, Carpetings, Hardware, Fancy G'ds, Jewelry, Furs, Upholstery, Furniture, GasFixtur's

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UNIVERSAL! UNIVERSAL!
IS THE DEMAND FOR
Dr. S. O. Richardson's
SHERRY WINE BITTERS,
The celebrated New England Remedy for
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE FEVER and AGUE, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all DISEASES arising from a DISORDERED STOMACH, LIVER, OR BOWELS.

THEY are used and recommended by leading Physicians of the country, and all who try them pronounce them invaluable.

Dr. JAMES L. LEEPERE writes from Navarre, Stark County, Ohio: "The Bitters are praised by those suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia and liver complaint."

E. S. DAVIS, Postmaster at Williamsport, Ohio, says: "They give great satisfaction. I used them myself, having taken cold, become prostrate and lost my appetite. It relieved me and I can recommend it with great assurance of its merits."

Dr. WM. M. KERR of Rogersville, Indiana, writes us that they are the most valuable medicine offered. He has recommended them with great success, and with them made several cures of palpitation of the heart and general debility.

THOMAS STANFORD, Esq., Blountville, Henry Co., Indiana, writes us a long letter under date of May 4, 1860. He was much reduced, having been afflicted for three years with great nervous debility, palpitation of the heart of the most severe and prostrating character, "after using a few bottles I was completely restored, and am now in robust health."

GEORGE W. HOFFMAN says he was afflicted with rheumatism for 20 years in all its various forms, and at the date of his letter he had been two years; the bitters effecting the cure, when several physicians attending him could do him no good.

He says, "for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney affection or dropsey, it is a specific and certain remedy."

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D. K. GALLESHERS, M. D. writes from Van Wert, Ohio. "I most respectfully recommend the Sherry Wine Bitters to the notice of dyspeptic persons, and all who require a stimulating medicine."

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Miscellaneous.

Shop and Freedom.

Though with the North we sympathise,
It must not be forgotten
That with the South we've stronger ties,
Which are composed of cotton,
Whereof our imports mount unto
A sum of many figures,
And where would be our calico
Without the toil of niggers?

The South enslaves those fellow-men,
Whom we love all so dearly;
The North keeps Commerce bound again,
Which touches us more nearly.
Thus a divided duty we
Perceive in this hard matter,
Free trade, or sable brothers free?
Oh, won't we choose the latter?—*Punch.*

Leaving Home.

The extraordinary spectales witnessed in many of the towns and cities of Eastern Massachusetts on Monday of last week can never be forgotten. The soldiers holding allegiance to the several regiments first called upon for duty were prompt to accept the call, as the facts and figures testify. The unexpectedness of the summons, the short time allowed for preparation, (the hours of Monday *night* only,) and the immense amount of labor to be gone through with, combined to increase the excitement. The wife adjusted the belt of her husband, but the tear would spring up—the father readily assisted in the equipment of an only son, but the lip would tremble as it uttered farewell; and amid clouds and sunshine, amid tears and smiles, the blessing was invoked, and the volunteer at early dawn left the old homestead for active military service.

During the evening of Tuesday, and all through Wednesday, the members of the four regiments quartered about the city were the recipients of visits, packages and letters from "the loved ones at home." The popular songs of the barracks were of course "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner," but an accompaniment to the cleaning of many a cross belt and a breast-plate was "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Every soldier claimed to have received a cheerful "God Speed," and from the enthusiasm which attended the departure and progress of the troops from their respective homes on Monday, there is no chance whatever to doubt the fact.

Good.—At a party, a haughty young beauty turned to a student who stood near her and said:

"Cous'n John, I understand your eccentric friend L. is here. I have a great curiosity to see him. Do bring him here and introduce him to me."

The student went in search of his friend, and at length found him lounging on a sofa. "L.," said he, "my beautiful cousin Catherine wishes to be introduced to you."

"Well, trot her out, John," drawled L., with an affected yawn.

John returned to his cousin and advised her to defer her introduction to a more favorable time, repeating the answer he had received. The beauty bit her lip, but the next moment said, "Well, never fear! I shall insist on being introduced."

After some delay, L. was led up, and the ceremony of introduction duly performed.—Agreeably surprised by the beauty and commanding appearance of Catherine, L. made a profound bow; but instead of returning it she stepped backward, and raising her eyeglass, surveyed him deliberately from head to foot, then waving her hand toward him, drawled out, "Trot him off, John; trot him off,—that is enough."

Pleasures of Imagination.—How many beautiful visions pass before the mind in a single day, when the reins are thrown loose, and fancy feels no restraint! How curious, interesting and instructive would be the history of the workings of a single mind for a day! How many imaginary joys, how many airy castles, pass before it—which a single jostle of this rough world at once destroys! Who is their who has not imagined a summer fairer than ever bloomed—scenery in nature more perfect than was combined by the pencil—honors more distinguished than were ever bestowed—homes more peaceful than ever enjoyed—companions more angelic than ever walked the earth—and bliss more complete and more thrilling than ever were alloted to man!—*Todd.*

Nearly Home.—"Almost well, and *nearly at home*," said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was by a friend. A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered "Never better; for now I know that I am almost home." Then looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burnt, he said, "Only two more stiles to get over and I am at my Father's house." "Dying," said the Rev. S. Medly, "is sweet work—sweet work. Home! Home!" Another on his death-bed, "I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that *I have got a good home to go to*."

☞ Minnie was one day talking to her little class in Sunday school about God's great love to man. Wishing to impress it upon their minds, and to know whether they understood her, she asked:

"Now, children, who loves all men?"

The question was hardly asked before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly—

"All women!"

Mixing the Quotations.—We are assured that Jones was not tipsy the other evening, when it became his duty at the proper stage of the proceedings to give the regular toast to Woman, for he said so afterwards. He proceeded:

"Oh Women in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—
But—but—seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

☞ Some mischievous wag, one night, pulled down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door. In the morning it read:

"All sorts of turning and twisting done here."

Woburn Testimony

Woburn, March 20th, 1861.

Mr. Peter Lawson,—Dear Sir.—This is to certify, that having witnessed the effects of Lawson's Nervous Curative in numerous cases, for the past two years, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe it possesses all the virtues you claim for it, and I most cheerfully recommend it to the public.

Very respectfully yours,
B. W. Conant, Druggist.

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Nov1, 1858. ytf

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Woburn, Feb. 14.

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THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.
☞ New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale. GEORGE ALLEN.
Winchester, Sept. 1. tf

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

Central Market
Main Street, Woburn.
THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. Soles, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.
Oct 8, 1859. tf

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HARD, SOFT AND FANCY SOAPS.
☞ *Soap made expressly for Curriers' use.*
All orders promptly attended to.
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.
Feb. 14. 3y

E. D. HAYDEN,
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No. 4 Wade's Block, Woburn, Mass.
Feb. 13. ytf

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H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices*.
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Nov. 1859.—1y

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The Bell is published in small numbers, entitled Anniversary and Sunday School Music Book, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in order to accommodate the million; price $2 and $3 per hundred. No. 5 will soon be issued—commencement of another book. Also, Revival Music Book, Nos. 1 and 2, price $1 and $2 per hundred, postage 1c. More than 350,000 copies of the above books have been issued the past eighteen months, and the demand is rapidly increasing. Published by
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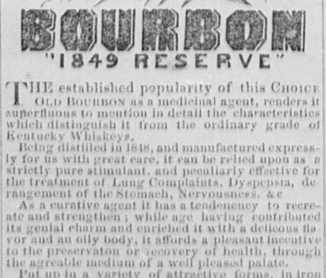
New York, Nov, 26 '59.—tf.



THE established popularity of this Choice Old Bourbon as a medicinal agent, renders it superfluous to mention in detail the characteristics which distinguish it from the ordinary grade of Kentucky Whiskeys.

Being distilled in 1848, and manufactured expressly for us with great care, it can be relied upon as a strictly pure stimulant, and peculiarly effective for the treatment of Lung Complaints, Dyspepsia, Derangement of the Stomach, Nervousness, &c

As a curative agent it has a tendency to recreate and strengthen; while age having contributed its genial charm and enriched it with a delicous flavor and an oily body, it affords a pleasant incentive to the preservaton or recovery of health, through the agreable medium of a well pleased palate.

Put up in a variety of attractive forms, in iron bound, of one and two dozen bottles each, and sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

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For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO. Nos. 11 and 12, Marshall st., WEEKS & POTTER SETH F. PECKER, D. GOODNOW & CO., REED CUTLER & CO., M. S. BURR & CO., STEPHEN WEEKS, T. L. SMITH, S. PIERCE & CO., C. S. DAVIS & CO., and JAS. MACKINTIRE. 24—1y

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!
FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS.
THE MAKORA ARABICA,
DISCOVERED BY A
Missionary while traveling in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are threatened with Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are suffering from Bronchitis should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are suffering from Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are suffering from Asthma, Scrofula and impurities of the blood should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
It cures Consumption.
It cures Bronchitis.
It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds.
It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and impurities of the Blood.
This unequalled remedy is now for the first time introduced to the public.
It was providentially discovered by a missionary while travelling in Arabia. He was cured of Consumption by its use after his case was pronounced hopeless by learned physicians in Europe.
He has forwarded to us in writing, a full account of his own extraordinary cure, and of a number of other cures which have come under his observation, and also a full account of the medicine.
At his request, and impelled by a desire to extend a knowledge of this remedy to the public, we have had his communication printed in phamphlet form for free distribution. Its interest is enhanced by an account which he gives of some of the scenes of the Syrian massacres, which he obtained from those who suffered in that awful tragedy.
This pamphlet may be obtained at our office, or it will be sent free by mail to all who apply for it.
We import the MAKORA ARABICA direct from Smyrna through the house of Cleon & Gylippus, and we have always on hand a full supply put up in bottles ready for use with full directions.
Price one dollar per bottle. Sent by mail, on receipt of price, and 24 cents for postage.
For sale wholesale and retail by
LEEDS, GILMORE & CO,
Importers of Drugs and Medicines,
61 Liberty St., New York.
SOLD ALSO BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY

Patent and Improved Spectacles

284 Washington Street, Boston, first floor up stairs
DISEASE OF THE EYE MEDICALLY TREATED.
PROF. FRANKS & SON, of New York.
Professor Franks, Oculist, Optician by Diploma to the New York Eye Hospital, Life Governor of the Eye Infirmary, Lecturer on the Eye, and Patentee, will attend. These spectacles seldom or even require changing to others of stronger magnifying powers, never tire the Eyes, and can be seen through as well byeandle as daylight.
REFERENCES.
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ALL who are desirous of having their periodicals bound can be accomodated at the Woburn Bookstore.

GARDINER'S
Rheumatic & Neuralgia Compound.
A sure cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia in its worst form. The undersigned hereby certify that they have used "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" for the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and have in every case found immediate and permanent relief. We have full confidence in its healing qualities, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with these harrassing diseases, as one of the safest and best medicines ever offered to the public.
S. HANCOCK JR., 20 South Market st. Boston; W. H. ALLEN, Boston; HENRY A. FULLER, 18 South Market st, Boston; SAMUEL WALES, JR., City Hotel, Boston; GEO. H. PLUMMER, 1 Maverick square, East Boston; HENRY D. GARDINER, Webster st, East Boston; ABRAM WEEKS, Webster st, Boston, Capt. CHAS. G. DOLLIVER East Boston.
The best medicine for the disease I ever saw, CHAS. A. SMITH, No 1 Old State House Boston.
Have been afflicted with Rheumatism in its worst form and was entirely cured by the use of one bottle. A. W. BIYER, Matthews Building, Commercial st, Boston.
Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has entirely relieved me from sufferings of several years' standing. W. E. HODGKINS, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.
After suffering with Rheumatism for twenty years I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles of Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound. NORMAN T. AYERS, 75 Franklin street, Boston.
The Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has been taken by hundreds of people for Scrofulous Humors with great benefit. It may be given to children with perfect safety.
At wholesale by MACY & JENKINS, 67 Liberty st., New York; for sale in Woburn by B. W. CONANT, and E. TRULL; in North Woburn, by A. & E. E. THOMPSON; in Wilmington, by S. B. NICHOLS; Winchester, JOSIAH HOVEY, and the dealers throughout the country.
Principal Depot—87 Kilby st., Boston.
None genuine unless signed by
Sept. 8—1y CHAS. F. GARDINER.

DR MOTT'S
CHALYBEATE RESTORATIVE
PILLS OF IRON.
AN aperient and Stomachic preparation of IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by combustion in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by the highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe and the United States, and prescribed in their practice.
The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexions indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case.
Innoxious in all maladies in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:
In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Incipient Consumption, Scrofulous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Mismenstruation, White Chlorosis, Liver Complaints, Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fevers, Pimples on the Face &c.
In cases of *General Debility*, whether the result of acute diseases, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render creditable. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.
The attention of females cannot be too confidently invited to this remedy and restorative, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.
In *Rheumatism*, both chronic and inflammatory—in the latter, however, more decidedly—it has been invariably well reported, both as alleviating pain and reducing the swellings and stiffness of the joints and muscles.
In *Intermittent Fevers* it must necessarily be a great remedy and energetic restorative, and its progress in the new settlements of the West, will probably be one of high renown and usefulness.
No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effects. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.
Put up in neat flat metal boxes containing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; for sale by druggists and dealers. Will be sent free to any address on receipt of the price. All letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to
R. B. LOCKE & Co. General Agents.
May 26. 20 Cedar St., N. Y.

DR. M'LANE'S
CELEBRATED
LIVER PILLS,
FOR THE CURE OF
Hepatitis or Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.
PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increase on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the liver to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.
Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, in cases of Ague and Fever, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.
Address all orders to
FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.
P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and *take none but Dr. M'Lane's, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.* To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post paid, to any part of the United States; one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.
Sold by all respectable Druggists, and Country Store Keepers generally.
Sold Woburn by Benjamin W. Connat, Elbridge Trull, also by dealers in Medicine everywhere.

LAWSON'S
NEURALGIC AND RHEUMATIC
Curative and Nerve Tonic:
For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.
THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.
Wilmington Depot, May 16th, 1859.
Peter Lawson—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station-agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,
L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.
Peter Lawson, Esq.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.
I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,
T. FOSTER FARMER.
Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.
Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.
Peter Lawson, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and have never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly, J. B. EATON,
Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.
Dracut, Nov. 19, 1860.
Hon. Peter Lawson:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you, that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it vry often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me, and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it, and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, that I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,
WILLIAM McCUTCHEON
PETER LAWSON, Lowell, Mass, proprietor.
M. S. BURR & CO., No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston General Agents for the United States.
The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W. CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD; in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY. 21—1y.

TO FARMERS, 80,000 BARRELS
POUDRETTE, made by Lodi Manufacturing Co., for sale in lots to suit purchasers. This is the CHEAPEST FERTILIZER in market. $3 worth will manure an acre of corn, will increase the crop from one third to one-half, and will ripen the crop two weeks earlier. Price over seven Barrels $1,50 per barrel. A pamphlet, with satisfactory evidence and full particulars will be sent gratis to any one sending address to
LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
125 Commercial St. Boston, Mass
Boston Feb. 7th—3m.

ASTHMA. For the Instant Relief and Permanent Cure of this distressing complaint use
FENDT'S
BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,
Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & Co., 458 Broadway New-York.
Price, $1 per box; sent free by post.
For sale by all Druggists. 10—1y.

BOOKS BOOKS.
THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Booksellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.
JOSIAH HOVEY.
Lyceum Building, Winchester. June 7.

MOFFAT'S
LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS.
THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the Globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.
The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the
VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES
are well known to be infallible.
DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.
COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.
FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.
The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.
DROPSIES of all kinds, by freeing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of Gravel.
Also *WORMS*, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.
SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.
SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.
The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.
PILES.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone
FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.
BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS,—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds. Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.
MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.
Prepared and sold by W. B. MOFFAT,
10—1y. 335 Broadway, New-York.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.
And for the speedy cure of the subjoined varieties of Disease:
Scrofula and Scrofulous Affections, such as Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Blains, and all Skin Diseases.
Oakland, Ind., 6th June, 1859.
J. C. Ayer & Co. Gents: I feel it my duty to acknowledge what your Sarsaparilla has done for me. Having inherited a Scrofulous infection, I have suffered from it in various ways for years. Sometimes it burst out in Ulcers on my hands and arms; sometimes it turned inward and distressed me at the stomach. Two years ago it broke out on my head and covered my scalp and ears with one sore, which was painful and loathsome beyond description. I tried many medicines and several physicians, but without much relief from any thing. In fact, the disorder grew worse. At length I was rejoiced to read in the Gospel Messenger that you had prepared an alterative (Sarsaparilla), for I knew from your reputation that any thing you made must be good. I sent to Cincinnati and got it, and used it till it cured me. I took it, as you advise, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a month, and used almost three bottles. New and healthy skin soon began to form under the scab, which after a while fell off. My skin is now clear, and I know by my feelings that the disease has gone from my system. You can well believe that I feel what I am saying when I tell you, that I hold you to be one of the apostles of the age, and remain ever gratefully. Yours,
ALFRED B. TALLEY.
St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.
Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Eruptions* by it constantly.
Bronchocele, Goitre or Swelled Neck.
Zebulon Sloan of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bottles of your Sarsaparilla cured me from a *Goitre*—a hideous swelling on the neck, which I had suffered from over two years."
Leucorrhœa or Whites, Ovarian Tumor, Uterine Ulceration, Female Diseases.
Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York City, writes; "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alterative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in *Female Diseases* of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhœa by it, and some where the complaint was caused by *ulceration of the uterus*. The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for these female derangements."
Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dangerous *ovarian tumor* on one of the females in my family, which had defied all the remedies we could employ, has at length been completely cured by your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Our physician thought nothing but extirpation could afford relief, but he advised the trial of your Sarsaparilla as the last resort before cutting, and it proved effectual. After taking your remedy eight weeks no symptom of the disease remains."
Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.
New Orleans, 25th August, 1859.
Dr. J. C. Ayer: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the request of your agent, and report to you some of the effects I have realized with your Sarsaparilla.
I have cured with it, in my practice, most of the complaints for which it is recommended, and have found its effects truly wonderful in the cure of *Venereal and Mercurial Disease*. One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers in his throat, which were consuming his palate and the top of his mouth. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken, cured him in five weeks. Another was attacked by secondary symptoms in his nose, and the ulceration had eaten away a considerable part of it, so that I believe the disorder would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it yielded to my administration of your Sarsaparilla; the ulcers healed, and he is well again, not of course without some disfiguration to his face. A woman who had been treated for the same disorder by mercury was suffering from this poison in her bones. They had become so sensitive to the weather that on a damp day she suffered excruciating pain in her joints and bones. She, too, was cured entirely by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I know from its formula, which your agent gave me, that this Preparation from your laboratory must be a great remedy; consequently, these truly remarkable results with it have not surprised me.
Fraternally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.
Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint.
Independence, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859.
Dr. J. C. Ayer: Sir, I have been afflicted with a painful chronic *Rheumatism* for a long time, which baffled the skill of physicians, and stuck to me in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One bottle cured me in two weeks, and restored my general health so much that I am far better than before I was attacked. I think it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.
Jules Y. Getchell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been afflicted for years with an *affection of the Liver*, which destroyed my health. I tried every thing, and every thing failed to relieve me; and I have been a broken-down man for some years from no other cause than *derangement of the Liver*. My beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Espy, advised me to try your Sarsaparilla, because he knew you, and any thing you made was worth trying. By the blessing of God it has cured me, and has so purified my blood as to make a new man of me. I feel young again. The best that can be said of you is not half good enough."
Schirrus, Cancer Tumors, Enlargement, Ulceration, Caries and Exfoliation of the Bones.
A great variety of cases have been reported to us where cures of these formidable complaints have resulted from the use of this remedy, but our space here will not admit them. Some of them may be found in our American Almanac, which the agents below named are pleased to furnish gratis to all who call for them.
Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Melancholy, Neuralgia
Many remarkable cures of these affections have been made by the alterative power of this medicine. It stimulates the vital functions into vigorous action, and thus overcomes disorders which would be supposed beyond its reach. Such a remedy has long been required by the necessities of the people, and we are confident that this will do for them all that medicine can do.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the Relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced Stages of the Disease.
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VOL. X : : No. 31. WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR / SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

To Massachusetts Soldiers.

Soldiers, go! Your country calls!
See, from Sumter's blackened walls
Floats no more our nation's flag,
But the traitors' odious rag.

Long the patient North has borne
All their treachery, taunts, and scorn;
Now let slavery's de-pots learn
How our Northern blood can burn.
Swift their hour of triumph's past,
For their first must be their last!

By the memory of your sires,
By the children round your fires,
By your wives' and mothers' love,
By the God who reigns above,—
By all holy things,—depart!
Strong in hand and brave in heart,

Nobly strike for truth and right;
We will pray while you shall fight.
Mothers, daughters, wives, are true
To our country and to you.
To the breeze our banner show:
Traitors meet you where you go.
In the name of God on high,
Win,—or in the conflict die!

Transcript.

Select Literature.

WINIFRED NOWEL.

A Story of the Puritans.

CHAPTER FIRST.

A winter night, some years after the landing of the Pilgrims, came stormily down over the settlement of the Massachusetts Bay, called Boston.

The wind blew stiffly, driving the sleet and snow through the leafless trees, along the deserted streets, against the two small vessels, "Gift" and "Griffin" lying in the harbor—under the doors, down the chimneys, and across the very hearthstones, which the stern old people now gathered about them, had laid with prayer.

The sound of psalm-singing might now and then have been heard above the storm, and in its lulls the voices of those who read, or catechised the children.

Before one of these hearths sat Winifred Nowel; her eyes wandering from the book open before her to the opposite side of the fireplace, where sat Benjamin Craddock, fumbling his hands, one with the other, blushing, poking in the ashes, and otherwise betraying a tender interest in Winifred, who had, indeed, a face that might have drawn toward her much brighter eyes than those of Benjamin. He was a goodish youth, who by his sectarian inclinations and some neighborly service rendered to Mr. Nowel, had succeeded in commending himself to *him*, even more than to the daughter, who, to say truth, rather permitted than reciprocated his admiration. If her heart had been any authority to her, which it never had been permitted to be, Benjamin would not have been the object upon which her affections would have fallen.

The rude walls against which shone the hearth-light and candle-light, were ornamented with two pictures in curiously-carved frames, one of which pictures found its counterpart in the old man who sat in a high-backed chair of oak wood, reading from a big book that lay open before him, on a small square table. He was seventy years old, but his thick, short-cropt hair and unbent frame gave him the appearance of greater vigor than he really possessed. His teeth were gone, yet his mouth was still indicative of firmness, and his eyes, though sunken, were bright, with a penetrative intelligence. His cheeks were hollow and colorless, and the blue tinge about his eyes and in his lips was never to give place to a brighter color till he should wake in the youth of immortality. Now and then, though he spoke not, he turned his eyes from the page to the young people, as if he kept watch of them, and would not fail, if need were, to tighten the short string of their liberty; and upon these occasions, Winifred's saucy glances came back to her book, and Benjamin, made as if he was shivering with cold, instead of giggling. Between the young folks sat an old woman, knitting up pleasant memories with her yarn, as was indicated by the placid expression of her countenance.

At length the old man closed the volume before him, clasped it together, and lifting his eyes to the picture that hung beside his own, folded his thin hands, and seemed lost in revery or in prayer.

There came a shadow over the face of the young girl when she saw that her father's thoughts were gone down into the grave, and taking from the jamb the wing of a crow, she brushed up the ashes with it, in order to divert his attention; but seeing that he paid no heed to her, she proceeded with much housewifely stir and noise to set the room in order, pausing between her father's face and the picture, as she hung beside it, by its leathern string, his stout walking-stick, headed with silver, and cased knee-deep in brass.

This done, she went on to dust a cracked parchment, containing, apparently, the family record, hanging in its black frame opposite the pictures, and beside an elaborately wrought sampler, but the old man roused not from his prayer, or revery, whichever it was, and approaching the fire, she timidly addressed Benjamin, with an inquiry as to the news, upon which, glancing toward Mr. Nowel for permission to speak, he told, in a scared and tremulous fashion, how the Sachem, Chickatbottom, had come with his squaws and presented the governor with a hogshead of Indian corn, and how, after they had all dined and had each a cup of sack and beer, and the men tobacco, he sent them away, except one Sannop and one squaw, who remained all night, though the governor would have kept them all, in consequence of the rain and thunder; and how, when Chickatbottom returned home, he gave him some cheese, peas, a mug and other things.

She blushed as he concluded, and poked at the fire vehemently.

"And what tidings from Lemuel Coleburn, whom the court sentenced to banishment from the colony, in that he spoke disrespectfully of Mr. Williams, the preacher, and the exhortations at his meetings, as you will remember?" asked Mr. Nowel, lowering his eyes from the picture to the face of Benjamin.

"He has been bidden not to return to the plantation of the Massachusetts Bay under penalty of having his ears slitted, and of paying a fine of more money than such a graceless fellow will be likely to come by," replied the youth, with a braver air than common, for it was no small honor to have a question directly addressed to him by Mr. Nowel, who was frugal of words, and seldom *asked* anything.

"I saw him once at meeting—poor young man!" said Winifred, timidly, "and he was well-behaved and fair to look upon, more than any of the elders."

She might have said she had seen him more than once, but did not.

"It ill becomes young women to express their minds so boldly," replied her father, sternly; "and of such an impious fellow, too," chimed in the old woman.

Winifred looked abashed, and the old man, perhaps for her special benefit proceeded to say that the banished youth was a pestilent fellow, to say the best of him, and that he had caused disturbances in divers places, and that if justice had been executed, he would have gone forth with slitted tongue, and ears too, to his everlasting disgrace, and that the court did too much incline to mercy in his case.

Winifred said that doubtless he was in the wrong, but that it did seem to her that the slitted tongue and ears would have disgraced those who did the slitting, rather than the unfortunate offender, and that she did know of her own observation that he brought a trout which himself had caught, to Patience Goff's child, when it lay ill of the fever, and that Mistress Patience was against the carrying out of the sentence."

She might have said, if she had told all the truth, that she had met him at Mistress Goff's house, as well as at meeting.

Benjamin, who was not a little nettled, now found courage to say, that young Coleburn had refused to make a declaration of repentance before the congregation, and that he had heard some people say *that*, in itself, was an offence worthy of stripes.

"But if he experienced no repentance, it would have been a grievous sin to make such proclamation before the congregation," said Winifred, her face flushing with enthusiasm.

"My poor daughter doth much lack the wholesome discipline which her mother did wisely administer. See thou to it, Dorcas." And the father bent his eyes upon the old woman, who assented by a look that seemed to say it would give her pleasure to enforce a right rigorous discipline.

"She must, I fear, be stayed forcibly at home," continued Mr. Nowel, "especially if there come into the colony such heretics as we have reson to fear will come."

"She must be stayed at home," repeated the old woman.

"Oh, Aunt Dorcas!" pleaded Winifred, looking at her with suffused eyes.

There was an uneasy silence, broken at length, by Mr. Nowel, who went on to tell, by way of warning, doubtless, how a servant of Mr. Craddock had been convicted of most foul and scandalous invectives against the Church, and ordered to be whipped, lose his his ears, and also to be banished the colony, which sentence had been executed.

Benjamin laughed in a chuckling, triumphant manner, as if he delighted in the confusion to which he felt Winifred had been put, by the rigorous, but righteous judgment of her father; and as he thus laughed, he drew his chair a little nearer hers, so sure was he of having taken an advance step in her regard.

She drew away, with a look of indignant displeasure, sufficiently indicative of the thoughts she dare not speak.

Aunt Dorcas shook her head, by way of admonition, but before a word had been spoken, the door opened, and an Indian of the Narraganset tribe came in, startling the thoughts of the little company quite away from the subject they had been discussing. He asked for some English clothes; and, on being informed by Mr. Nowel that he did not deal in tailor's ware, he warmed himself by the fire, and presented some small skins to Winifred, which she accepted, and courteously gave him in return a fair pewter pot. He declined her invitation to remain all night, and presently went away, looking grimly upon Mr. Nowel, and scornfully upon the stripling, Benjamin, who shrank away and strove to conceal himself by drawing before his face a petticoat which hung against the wall.

When the Indian had gone, Mr. Nowel arose deliberately, and taking his silver-headed stick from its nail, put his hat on his head, and commending the household to the care of the Lord, was about to go forth, when Winifred arrested him with entreaties as to his designs.

"I am going in pursuit of that filthy vagabond whom you treated to a pewter pot," he replied, "and who, I doubt not, doth design to return with others of his crew, and take your scalp for your pains."

Winifred felt how useless it was to oppose her will to that of her father, and only begging that Benjamin would accompany him, sunk down silent and terrified, to her seat in the corner.

To this suggestion he seemed deaf, at first; and when the old man was gone forth alone, he pretended to Winifred that it was all for her sake he had remained—that he was sure the Indian was a spy, and deserved to be hanged, but that he could not desert her in the hour of peril, even for the satisfaction of making an end of him.

She could not but smile at this flattery, though she was not altogether convinced of the disinterestedness of the young man's behavior.

She could not reconcile his weakness and cowardice with the stern integrity, sharp intelligence, and unflinching bravery of her father; nevertheless, she had the sanction of his judgment, and upon that she relied much more than upon any instinctive feeling, or standard of intellectual and moral manhood, which she might herself set up. Moreover, her nature required something (as what woman's does not) upon which to expend its tenderness, and as she was continually repelled, both from Aunt Dorcas and her father, it was natural enough that she should in some sort reciprocate Benjamin's affection, and shut her eyes, as much as might be, to the defects of his character.

And, no matter what weakness or imbecility the young fellow might have shown, the regard bestowed upon him by Mr. Nowel would have suffered no diminution; he never questioned a conclusion once formed, and his face once set against a man, remained set against him as flint. He did not allow the suggestion of the liability to err, on his part, to present itself; if there were a difference of opinion between himself and another, that other was assuredly wrong, and, moreover, whatever was more or less than his convictions, was referable to Satan, and not only deserved, but demanded his severest denunciations.

For the sake of *his* creed, and of those whose creed was his creed, he was ready at all times to hold up his old hands in the fire, and just as ready to thrust down to eternal darkness every man whose belief was not straightened to the forms of his acceptance.

So thoroughly honest and devoutly earnest was he, that those who knew him could not but respect even his prejudices, while lax morality and irreverence shrank rebuked from his presence. Manifestly, he was, in his own estimation, rendering service to the Lord, no less in his wrathful condemnation of the wicked than in his supplications for the righteous.

When they were alone, Benjamin talked very proudly of the brave defence he would make of Winifred, if once the sly redskin dared to show his face again; his imagination quite ran riot, indeed, in view of the exploits he would perform for her sake, if need were—in truth, he rather courted danger, that he might prove himself worthy to be her sweetheart, which he then first openly professed himself to be. Having once made the declaration, he grew bolder, and as he enlarged upon the torments to which, if so he might please her, he would subject himself, he became almost pathetic. He would even, he said, cast himself upon the ground, and suffer Ezekiel Wakefield's great team to run over him—verily, he would rejoice as the oxen set their heels upon his neck, if thereby her pleasure might be increased. He expatiated on the sacrifices he had already made for her in secret—only that morning he had, with almost superhuman self-denial, broken up and fed, to the turkey hen at home, a piece of pumpkin pie, pleasing himself with the fancy that it was she to whom he ministered.

"You are imaginative," replied Winifred, sarcastically; but he did not suspect the sarcasm, honest, lumpish soul that he was, and replied, in good faith, that of a truth he was gifted in the imaginative way.

Meanwhile, he approached her stealthily, adding to his words the entreaty of imploring looks; and though she was mortified by his silly demonstrations, she was not altogether indifferent to the tenderness of their meaning and though she did not directly and openly encourage, she did not by any means refuse the inference of her sympathy. And, perhaps as a balance against such inference, she told him he should be ashamed to thus talk nonsence when their very lives were in peril, and as she spoke she strove to subdue the beaming expression of her face to the solemnity befitting the occasion. It was difficult, however, to subdue the light of her singularly fine eyes or altogether to refuse her spontaneous smile its expression, for, aside from any deeper feeling she was not altogether insensible to the little vanity of a conquest.

Accepting the rebuke, which most young fellows would have considered only a stimulus to bolder wooing, Benjamin hung his head, and but now and then ventured to lift a sheep's eye to the face coquettishly turned aside.

Doubtless, however, she divined his thoughts despite the awkwardness and silence, with which he invested himself, and was pleased in her heart, though she looked so demure and preoccupied.

Suddenly there was a noise at the door, followed directly by a musket-shot, and a sound like the falling of some heavy body. Past and future—Benjamin, love, and life—all were forgotten, and Winifred rushed to to the door, crying, "Oh my father! my dear father!"

Benjamin tried to restrain her, but finding it impossible either to do so, or to silence her cries, he was fain to loosen his hold and conceal himself beneath the bed, where his trembling fairly shook the loose planks of the floor. Meanwhile, Winifred threw open the door, repeating her almost frantic cries.

"The Lord has preserved me, blessed be the name of the Lord," cried Mr. Nowel, catching his daughter in his arms, and dragging her back into the house. But the poor frightened child could not be comforted, though she saw that her father was come home alive and well, but continued to make wild exclamations, and to weep.

"Hush up! you foolish child! what are you crying about now?" said Aunt Dorcas, by way of condolence and sympathy; but Winifred was much younger than she, and sobbed all the more for such ungentle reproval.

"Perhaps," continued Aunt Dorcas, bitterly, "you fear that the young reprobate whom you so glibly defended to-night, has met his deserts."

Winifred became suddenly still, and white as ashes.

"Where is Benjamin?" asked Mr. Nowel. "I fear he has hazarded his life for my sake—generous, noble boy." And before Winifred could explain how the "noble boy" had, in his fright, crept under the bed, he went on to thank the Lord that his eyes had been permitted to see the wise choice his daughter had made for time and eternity.

Winifred felt her heart misgive her strangely, but she stood too much in awe of her father to question his conclusions, even where she was so nearly concerned, and remained silent and trembling. Perhaps, indeed, she herself would have found it hard to define the conflicting emotions that struggled just then in her bosom.

Benjamin looked a little crestfallen on coming forth from concealment, but Mr. Nowel whose opinions were inaccessible to change or modification, at once dispelled his fears by cordially taking his hand, and remarking, with a gravity that was almost ludicrous, in contrast with the occasion, that the wise man was always careful to mingle discretion with his valor.

Winifred refused at first to relax the frown that knit her eyebrows, but Benjamin deprecated her displeasure with such imploring looks and meanwhile made himself so active in barricading the windows—assisting to place Mr. Nowel's great desk against one of them, that she half forgave him.

The door was well secured, and a fire kept up, for it was not thought safe to go to bed and the timid wooer, who could not have been induced to look out of the house, much less to go out, remained till morning.

Startled out of customary reserve by the late events of peril and preservation, Mr. Nowel remained by the hearth-side all night and both he and Aunt Dorcas softened their austerity, and patronized the young people in a most gracious and condescending fashion. It was well known to them all that one Josiah Platston and two of his servants had lately been censured for stealing corn from the Sachem Chickatbottom, and that the master had been ordered to restore twofold, and to be degraded from his title of gentleman, while the servants had been ordered to be whipped; nevertheless, the affair was discussed, in the excitement of the occasion, as a piece of fresh intelligence.

When it was told, though all were conversant with the story, how the governor, being at his house in Mistic, had walked out after supper, taking a fowling-piece in his hand, in the expectation of seeing a wolf—for wolves came daily about the fields and barn-yards, and killed swine and calves—and that he being a mile from his home, saw it grow suddenly dark, and undertook to retrace his steps, but lost the path, and coming to a little house of John Sagamore, which stood empty, he went in, and stayed there all night. Luckily he had flint and steel, with a piece of tinder in his pocket, and having struck a fire, lay down on some old mats which he found there and spent the night, sometimes singing psalms and sometimes praying for his preservation, for the cold was intense, and his protection from it inadequate.

Through God's mercy it abated, and a little before morning the rain began to fall. The floor was soon drenched, and having no cloak, the poor governor made shift to climb up out of the water as best he could. About daybreak there came to the house an Indian woman, but perceiving her before she had opened the door, he managed to bar her out, yet she remained a good while endeavoring to get in, making mouths at the governor, which did greatly molest him, inasmuch as he had no means of punishing her as she deserved.

There was even a grim sort of merriment manifested when that part of the story was told which represented the governor as running home in a most undignified manner, and meeting his servants, who had been going up and down the woods all night hallooing, and one of whom, in firing at what he supposed to be a wolf, had killed Mistress Begnall's calf, and frighted the poor woman half out of her wits.

After this came another familiar story relating to one Mr. Barker, Captain Prembo, and others of Pemaquid. These gentlemen being in a shallop, and laden with valuable commodities, had met with a sad accident, which happened in this wise: One of the boatmen in lighting a pipe, set fire to a barrel of gunpowder, which tore the shallop in pieces, but strange to say, killed only the smoker of the pipe who was a wicked fellow, and who, when requested to forbear lighting his tobacco until they should come ashore, answered that though the devil got him the next minute, he would smoke one pipe more.

Mr. Nowel took occasion to comment on this special visitation of Providence, in a way that was intended to make Winifred feel that her charitable speaking of Lemuel Coleburn was nothing less than taking sides with the devil, and that in all likelihood punishment would come upon her as it did upon the bad sailor.

After this, Benjamin told, with great spirit, that he himself had heard Lemuel say, at the raising of Peter Goram's barn, that he considered himself as good as some who sat down to the sacrament, and that for his life he would not lie to the Indians, as he had known some to do who thought heaven had no place in it for the like of him.

"He is a pestilent fellow, at best," said Mr. Nowel, "and it is to be hoped that the redskins among whom he has gone, will be made instruments in the hands of God to deliver him through death's door into the kingdom of his master."

Winifred shuddered, and covering up her face seemed to pray, seeing which the severe father added: "and all that who take part with him; yea, though it even be my own flesh and blood!"

Winifred smothered the groan from her lips back to her heart, and going to the window pressed her face against the panes, through which the gray morning was beginning to break. She had remained so but a moment when she uttered a cry so joyous that the group about the fire asked in amazement the cause of it. At first she declined to answer, but on being pressed by her father, she owned that she had seen a man walking to and fro before the door, like a sentinel, whom she believed to be Lemuel Coleburn.

"Now, Lord, deliver thy handmaid from her delusion and brainsickness," cried Mr. Nowel, "and let her be clothed with righteousness and her heart be turned against thy enemies."

He went on to question more closely, but she would not subdue her joyous excitement, nor cease to affirm that she had seen a man, evidently guarding the house, and that, to the best of her belief, it was Lemuel Coleburn.

In vain Benjamin urged that his sentence of banishment had been executed, and that by no possibility could that be true—she would not listen to his arguments, but turning her face away from him, mused pleasantly to herself, casting down her eyes from the angry looks of her father, who affirmed that in all likelihood it was the Narraganset come back.

Benjamin protested that if Winifred commanded he would go forth at the risk of his life, which, indeed, was worthless except to serve her; but she, remembering how he had concealed himself with the petticoat, pointed to it, and smiling, said: "You had better put on your armor first."

She had marked all the night her father's growing partiality for him, and that, together with his denunciation of Lemuel, had diminished her own regard.

As the gray daybreak whitened, the old man unbarred the door and went out to see whom or what he could discover; and leaving Benjamin dozing at the fireside, Winifred presently followed.

A little way from the door—his scalping knife in his belt, and otherwise armed for bloody work—lay the Indian to whom Winifred had presented the pewter pot. He was stiff and stark—killed, as it was afterward found, by a musket shot, but who had perpetrated the deed could not be ascertained.

To kill the old vagabond was an honorable action, Mr. Nowel said, and it would verily be a lamentation unto him to discover that it was done by an unworthy hand.

Winifred knew that Lemuel was in his thoughts, and that he feared in his heart it was he who had killed him.

When the window was unbarred a handkerchief was found stuffed in one of the broken panes, evidently to prevent any lurking spy from seeing within.

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Winifred; "this is Lemuel's handkerchief. I saw it over the face of Patience Goff's child when it lay sick of the fever, and it was Lemuel's." She held it up as she spoke—her face glowing with satisfaction and pride; but her father turned a deaf ear to her enthusiasm, and would not see cause for believing the handkerchief Lemuel's.

Benjamin was awake by this time, and with much angry gesticulation affirmed that at least half the congregation had handkerchiefs of the same pattern; for that the ship "Friendship" brought over a great number, the same voyage she landed eight heifers, three calves, and five sheep. Therefore one could find no cause for supposing the handkerchief to be Lemuel's.

Mr. Nowel was evidently uneasy lest it should be proven so, and said that the fashion of God's providence was not for our understanding, and if a vile instrument had been chosen for a good work, to his name be the glory. Meanwhile too much care could not be taken lest by unguarded speech they might bring honor to the head of a reprobate. Mr. Williams who had been so slandered by the ungodly Lemuel, was more likely to have been their preserver than any one else.

Winfred timidly suggested that he was given to wine and sleep of nights, as she had heard, and she added in triumph, as she smoothed the handkerchief across her lap: "Here are the very initials of Lemuel's name, 'L. C.'" She held up the handkerchief before the eyes of her father and lover as she spoke, but both protested that they could not discover any letters at all, and that the marks which foolish fancy had so construed were simply portions of the regular pattern.

Against the odds of wilful unbelief it was idle to contend, and, with what was at first but charity for Lemuel, strengthening to a stronger feeling, she concealed the handkerchief in her bosom and her thoughts in her heart.

That constant dropping will wear a stone, is a true saying, and the general current set so hard against Lemuel, that in the course of a few months it drifted him not from her memory, but out of that tender regard which for a brief season she had bestowed upon him.

Meantime Benjamin was assiduous in his attentions, performing various little services for Aunt Dorcas, and in many ways making himself useful to Mr. Nowel, who was long past that time of life when activity is only recreation, and thus he slowly and literally worked his way to the more kindly regard of Winifred. His praise, too, was upon all tongues. Mr. Williams himself taking occasion to make him the subject of a eulogy, and at the same time to remark that the beautiful morality and pity of his character were in striking contrast to the bad and bold depravity of Lemuel Colburn. She would not look at the handkerchief after this, but hid it away and pleased herself with the thought that she was propitiating Heaven.

The inmost nerve of conscience was laid bare, however, when she heard her father reading, with trembling voice, that secret things should come to light, and that whatsoever was done in darkness should be brought to judgment. How her little secret wronged any one, she could not understand; and yet try as she would, she could not rest with the harmless handkerchief hidden from her father's eyes.

(To be continued.)

The Iron Vault.

A STORY OF A SAN FRANCISCO LOCKSMITH.

I am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination, rendering it one of the most agreeable of pursuits. Many who follow it see nothing in it but labor—think of nothing but its returns in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon, almost daily, to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasures piled within; to follow wives with more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband or father, in possession of the missing key; to force the fastenings of cash boxes, and deposits of records, telling of men suddenly made rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this—no food for speculation—no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimmed with the soot of the forge, his hands are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story, either, for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely more than the indication of one. Let him who deals in things of fancy write the rest.

In the spring of 1856—I think it was in April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening, a lady closely veiled entered my shop, and pulling from beneath her cloak a small japanned box requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion of hers had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I, rather inquisitively.

I felt a rebuke in her reply:

"In requesting you to close the door I had no other object than to escape the attention of passers."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed:

"That little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If I cannot forget your face, I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed very coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a sudden-discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters and a daguerreotype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placed the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing her veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and passing to the street, she merely whispered "Remember." We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop, to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About two o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awakened by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room back of the shop, in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising the hammer, and peering out into the darkness,—for it was as dark as Egypt, when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window, "open the door; I have business for you."

"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar's.

"No one that can," I replied, rather emphatically, by way of warning, as I tightened my grip, upon the hammer, and slowly opening the door, discovered the stranger already on the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you," answered the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I, resolutely throwing the door ajar, and proceeded to light the candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor.

He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy Raglan around the shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead, and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledge to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light upon the table, and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box about a month before!

Having completed my hasty toilette, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is, I was confounded.

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said:

"Disguise is useless. I suppose you recognize me?"

"I believe I told you, madam, that I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before daylight to-morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I inquiringly, "that commands so munificent a compensation."

"It is a labor common to your calling," replied the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it must be performed."

"And what is the condition?" I inquired.

"That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own doors blindfolded."

Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime or villiany, hurriedly presented themselves in succession, as I politely bowed, and said:

"I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she replied.

"No—nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see that she had placed entirely too low and estimation on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a vault and—"

"You have gone quite far enough with the explanation," I interrupted. "I am not at your service."

"As I said," she continued, "you are required to pick the lock of a vault and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days."

"To whom does the vault belong?" I asked.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy, or rather why came a man to be confined in such a place?"

"I secreted him there to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much and closed the door upon him. Presuming that he had left the vault and quitted the house by the back door, I did not deam until to-day that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convince me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved by the barbarous man unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I drugged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupified that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets, but cannot find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accompany me there?"

"To the end of the earth, madam, on such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself—there is a cab waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on my coat and providing myself with the necessary implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for his mysterious journey. I entered the cab, followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated, she procured a heavy handkerchief, which by the faint light of an adjacent lamp she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the cab started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant—as it was evidently driven in anything but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining my bandage, to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the bunch of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was of brick, and after taking me along a passage which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an under-ground basement, stopped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault, open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprung the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion, telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within, and the next moment the lady re-appeared, and, leaning upon her arm, a man with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of his confinement in the vault!

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern. "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close it, madam?" said I, placing my hand on the door of the vault.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm, "it awaits another occupant."

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted, impatiently, holding the handkerchief before my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued, "Do not be alarmed—you are not the man."

I could not mistake the truth of the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head in the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than the one by which we came. Arriving in front of the house, the handkerchief was removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment, that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that I saw the lady, and the gentleman taken from the vault, leisurely walking along Montgomery street. I don't know, but I believe the husband awoke within the vault, and his bones are there to-day. The lady is still a resident of San Francisco.

A GOOD MEMORY.—He has one, assuredly, who remembers the poor.

The Middlesex Journal,

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE PEOPLE.

One of the most saddening results of our national troubles is the suspension of all kinds of business, throwing thousands upon thousands out of employment, while the care of families is still resting upon them. It is disheartening to look upon those who are dependant upon us for bread and to feel that we have nothing to do whereby we can earn what we need to eat and to wear. But let every one take courage, and do the best he can. Providence will surely help those who try to help themselves. What if our shops are nearly closed? What if many of our strong, laboring men have been called to the defence of the Government? Can not those who are left behind do something? Let them try to devise some way of making money, not sit down and bemoan the dullness of the times and lament that nothing will be made this year? No. No. There is work that can be done and that must be done, or we shall be worse off one year hence than we are now. An abundant harvest crowned the land last year, and the granaries of the West are filled even to overflowing. It will take no more flour to feed a man at Washington than it will in Massachusetts or at the West, so there is no danger of a want of breadstuffs this year. But the danger is that enough will not be planted and sown to meet the wants of the coming year. Why cannot something be done in the way of directing labor to the cultivation of the soil, that, under the blessing of Providence, another abundant harvest may bless the North and West? Here in New England there is land enough to employ all who are willing to work. Are there not men who would be willing—nay, glad to have those out of employment take a piece of their land and cultivate it, so as to add something to the general stock of means for supporting the people? The man who will not, or is unwilling to do anything, out of the line of his ordinary business, at a time like the present, deserves and will receive but little sympathy. Economy is necessary now. What we have should be made to go as far as possible. Still the bucket will become empty, if there is a constant drain and no replenishing. If money keeps going out while little or none at all comes in, the little that most of our laboring men will soon have,—if it has not already, disappear in the purchase of things necessary for their families. We should not for a moment give place to the thought that any body is to go hungry during the present national troubles. Who in a time like this will hoard up provisions and attempt to control the market? We trust the first man who wishes to do it is yet to be found. We believe that much might be done,—if systematic means were adopted to bring it about,—in securing considerable employment for the men who now have little or nothing to do. They must be more than consumers, they must become producers, and add to the general stock of agricultural products. There is many an acre, now lying idle in this, and in every town. Let the men out of employment cultivate such acres, and rejoice at the time of harvest in gathering in the crops that their hands planted. The time for this is already here. Let money making give place for once to a desire to help those who may be willing to help themselves. The dark cloud that now rests upon us, will not remain forever. There is a bright sun beyond it, and we shall again see peace and prosperity at the North. It cannot be otherwise. Let us, then, not yield to despondency, but do what we can to make ourselves and others comfortable during the present crisis.

The Policy of the Government.

But little is known of the plan of operations our Government will pursue, and it is well it is so. Unlike most wars, there is sufficient communication between the North and the South to keep both pretty well acquainted with the popular feeling. But what the Government at Washington really intends to do when the twenty days' notice to the rebels has expired, remains a secret. It is conjectured, however, that efficient action will be speedily commenced, and that the Government will seek to repossess the Navy Yard at Norfolk, Va., without delay.

An effective blockade of the entire Southern coast will take place speedily, thus entirely destroying her trade, and cutting off supplies.

It has become an established fact that the Southern forces dare not attack Fort Pickens, while at the same time, it is not very improbable that the U. S. forces will make an aggressive attack., In addition to the coast blockade all supplies for the South by way of the Mississippi river will be cut off by a strong force at Cairo, Ill. With all this upon their hands the South will probably have enough to look after without troubling Washington.

CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES.—The Woburn Conference of churches held its semi-annual meeting last Tuesday with the Rev. Mr. Ballard's church in Carlisle. There was a full attendance and an interesting meeting.

TOWN MEETING. The meeting of the town in refrence to matters connected with the soldiers and their families, will take place next Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Of course Woburn needs no prompting, she will do her duty.

Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.

This corps has again a legal existence, and is now one of the enrolled militia. It holds the same position therein as it did before—Co. G., 5th Regt. The following is the agreement drawn up on Saturday evening, April 20, and signed by all the men:

We, the undersigned, propose to re-organize the old WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX, subject to the responsibilities and emoluments of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. We agree in consideration of a suitable uniform to be furnished free, by the citizens, to be ready at an hour's notice at any time after two weeks from this date, for any service required under those laws. We also agree, if for any cause it shall be impossible for us to comply with this agreement, to pay the full cost of the uniform which has been furnished in our name. We also agree, as good citizens should, to abstain from all riotous, drunken, or disorderly conduct, and that any such conduct shall be punished by a dishonorable discharge; and to obey all orders of our officers, without cavil or complaint.

On Wednesday the men were examined by the Surgeon, Dr. Ingalls of Winchester, received his certificate, which, with the enlistment papers, were forwarded to headquarters same day. On Thursday afternoon, Major Ladd of Lowell, reviewed the Company in Lyceum Hall, and presided over the legal election of officers. He complimented the corps highly on their discipline and efficiency in drill, and said he was agreeably disappointed in his expectation, as he did not expect to see well disciplined troops but raw recruits. The following are the officers elected: Capt., Timothy Winn; 1st Lieut., W. T. Grammer; 2d do., C. S. Converse; 3d do., E. F. Wyer; 4th do., Thomas Glynn. At 5 o'clock the company came out for street drill, and gratified the hundreds of spectators who had been patiently waiting for hours for their coming. Their good marching and soldierly bearing won the admiration of all. The corps will early next week present themselves at headquarters and receive their new arms. The following are the names of the men, as taken from the enlistment paper:—

Timothy Winn, W. T. Grammer, Chas. S. Converse, E. F. Wyer, Thomas Glynn, F. W. Parker, T. F. Warland, J. W. Smith, J. H. Parker, O. S. Warland, J. P. Crane, John McKeever, John Wyman, Henry Goodell, Luke R. Tidd, W. R. Wyman, Parker Eaton, Joseph Johnson, Jas. Newcomb, J. E. Tileston, Wm. H. Winn, Eph. W. Hadley, H. N. Hastings, S. R. Moreland, J. B. Horn, T. C. Field, M. M. Hovey, J. F. Jefferds, P. B. Phillips, Peter Cormick, W. B. Cormick, Newell Z. Tabor, B. T. Livingston, J. H. Stewart, John S. Rogers, E. K. Willoughby, Oliver W. Rogers, Geo. H. Miller, G. W. Garrison, T. F. Page, W. P. Brown, J. J. Powers, Josiah Stratton, jr., Micah B. Baldwin, R. K. Danforth, Robert Pemberton, W. P. Miles, S. Hooper, Chas. A. McDonald, J. L. Brigham, J. W. Goodwin, Wm. C. C. Colegate, Eugene Wescott, Orville W. Booth, James A. Perkins, Chas. F. Mulliken, Thomas Hooper, Josiah Leathe, jr., G. K. Horne, Jos. J. Knox, A. Planett, John E. Tidd, Edward E. Tupper, J. R. Furbush, S. E. Wyman, Eliphalet Smith, Henry E. G. Andrews, G. W. Cobbett, Moses P. Richardson, Charles R. Dale, Martin R. Wade, Edward Jones, Joseph S. Wyman, William H. Childs, Jos. A. Parker, jr., Robert T. Johnson, F. W. Parks, James Walker, L. F. Wyman.

MEETING OF SELECTMEN.—The Selectmen met according to adjournment, on Thursday evening. Present, Messrs. Cummings, Kelley, Trull, Dow, Wyman, Thompson, Grammer and Totman.

The following Police Officers for the ensuing year, were appointed:—S. R. Dolliver, Chief; Edward Simonds, M. L. Richardson, Joseph B. Stowers, Stephen Hadley, Henry Ramsdell, S. S. Frye, Thomas Warland, T. F. Warland, Horace Collamore. Special Police, Calvin A. Wyman.

It was voted, that the Chief of Police be instructed to enforce the Dog Law. Also, that the Police be instructed to enforce the Liquor Law as far as it is in their power so to do.

Edward Simonds and Joseph B. Stowers were appointed Watchmen. Adjourned until Thursday evening, May 16th.

☞ A number of the ladies of this town have been busily engaged during last week and this, in making under clothing for the troops, and have rendered very efficient aid in their equipment. It is no use talking, men can neither fight nor live in peace without the aid of women,—their services being as important in one case as they are in the other.

☞ The Firemen are busy drilling at their different engine houses. On Thursday evenings, all the companies meet at the Town Hall, where they are drilled by Col. Burbank. The citizens are invited to meet with them and join in the exercises, so that we can have an efficient home guard for our own protection.

☞ We understand that Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb will preach a sermon with reference to the present crisis, on Patriotism and War, at the Stoneham Town Hall, next Sabbath evening at 7½ o'clock.

THANKS.—Lieut. D. N. Stevens, of the Stoneham Company, now in Washington, has our best thanks for copies of late Washington papers.

SURGEON.—Dr. A. B. Crosby, of Hanover, a man eminent in his profession, has been appointed Surgeon of the First N. H. Regiment. A better choice could not have been made.

ACCIDENT.—A son of Mr. E. L. Pierce, broke both bones of his left arm, by falling from a shed, on Monday last.

☞ See the new alteration of the time of running trains on the Boston and Lowell R. R.

For the Middlesex Journal

To the Public.

It has been supposed the troops now being sent to the seat of war could take nothing but what they wore and carried on their backs. This may be, and certainly was true of those sent first, but now we begin to see the want of a sufficient quantity of suitable clothing for a change when the soldier is wet, or for parade. The clothing furnished for the men from this town is as follows:—1 overcoat, 1 jacket, 1 pair pantaloons, 1 pair overalls, 2 flannel shirts, 2 pair drawers, 1 cap, 2 pair socks.

Now I would suggest to those persons who wish to give their friends a present, not to fit them out with a revolver which, in addition to musket and bayonet, is a dangerous incumbrance, but instead give them one pair strong grey or Tweeds cloth pantaloons without stripe, 1 pair strong boots or brogans, and 1 pair plain cotton or linen shirts without bosoms, and 1 pair overalls, cut high in the waist. Means will be furnished for transportation, and any one can see that as sickness is the main thing to dread, a change of dry and clean clothing will add more to the health and self-respect of the man than any one thing that can be done for them.

A VOLUNTEER.

Saint Cecilia.

The history of this nominal patroness of music is involved in much obscurity, nor is it clearly understood how she attained to the honor conferred upon her. Even the date of her birth is not well fixed. She was a Roman lady of high descent, supposed to have been born during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, in the latter part of the second century. She was distinguished for her piety, having been bred in the Christian faith. She was married to a Pagan Nobleman, named Valerianus, who also became a convert to christianity. Both she and her husband suffered martyrdom for their faith.

The earliest notice of her as the titular saint and protectress of music, appears to have been in the works of the great painters of the Italian school. By some of them she is represented as performing upon the harp, and by others upon the organ. Raphael, in his celebrated portrait of her, represents her with a column of organ pipes in her hands, like the instrument called a *Regal*, which was carried by one person and played by another, in public processions. Churches were built at Rome in honor of her, and beautiful pictures of her were executed, as already mentioned, by Raphael and other celebrated painters.

There was a great festival at Rome in 1599, during the Pontificate of Clement VIII, on account of finding St. Cecilia among the relics. A full account of this was given by Cardinal Baronius, who was himself a witness of it. No instance has been recorded of the celebration of her birth day by musical assemblies, earlier than the latter part of 17th, century. At that time there was a rage for celebrating the birth-day of this Saint, not only in London, but in all the considerable cities and towns in the Kingdom where music was cultivated. The first musical composition written expressly for celebrating St. Cecilia's day—November 22d—in England, was composed by Purcell, in 1683. It was printed in score by John Playford. In 1687 Dryden wrote his song for St. Cecilia's day, begining:

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame bogan."

A tradition has been handed down that her skill in music was so great that an angel was wont to come and listen to her. This idea is beautifully expressed by Dryden, in one of the stanzas of the song just alluded to:—

"Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left there place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher,
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven."

Later, Dryden composed, "Alexander's Feast,"—an Ode upon the power of music,—in honor of St. Cecilia's day. In this she is recognized as the inventress of the organ in the following lines:—

"Thus long ago,
Ere hearing bellows learned to blow
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire,
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
* * * * *
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down."

This ode was set to music by Handel, and long held a high place among musicians. Among the more recent productions in honor of St. Cecilia, is a Cantata, by Van. Bree, entitled, "St. Cecilia's Day." The scene is laid in Italy. The Poetry and music are very fine. The rehearsal of this piece is what has awakened curiosity in respect to the patron saint of musicians. There have been dramas, tragedies and oratorios, composed at different times and in different places, to be used in celebrating the anniversery of St. Cecilia's day.

☞ Several flags have been hoisted in town during the present week. One each on the High and Central Grammar Schools, which proves that the boys are fully imbued with the spirit of the times. One by the Grammer Brothers, and others too numerous to mention. Mr. Geo. L. Hunt has erected a fine flag staff at his residence on Court street, and placed the word "Union" at its top. All it now wants to make it perfect is the stars and stripes.

MAY FLOWERS.—We received on Thursday from a lady friend, a very neat bouquet of Spring flowers. Many thanks for this beautiful memento.

THE WAY THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMEN FIGHT.—When the Berks County and other interior troops were on their way toward Camp Curtin, the officers had a conference over the news of the taking of Fort Sumter, and the fact that, after thirty-six hours cannonading, no life was lost. One honest Dutch officer could not understand how this could be done; but another officer, better posted in modern warfare, assured him that it was all owing to the astonishing improvements in modern science, which had made the art of war so perfect that forts might be battered down, and cities be bombarded, and yet not an individual be killed. The honest Dutch son of Mars listened attentively and in surprise at such remarkable results. Suddenly his face reddened, and with a blow of his fist upon the table, which sounded like the discharge of a Columbiad, he exclaimed, "Den, by tam, dey had petter not pring town our Dutchmans, for dey are so tam sthupid mit science, dat dey could not go into a fight mitout killing somebody."

SUGGESTION FROM AN OLD SOLDIER.—As the heat of a Southern sun is one of the hardships our soldiers will have to encounter, permit an old soldier to state in what manner the French army in Algiers guarded themselves during a march.

Take a yard of thin white flannel and fold it together once and sew up one end. This thrown over the cap or shako, and falling behind, completely shields the head and shoulders from the rays of the sun. A ribbon may be inserted to draw and tie it around the neck. Thin wool would be preferable to linen or cotton.

☞ Thurlow Weed's advice to the Administration is,

"Let us hear of no parleys or truces—let the Government compromise its dignity by no negotiations—until the rebels have first laid down their arms. Let the Administration understand that the country looks to it to settle the controversy with the South, and settle it so effectively that 'secession' shall become an obsolete term in the vocabulary of States."

Letters from the Troops.

The following letter was received by Mr. Harrison Parker of Winchester, from J. Remson Lane, a member of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York:—

WASHINGTON CITY, April, 27, 1861.

DEAR HARRY—I have come down to the position of United States soldier, as you will see from the heading of this epistle, and as far as it goes there is a great deal of novelty in it. The gallant Seventh Regiment started for this point a week ago yesterday, the 19th inst., and reached it on Thursday last, being just six days. I almost wish you could have been along to see the fun. For four days we lived on fare that we should have been ashamed to have given to the street beggars in New York. But we kept ourselves in good spirits through it all, and we are now living like kings. We have our quarters in the Capitol Building. I sleep on a velvet covered sofa and dine at the chief hotel of the place, all of which Uncle Sam has to pay for, so you see that one phase of a soldier's life is not so disagreeable after all. But I must give you some account of our journey and its hardships. Well, we took the cars from Jersey City on the 19th inst. for Philadelphia, where we arrived at about 2 o'clock the next morning. We stopped there until afternoon having intended to go through by way of Baltimore, but we learned that the Massachusetts Regiment which had passed through the day before had had a brush with the secessionists, so we though that we had better take another route, so we took steamboat to go by way of Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River, but after we had sailed some distance up the bay we met a vessel which reported that the banks of the river, below Washington, were lined with cannon, one shot from which would have sunk the old tub we were in, so we sailed further up the bay, and when we had arrived opposite Annapolis the Commander of the Naval Academy there, sent out to us requesting us to land, and take possession of the place, as an attack was anticipated by the secessionists that night. We did so, and were very much pleased with the arrangement, as the two days' experience on the steamboat had almost used us up. Just think of it, 1000 of us cooped up in a boat which had quarters for only 350. The men were obliged to sleep on the floor and in any corner they could find. One night I slept on a bag of coal on the promenade deck, but even that was relished by us. During our stay at Annapolis the fare they gave us was abominable, but we made arrangements to get good victuals from the inhabitants of the place as they found out that we were willing to pay them their own prices, so that when we left, they had begun to think that we were gentlemen, and one man that I had conversation with said he believed he should have to turn Unionist again, (he was for secession) as he had always thought that the Northerners were a mean, thieving race, and ought to be punished, but he had altered his mind. We had quite an adventure while there. One night about 2 o'clock the alarm was sounded that the enemy were upon us. We were all asleep on our knapsacks, but nevertheless it was but *four minutes* after said alarm was sounded before Regimental line was formed and muskets and cannon all shotted ready for the attack. It was esteemed by the officers of the place as a big thing, and we rather think it was. But fortunately no attack was made, it happened to be a false alarm.

We remained at Annapolis two days, and in the meantime some two or three other Regiments had arrived and we thought we would leave them there and start on, but afterward ascertained that the railroad in the place had been torn up all along the route and the locomotive taken to pieces to prevent us going through in that way, but it did not daunt us in the least as we started right on, and marched twenty-two miles, repairing the track the entire distance. We did all this in less than eighteen hours. I did not get rested from the fatigue of that journey for two or three days, but am all right now. Yesterday we took the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States, for thirty days from date, unless sooner relieved by troops from our State, which I think will be done and we shall be home in perhaps two weeks. * *

The following letter, addressed by a member of the New York Seventh Regiment to a friend in Woburn, was kindly placed at our disposal by the person receiving it, and will be read with interest, inasmuch as it authenticates several statements that have appeared in the daily papers:

WASHINGTON CITY, April 28th, '61.

* * * We left home on Friday 19th inst., but did not arrive here until Thursday last, owing to the destruction of Railroad tracks, bridges, etc. We had a very severe march on the way of twenty miles under a scorching sun, but arrived all safe and well. We mustered 991 men, in addition to which we received to-day, from New York, a squad of 175 more. * * * We were mustered into the regular service on Friday last, for one month, unless sooner discharged; (by the arrival of sufficient force to protect the place we may be relieved). The ceremonies of the occasion were very impressive. The city is swarming with military, and everything wears a warlike aspect. We are quartered for the present in the House of Representatives, but shall go into Camp, perhaps, to-morrow. The sentiment of the people here is decidedly for the Union, but we have many traitors among us. We arrested four last night, in the Navy Yard, they were caught filling the shells with sand instead of powder; they are in irons in prison, which is under the Capitol. We have another fellow who fired at the Guard last night; we caught the hound; he will be shot to-morrow morning. I had charge of the guard last night, we had an exciting time of it. This beautiful building is being used as a barrack for the troops, and is nearly full; the basement story is one immense store house; among other stuff there are 60,000 bbls. of flour; most of this was seized on its way South. The "Irrepressible Conflict" has been inaugurated in earnest, and must be pursued now to its bitter end; the nigger question must now be settled, but what seems strange is, that there is such a sudden oneness of purpose among all classes at the North to lay aside all other considerations, and meet this matter so promptly. We cannot but succeed in quelling the rebellion. We have just received an immense delegation of the citizens of this city, all armed to the teeth; they are now leaving. I will try to finish this letter, but the confusion is enough to drive all the thinking bumps out of one's head. I have a furlough of one week, and shall probably leave for New York to-morrow, if there is a chance of getting there.

We were at Annapolis about three days on our journey here. I was much pleased with the place; it is beautifully located on the Chesapeake. The Naval Institution there is the chief feature of the place, and together with the State buildings, give the place a look of some importance. When we arrived there we were waited upon by Gov. Hicks, and other officials, who protested against our landing, as they feared they could not restrain the mob. They were answered that we came with the purpose of passing through to Washington, and must land. They threatened to attack us, but finding that would not answer they annoyed us by destroying the railroad, bridges, &c. We took the matter in hand, taking possession of the telegraph, railroad, and everything necessary to insure a passage through Maryland. You would have smiled "slightually" if you could have seen our boys with their gray uniforms on, acting as engineers and firemen, and heard the cheers that went up for the "bold soger boys." The regular workmen of the road, and steamers, refused to help us. They were promptly treated to a pair of bracelets each, and allowed to look on and see the amateur performers. Well I must close, the reveille is beating and the men are to muster.

G. K.

By permission we send a few extracts from a letter written by one of the Richardson Light Guard, to his wife, dated Treasury Building, Washington, April 27, 1861. Thinking the community might be interested in the various matters that affect the troops at the seat of war, other extracts may be made for future numbers. The writer of the following is William Wiley, son of Major John Wiley of this town. M.

"At last we have arrived at Washington. I closed my letter from New York, by stating that we were ordered to embark at once. We did so on board the Steamer Ariel about 11 o'clock that evening. We were much crowded, but I was fortunate enough to get a State room with two others, without any bedding, but we had our blankets and overcoats, and so got along very comfortably, some poor fellows had to sleep in the steerage, and on deck. The sea was very rough at first, but I was not seasick until the next day and then not very much. The most splendid sight I ever saw was when we sailed up the Chesapeake Bay and arrived at Annapolis, the Capital of Maryland, where we landed Wednesday afternoon. The first part of the day was very lovely, but we landed in a tremendous thunder shower.

There was a large body of troops on shore composed of New York soldiers and others. The finest set of men was the Rhode Island Regiment, commanded by Governor Sprague in person. The Governor is only 28 years old and is one of the greatest Cotton Mill owners in the Country, and is computed to be a very wealthy man. The Regiments all wore blue woolen frocks, gray pants, and the kind of hats worn in the army. The American Band of Providence, one of the best in the country, accompanied them. The Governor wore the same kind of dress as his men with the addition of shoulder straps and sash. He and his field officers and staff were mounted on splendid horses, and all together presented a fine appearance. I don't suppose that this description of soldiers will much interest you but it may interest father. We landed on the parade ground which is enclosed by buildings owned by the government, and compose the Naval Academy. It is a very fine old place. We were not allowed out of the ground until we marched for the station to take the cars for Washington, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The rails on some parts of the route had been taken up by the Secessionists, but men had been sent out to re-lay them, so after an hour's detention at the Depot, we set out, our company riding in an open car, which seemed every moment as though it would fall to pieces, and being next to the Engine, we had all the smoke and cinders in our faces. Detachments of troops were stationed all along at intervals to guard the track, who cheered us as we passed them. We passed through a very gloomy country, and it appeared much more so, because it was night. The distance from Annapolis to Washington is 40 miles. We rode as far as the junction at Havre de Grace, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a distance of 18 miles, and as there were no cars passing on that road, on account of the destruction of the Bridge, we were required to march the remaining distance of 22 miles. It was hard to march all night without any sleep, for I was so sleepy that I staggered like a drunken man. We followed the Railroad track which was cut through an immense sand bank, which rose on each side of us to the height of 50 feet. If the enemy had been present, they could have cut us to pieces, as only half of the Regiment came on at first. After marching about 3 miles, some of us concluded to go no farther until we had some sleep, so we lay down upon the Railroad track, and slept about 20 minutes and arose much refreshed. After we had gone on about 4 miles we halted at a station where there was a nice cool run of water, and after washing, eat our rations. At this place we heard a report that there was considerable of a body of the enemy stationed about a mile in advance, who intended to oppose our march. We loaded our pieces and marched in close order, but saw none to annoy us. Within ten miles of Washington, a freight train of cars came along and took us up much to our relief, for the men were nearly beaten out with marching under a scorching sun with heavy overcoats and blankets on their backs and shoulders. It is as warm here now, as in July at home. We had stopped to rest a little, and most of us had fallen asleep when the train came along, in fact I was more than half asleep when I got on board the cars. I rode on the platform which was so narrow that I had to put my feet in the next car, and was kept awake by being punched continually by the man next to me. After arriving here I learned the probable reason why we were not attacked. James M. Sweetser, and six others, who went on ahead of the rest, met a body of Secessionist horsemen, who, on questioning the party of seven, were told that there were two regiments of 1000 men each, close behind. So when we got along we only saw a few horsemen. James and his comrades walked within two miles of this city. After arriving here about noon, we marched two miles to quarters where I am now writing. I have been too tired to go sight seeing, but will hereafter give you more of a desciption of the place. We are all in good health and fine spirits." * * *

☞ We copy the following articles from a Lockport, (N. Y.,) paper. It will be seen that our former townsman, Rev. J. L. Bennett, is engaged heart and hand in the glorious work of the redemption of our country:—

VOLUNTEERS ATTENTION! After my return from a parochial call last evening I ascertained that under the direction of your gallant Captain, Benjamin Flagler, you had paid me a complimentary visit with a band of music. Allow me to express my hearty thanks for this unexpected approval of those sentiments proclaimed last Sabbath, in the conscientious discharge of my duty to God and this land of liberty. I use the word "liberty" just as our fathers used it, and as the Bible uses it. It is "Constitutional Liberty" for which we contend. It does, not intend the perpetual servitude of any human being. It may permit it for a season but will never sanction it as a permanent legacy to future generations of injured men.

I am greateful to Geo. C. Green, Esq., for representing me in a neat little speech at my door. We may have differed in our political preferences during the Presidential campaign, but under a common Flag of Constitutional protection we strike hands as brethern, and united stand together.

Fellow Soldiers, you will do me the favor before you march under the order of your Chief, to pay me another call, and we will drink together the health of our Flag, with the hope she will soon be better than ever, when this intermittent fever, created by the fire of traitors, shall have passed away. I only wish I had the veritable tin cup my grandfather took in his knapsack to the battle of Lexington; but in lieu of it, I will pass round a palatable beverage, as a son of Temperance, in a quart china cider mug, out of which General George Washington drank while quartered at Cambridge during the Revolution. The cup was given to me by an old lady during my residence in that city, who said her mother, during the war, occasionally entertained "the Father of his country," and he once drank from that quart mug.

A military hero after a hard battle, once brought water in his helmet to moisten the tongues of his wounded and exhausted soldiers—if you are yet compelled to endure a similar fight on the battle field, it will be my painful pleasure to moisten your parched lips, if Providence should indeed call me to minister to your necessities.

I am informed that you marched from my door playing the plaintive air, "Home, Sweet Home." It is "the Flag of our Union" which protects that sweet home. See to it, that as brave men you defend that Flag, till every traitor and pirate on land and sea shall strike the flaunting ensign of Rebellion. Believe that I am one with you.

JOSEPH L. BENNETT.

YOUTHFUL PATRIOT.—May Niagara furnish young men of like spirit, devoted to God and their country,

BOSTON, April 18.

MY DEAR MR. BENNETT:

I am going to do my duty as a soldier of my country. I hope I shall try to imitate that christian soldier whom you admired so much, Headly Vicars. I know that you will say "God speed you." I will write you and let you know my direction. If I fall, it will be in a good cause. If we do not meet again on earth, may we meet again in that better land. I am, *ever*, and shall be,

Your Friend,
HENRY H. ROBINSON.

PATRIOTIC SERMON.—We learn that patriotic sermons were preached in most of our churches on Sunday. We attended last evening to hear that of Rev. Mr. Bennett. Every part of the church was filled, and the love of country seemed written on every face. The sermon was a powerful one, showing that God's laws, as well as those of our country, demand that we should now yield time, property, and even life if need be, to protect our Government and Constitution. The speaker held up an old book, two hundred years old bequeathed him by his Grandfather, who, he said, was among the first to fire on the British at Lexington; and he also said he had a musket used in that same battle of Lexington, and bequeathed him by that same Grandfather; and as the speaker rose to his utmost hight, and, with hands raised, said, "if necessary, he would take that book in one hand and that musket in the other, and march against the enemies of his country." The audience could not repress spontaneous applause. It was such a sermon as the times demand.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

STATISTICS.—From the annual Report of the Board of Education which has just been issued, I gather the following items in regard to our educational interests.

In the Table prepared by the assistant Secretary of the Board, showing the rank of each city and town in respect to its liberality in the appropriation of money to their schools, for the year 1859–60, this little town stands number 20 in the State and 9 in the County, being the same as in the previous year. Brookline is first on the list in the State, and the new town of Belmont takes the second place. The other towns in this vicinity, to whose local interests this paper is devoted, occupy the following rank in this respect: Woburn is number 70 in the State and 27 in the County; Stoneham 48, 23; Reading 77, (a loss of 19,) 28; South Reading, 46 22; No. Reading 171, (a gain of 41,) 46; Lexington 23, 10; Burlington 87, (a loss of 15,) 31; Wilmington 108, (a loss of 16) 36; Our municipality beats them all. According to the per centage of their taxable property appropriated to the support of schools, this town stands number 11 in the State and 5 in County; Woburn 65, 17; Stoneham 3, 2; Reading 42, 11; South Reading 10, 4; Lexington 70, 19; Burlington 234, 38; Wilmington 236, 39. The per centage of this town was 5 39 100 mills. Under this head Stoneham leads off, South Reading follows, and Winchester next. Burlington is almost nowhere. In the average attendance of the scholars upon its schools this town ranks number 169 in the State and 36 in the County. Very far from what it should be in this respect. It is chargeable in a great measure to those parents who allow their children to be absent for trifling reasons. The ratio of attendance to the whole number between 5 and 15 years of age in this place, 75, 31. The other towns stand as follows: Woburn 153, 34; Stoneham 283, 51; Reading 206, 53; South Reading 253, 49; North Reading 246, 48; Lexington 134, 30; Burlington 318, 52; Wilmington 208, 44. Notwithstanding our deficiencies on this point, we yet are the third in the towns mentioned.

PARISH MEETING.—The adjourned annual meeting of the members of the First Congregational Society was held on Monday afternoon last in the Vestry. Loring Emerson, Esq., Moderator, and Stephen H. Cutter, Clerk, (chosen at the previous meeting.) Article 2d in the Warrant was further acted upon, in the choice of Harrison Parker, S. T. Sanborn and John T. Manny as Standing Committee; Stephen Cutter, Treasurer; Oliver R. Clark and Joseph Huse, Auditors. Under Article 3d, the Treasurer reported the amount received from pew taxes $1952.08, from pew rents $234.89, from subscriptions $311.58, from notes given for pews sold $770.92, making in all 3269.42. The amount paid for salaries, insurance, incidentals, with $800 on note to S. P. Ruggles, was $3252.17, leaving a balance in favor of the Society of $17.25.

The Standing Committee reported that they had furnished the house with gas pipes costing $156.00, fixtures for vestries $72.00, and brackets for house $168.00, making in all $396.00; that gas is cheaper than fluid, inasmuch as fluid cost on an average of twenty-eight months $4.62, while gas cost less than $4.00; saving also in insurance $25 per year by use of gas.

Voted, that the Treasurer be authorized to hire money not exceeding $6000, to meet notes coming due in the ensuing year. Under Article 4th, it was voted to raise $2800 for the current expenses of the Society, viz: $2430 by a tax of nine per centum on the valuation of pews, and $370 by subscription.

The salary of the Pastor was fixed at $1500 (of which he generously donated $25 to the Society;) J. C. Johnson as organist, &c., $200; sexton, $125. The liabilities of the Society were stated to be about $6000, to meet which there are as assets, pews at first appraisal $5460, notes $121.46, delinquent taxes and rents $260, in all $4841.46.

WAR.—Since my last, the following additional subscriptions have been made to the War fund viz: A. D. Weld, Robert Bacon, and a Friend, $100 each; J. H. Cunningham, Edmund Dwight, and T. P. Ayer, $50 each; J. A. Coolidge, $10, making the whole amount thus far $3280. Hon. O. R. Clark, whose contribution of $100 was stated last week had previously given the same amount in Woburn.

Twenty-five persons have enrolled their names as volunteers to form a company, but as the town is small and deficient in the material to make up a good company it is hardly possible that the requisite number will be obtained for one. Those who are ready and willing to proffer their services will doubtless unite with some other town in making up one. Three of our prominent citizens have joined the Boston Light Dragoons. Several others have connected themselves with the Woburn Company having been formerly members of the Phalanx. Charles Russell, Esq., who belongs to our town, although he has been in Medford practising law for a year or more, has gone with the Lawrence Light Guard, to battle for his country in this her hour of need. The evening previous to his departure he was united to the chosen one of his heart.

Mrs. T. P. Tenney and other patriotic ladies are engaged in the manufacture of those little bags which have been suggested through the papers and fitting them with the articles which are so often needed by our soldiers during their absence from home, in the shape of sewing implements and material. They are ready and desirous here as elsewhere to show their interest in the cause by doing all in their power for its advancement.

Mr. John G. Richardson has in his possession a relic of the Revolutionary times in the shape of a Powder Horn of the year 1743. It bears the marks of service, and is interesting to look upon.

FISH.—Our Fish Committee have given public notice that those wishing to catch Alewives from the waters in this town must do it on Monday, Wednesday or Friday of each week, until the last of June. Any who may fish on any other day will be subject to a fine of ten dollars. EXCELSIOR.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

At a meeting of the Mayor of the city of Charlestown, and the chairman of each of the boards of Selectmen of the towns of Malden, Melrose, Stoneham, South Reading, Reading, and North Reading, and the President of the Malden and Melrose Railroad Company, recently held in pursuance of the provisions of "An act relating to Malden Bridge" passed in 1859, the probable expense of the repairs and maintenance of said Bridge for the ensuing year was estimated at six hundred dollars, and the board determined the following proportion to be paid by said city, Towns and Company, viz:—Charlestown $75, Malden, $258.75; Melrose, $37.50; North Reading, $7.50; Stoneham, $30; South Reading, 22.50; Reading, $18.75; Malden & Melrose Company, $150.

During the last week or more, patriotism has been on the increase as developed in various ways. There have been many gatherings on the occasions of raising the American Flag in different parts of the town. Last Saturday the workmen at the Boston and Main Foundry threw to the breeze a splended banner with the Stars and Stripes, on one side of which was inscribed, "We are ready for the conflict," and on the other, "Union." A large number assembled at 5 o'clock P. M., to see the "Banner go up." The Volunteer Company, under the command of Capt. John Wiley, 2d, were present with music, and speeches were made by Messrs A. J. Blanchard, T. B. Walker, P. H. Sweetser, L. Eaton and others, and the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung with fine effect. One hour later, at six o'clock, another beautiful flag was raised over the School House of the North District. This was procured by contributions of members of the District, and the people of the Ward, including the scholars especially, were present to enjoy a good time. Addresses were made by Messrs E. Mansfield, L. Eaton, P. H. Sweetser, P. C. Wheeler and E. A. Upton. The Malden Band, procured for the occasion, performed their part admirably. The school children sang "Up goes the Banner." At the close, rousing cheers were given for the Flag, and the Malden Band. Similar occurrences have taken place at Greenwood and other parts of the town.

At the town meeting on Monday afternoon, Hon. P. H. Sweetser presided. The meeting was very enthusiastic and the town voted with great liberality to pay each soldier gone and going to the war from town at the call of the Governor, twenty dollars per month, and the seven following persons were appointed a committee to carry the vote into effect, and pay over the same to the familes and friends of the absent ones, with authority to pay still larger sums to any such families as may require it, viz:—Messrs S. O. Richardson, G. O. Carpenter, L. Beebe, P. C. Wheeler, J. S. Eaton, P. H. Sweetser and D. B. Wheelock,

Should the Company now ready, under command of Capt. Wiley, receive orders from the Commander-in-chief, as they soon expect to do, it is estimated that South Reading will send her quota, to meet the requisition from Massachusetts for Fifty thousand troops. This is exclusive of those who have joined our companies from other towns.

A sad event occurred a few days since at Amherst N. H. Mrs. Eliza J. Whiting, wife of John Whiting, formerly of this place, and daughter of John Wiley of this town, committed suicide by drowning. She had been partially deranged for some time, but was down on a visit to her parents a little more than a week ago, and committed the deed soon after her return to Amherst. She was about 30 years of age.

At the annual meeting of the members of the South Reading Mutual Safety Fire Insurance Company held on Wednesday afternoon, the following persons were chosen a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, viz:—Messrs Lilley Eaton, Edward Mansfield, Wm. H. Willis, Adam Wiley, E. A. Upton, Josiah Norcross, John Perkins, Thomas Richardson, D. B. Wheelock, Samuel Kimball, Charles P. Howard, Nelson Cochran and Horace Collamore. Subsequently Lilley Eaton, was chosen President, Edward Mansfield, Treasurer, and Wm. H. Willis, Secretary. After the present month, the regular meeting of the Directors will be held on the second Wednesday afternoon of each month.

It is stated as probable that another town meeting will be called to consider farther the matter of compensation to soldiers.

A third company, called the Drill Club, has been formed in town, and invited Capt. Geo. O. Carpenter, to instruct and exercise them in Military tactics. M.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Some twenty more of our citizens have enlisted and have left town. Mr. E. Harnden received a letter on Tuesday last from one who enlisted in the South Reading Rifle Company. The letter bears date April 28th, at Washington. By the politeness of Mr. H. I am permited to make some extracts for the *Journal*.

"We arrived here on Friday last about 2 o'clock P. M., all well, but pretty much used up as we had a very hard journey. We left Boston early Sunday morning after being up all night, getting ready to start, and at every place we stopped on the road there were such crowds of people waiting for us that we had no chance to sleep on that day. The people at Framingham, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven and many other places were out ringing bells, firing salutes, crowding into the cars, bringing with them refreshments of all kinds until I was fearful that we should be killed by *them* instead of the *enemy*; they were bound to see us and shake hands with us. The Col. gave orders after we left Springfield that no one but officers should be allowed to leave the cars at any station, and a guard was put at the car doors, I was put at one of the doors, and as soon as we stopped I would get off into the crowd, and I had a glorious time I assure you. * * * * * We reached New York at 8 o'clock P. M, and marched to the Lafarge House. The streets were thronged with people, and every

window with ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and we marched amidst a continual cheer for the Old Bay State.

"We embarked on the steamer Ariel for Annapolis. We had expected to go through Baltimore and were disappointed in finding that we were not to have a shot at the rogues of that city. We reached Norfolk, Va., on Tuesday, and found there the steamer DeSoto with our Col. and the rest of the Regiment, and kept right on to Annapolis, arriving there Wednesday morning, finding there the U. S. ships Constitution, Harriet Lane and two other men-of-war, also five large transport steamers with the 6th and 71st New York, the Rhode Island, and any quantity of Regiments from Pennsylvania.

"Gen. Butler has command here and the way he puts things through opens the eyes of the Marylanders. He has got everything under his thumb, and, you may depend upon it, he will keep things straight. We started Thursday morning for Washington and rode on the cars very slow about 20 miles, for fear of getting off the track. We got off at Annapolis Junction and started 280 strong down the track of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., stopped about 15 minutes here for breakfast and got intelligence that a body of rebels 500 strong were waiting for us a short distance ahead. We were very tired, loaded with our blankets, overcoats, haversacks, muskets, etc., but we loaded up and started on in fine spirits at the prospect of a fight. But, alas for our hopes, when we got in sight of Bladensburgh where they were waiting, all of them took a sudden panic at the sight of our bayonets and ran like sheep, and at the town we could discover about a dozen niggers who swung their hats and cheered us lustily. Six of our men who were in advance all the morning passed about an hour before and saw the party; they did not offer to molest them, however, and only asked them some questions about our force. There is no danger of trouble here now, and we have made up our minds that we are to have a good long muster and then go home, for the rebels will, almost all of them, have to stay at home to take care of the nigger, who are all ready to pitch in the first opportunity. All our boys are well and in good spirits. We are stopping at the Treasury Department, and are quite comfortable; some of the boys don't like Uncle Sam's rations, but it don't trouble me at all.

"The Stoneham company is in the Capitol. They had some tough fighting in Baltimore, and killed a good many of the mob—more than was reported. Saw two of the crew of the Harriet Lane at Annapolis. They said that Anderson slaughtered the rebels in Fort Moultrie like sheep, and knocked it to pieces, but account of the fire in Sumter, was obliged to surrender. There is no doubt of the truth of this statement. G——s."

The town meeting in embryo alluded to last week came off with a very large attendance and with much spirit. Three hours were spent in discusing various propositions. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested, and five thousand dollars was appropriated for war purposes, but as the meeting stands adjourned to Tuesday next, and the votes passed at the meeting on Monday may be in part or in toto reconsidered, I vill defer reporting further doings had on Monday last.

The "Old Folks (late Father Kemp's class) were, at last advices, singing at the Chrystal Palace, London; and from a reliable source I learn they are now making money and doing a good business, having recently made a very handsome dividend. LENO.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE FIGHT.—One of the volunteers of the Sixth Regiment, in describing the scene at Baltimore, relates the following:—"One fellow was leaning out of a window three stories high, firing a revolver and throwing bricks; a soldier of the Stoneham Company spotted him, fired and down he came to the sidewalk, shot dead."

☞ It is said that Old Abe *Euchrered* the Baltimoreans; but, the facts are, that he saw their "hand" and merely said: *I pass.*" The Baltimoreans then gave him the "*deal.*" This is the whole no't.

☞ When, with the vivid recollection of all that we said of John Bell during the Presidential canvass, we look at his present position and read the language he utters, we cannot but recall the striking advice given by some prudent sage:—"Never praise a man till he is dead."—*Louisvill eJournal.*

IS THE WORLD UNGRATEFUL?—*The friends of M. Lamartine think it is.* We are utterly disgusted with the self-laudation which some of our second class great men are in the habit of practicing; and we mean to expose it, even though the task is a distasteful one. The vice is peculiarly, though not exclusively, French, and is found among the second class of great men, but never among the first who are the real benefactors of the world.

Thomas Holloway, one of the latter, whose name is idolized in all parts of the world, and to whom it is not too much to say that millions of all creeds and complexions are indebted for the preservation of their lives,—Thomas Holloway, we say, is never heard appealing either to the gratitude or generosity of those who have derived the greatest of all earthly blessings from his skill; he contents himself with the assurance that his work has been done, and that the price has been paid.

We have been led into these reflections by an appeal which is now put forward on behalf of a second class French poet. Monsieur Alphonse Lamartine, it seems, though munificently paid for the productions of his pen, neglected to lay up any sufficient store for the support of his declining days; and now his voice is raised against "the ingratitude of the human race." The argument which he produces to strengthen his claim, is one which should rather make him blush for his extravagance: he says that millions of his productions have been sold, and that therefore the world is in his debt! But why? Was he not paid the price he asked for every copy? Or does he think that it sounds like common prose honesty to ask to be paid twice over.

He will answer, doubtless, that his poems gave a pleasure the value of which their price could not approximate. Let us admit this rule, and apply it to another case to test its merits. Health, we all know, is the chief of earthly blessings; a boon which must be purchased, let the cost be what it may; a blessing, to be blessed with which the sinking monarch would resign his kingdom. Suppose then, that Holloway, instead of fixing such a price on his remedies as would afford him (when myriads were his customers) a fair and honorable profit, had apportioned the price of his pills and ointment to the exigencies of each case and the ability of the sufferer to pay for his physical salvation? Why, in such a case, the great physician would long ago have owned all Europe in fee simple, and three-fourths of the remainder of the world—for the royalties and nobilities of Europe were among his earliest patients, but are still too proud to acknowledge that they owe their lives to the same simple but all-sufficing remedies which have been brought by Holloway's philanthrophy within the reach of the meanest of their serfs.—"*Les Belles Lettres.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The affidavit of the world. Ulcerated legs, old sores, &c.—Ulcer on the legs which baffled the skill of science have yielded to a short course of matchless remedies—the reason is natural, for experience teaches that local applications are totally ineffectual—sores and ulcers are merely effect—to cure them radically, we must seek the cause elsewhere—Holloway maintains it is in the blood, and the success of his treatment in this class of diseases, in all parts of the world corroborate his system and assertions: the ointment applied to the external surface imbues the old sores and ulcers with new life, while the pills by purifying the blood extinguish their elements and expel them from it.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The progress of a great fact. *Dropsy*—It is a fact that no subject has caused more dissension among the faculty than the treatment necessary for dropsy—it is a notable fact, that nothing conclusive has yet been arrived at by the profession—but the great fact is, that Holloway's Pills are the surest and safest remedy, because founded on reason and common sense—it is an undeniable fact that the cause is too great an effusion of water in the blood—and a marked fact that Holloway's Pills by their purifying and invigorating properties cleanse and strengthen the blood and by exterminating the cause prevent the effect—and a universal fact, that they have cured thousands after all other means had failed.

☞ We would call the attention of those suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, &c., to an advertisement in another column of this paper, an important discovery for the cure of those diseases, now introduced for the first time to the American public by Messrs. Leeds. Gilmore & Co., of New York.

GET A PURE ARTICLE.—However opinions may vary as to the use or abuse of liquors as beverages, or for medicinal use, no live man can be found who would not prefer and recommend the *pure article* whenever any is to be taken. There are two kinds of wines spoken of in the Bible; one is recommended "a little for the stomach's sake," the other denounced. No doubt one was *pure*, the other *vile.* If you will use the article, do procure it in its original purity, and only seek for it among honorable and respectable merchants, whose character and long standing as well as judgment can be relied upon, and to whom a reputation for selling fine wines or liquors is of tenfold more importance than any thing they could gain by adulteration.

If consumers have any doubt as to procuring, in their own vicinity, such an article as they desire, we confidently recommend them to the old established house of I. D. RICHARDS & SONS, Boston, whose advertisement may be found in another column.

Special Notices.

Notice.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation and Trustees of the Stoneham Five Cents Savings Bank, will be held at the Bank Room on TUESDAY, May 7th, at 7½ o'clock, P.M.

WM. H. HEATH, Sec'y.

Stoneham, April 25th, 1861.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York

Died.

SYMMES—In Winchester, April 28th, Albert Henry, youngest son of Marshall jr. and Abby S. Symmes, aged 8 months, 17 days.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

THE subscriber will dispose of his present stock of LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SHOES at greatly reduced prices, corresponding with the times. Those in want are invited to call at the Shoe Store OPPOSITE THE NEW CHURCH.

May 5—3m. AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Cyrus Richardson, late of Springfield, in the county of Sangamore, in the state of Illinois, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JAMES M. RANDALL, Admr., with the will annexed.

Woburn, April 25, 1861.—3w

To owners and keepers of DOGS WITHIN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

NOTICE is hereby given that all Licenses for Dogs will expire on the 30th day of April, 1861. Persons wishing to renew their Licenses can retain their original number by applying to me pevious to the 7th day of May.

N. WYMAN, Town Clerk of Woburn.

Woburn, April 27th, 1861.—tf

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,

and all articles used in Millinery. Also,

Dress Making attended to,

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinance of the same.

April 19.—tf

To the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex:

THE undersigned, respectfully represent that the public necessity and convenience would be greatly promoted by an alteration in the line of Washington Street, in Winchester, therefore pray that your honorable board may view the premises and straighten, widen and discontinue so much thereof as may be necessary.

JAMES A. WOODBURY and others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Cambridge in said county, on the first Tuesday of January and by adjournment April 16th, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Town Hall, in Winchester, on the 3d day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Winchester, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and order thereon,
Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
A true copy Attest,
MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

MAY MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOU'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn in said County, GREETING:

IN the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn qualified to vote in elections and town affairs, to meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on MONDAY, the Sixth day of May next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., to act on the following articles, viz:—

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To see what instructions, if any, the town will give the Selectmen in regard to the families of those citizens of Woburn who may enlist for the defence of law, order and liberty in this trying hour of our National crisis.

Art. 3. To see what sum or sums of money the town will appropriate for the payment of the soldiers who may enlist for the defence of the Union, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art. 4. To see if the town will authorize the Treasurer to hire money for the above purpose, under the direction of the Selectmen, or do anything in relation thereto.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by posting up attested copies thereof at each of the public meeting-houses in said town, seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting and causing the same to be published in the *Middlesex Journal* and *Woburn Budget*.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time for holding said meeting.

Given under our hands, at Woburn, this twenty-fifth day of April, A. D. 1861.

JOHN CUMMINGS, JR.,
E. E. THOMPSON,
E. N. BLAKE,
WALTER WYMAN,
JOSEPH KELLEY,
ELBRIDGE TRULL,
} SELECTMEN OF WOBURN.

A true copy, Attest: EDWARD SIMONDS, Constable of Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, held at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, and by adjournment on the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1861.

On the Petition of A. Weld, S. T. Sanborn and Wallace Whitney, Selectmen of Winchester, to define, new locate, and establish the boundaries of Main Street, in said Winchester.

It was adjudged that said defining bounds, and new location are of common convenience and necessity;

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Town Hall, in Winchester, on the third day of June next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,
P. H. SWEETSER, Chairman.

South Reading, April 16, 1861.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Apply at this Office.

Woburn, January 11, 1861.

An Important Fact!

1
It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!

2
Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.

3
Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.

4
In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.

5
At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

NEW PATENT GLASSING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber has recently patented a machine for

Glassing Leather,

which is a great improvement on anything of the kind now in use, and is ready to manufacture them to order. The machine can be seen in operation at Choate & Cummings' Tannery, in Woburn.

WILLIAM ELLARD.

Woburn, April 13th. 1m.

ONE GOOD ACT!

THE PRESIDENT has set his signature to the new Tariff Bill. By this means I have made my list of prices for

CARPETINGS

FOR MY SPRING SALES AS FOLLOWS

100 Rolls Union Carpets, at 25 cents per yard.
50 Rolls Cotton and Wool Carpets at 37 cents per yard.
40 Rolls Common Carpets at 45 cents per yard.
350 Rolls Extra Fine Carpets at 50 cents per yard.
425 Rolls Extra Super Carpets at 62½ cents per yard.
100 Rolls Extra Three-ply Carpets from 90 cents to $1.
100 Rolls English Tapestry Carpets ot $1 per yard.
275 Rolls Dutch Carpets at 17 cents per yard
750 Rolls Painted Carpets from 30 to 50 cents per yard.
100 Rolls Stair Carpets from 12½ cents to $1 per yard.
400 Rolls Thompsonville, Tariffville, Lowell and Tapleyville.
Extra Super Carpets at 17 censts per yard.

☞ A discount to Wholesale Dealers, to Ministers and their families of all denominations, and Church Committees.

E. C. STEVENS,
124 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.
28—3m.

Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank.

THIS Bank pays interest on all sums from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Regular dividends five per cent. Extra dividends every fifth year. Interest not withdrawn is added to the principal. Bank hours every Saturday from 2 to 4 o'clock, in City Bank rooms West Lynn, near Lynn Common Depot. Depositors from other towns than Lynn, can deposit every day from 8½ to 12 and from 1 to 2.

B. V. FRENCH, *Treasurer.*

Dec. 8, 1860.—1y.

SOMETHING NEW!

I AM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of

LIGHT AND DARK GOODS

—FOR—

SPRING CLOTHING.

G. R. GAGE.

Cherry Wine Bitters.

DR. WHEELER'S CHERRY WINE BITTERS have gained a repetition for excellence in driving out of the human system such complaints as dyspepsia, nervous debility, scrofulous humors, eruptions of the skin, hysteria, headache, jaundice, languor, vertigo, flatulency.

They combat with other disease, viz. lowness of spirits, diarrhœa, dysentery, and readily conquer.

Prepared only by Lewis Wheeler, Druggist, corner Custom House and Broad street, Boston, and for sale every where. 14—3m

INTERESTING TO THE PUBLIC!

PERSONS troubled with Contracted Limbs of many years standing, Stiff Joints or Rhumatism, can be effectually cured, by using

DR. HANSONS Stimulating Ointment

which is sold at Wholesale & Retail at the Depot NO. 145 HANOVER STREET, up one flight of stairs.

Boston Price Fifty cents per bottle, and if the patient is not benefitted the money will be refunded. Advice gratis. Feb. 7th—3m.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING,
J. F. PICKERING.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

Business Cards.

BOSTON AND LOWELL and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road,

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—
Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.30 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.30 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.30 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.30 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10 p m., Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00, 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m, 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7.55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m. 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant B. L. and N. & L. R. R.

May 1st, 1861.

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK, Woburn Centre

Jan. 21, 1860. tf

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1858. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed. Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,

School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL, ... WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,

PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satsisfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by loaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

PURE LIQUORS AND WINES FOR PRIVATE USE AND MEDICAL PURPOSES.

WE offer the country trade and comsumers, a complete assortment of every variety of LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Importers is not only a sufficient guarantee for the *Purity of our Goods*, but that it enables us to offer advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and reliable article of *Liquors and Wines* for medicinal and other purposes, we have for many years given special attention to filling orders for *Private Use*, and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to send their orders to us direct, as we employ no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons who require *Pure Liquors and Wines*, in large or small quantities, may rest assured that all orders will receive our best personal attention, and that every article sent from our house will be satisfactory in every respect. Communications by mail will receive prompt attention, with full and complete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS,
87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1yr

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

A Cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, General Debility, and all Scrofulus Humors.

THIS COMPOUND has been used with the most complete success by our most celebrated Physicians, for the removal and permanent cure of the above diseases. Hundreds for whom there was no hope before the discovery of this simple yet effectual remedy, have been raised to health and happiness by its timely use. The following case of Mr. J. Williams is sufficient to convince all of its Wonderful effects. He says:—

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for several months. I had used the clear Cod Liver Oil most of the time, but had derived but little benefit from it. I had an attack of Bleeding at the Lungs, which alarmed my friends very much, as they now supposed there was no hope for me. About this time I heard of your Compound Cod Liver Oil and Lime. I immediately commenced using it, and began soon to pereive its beneficial effects; in two months my cough had entirely left me, and I am now enjoying perfect health. Truly yours, J. Williams."

N. B. This Compound does not nauseate like the Clear Oil.—Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, No. 166 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL COMPANY.

Kerosene, Illuminating, Lubriacating and Binnacle Oils.

THE above Oils, from the manufactory of this Company, constantly on handand for sale by the Agents,

BUSLEY & KING,

March 14, 1861. 36 INDIA STREET.

The French Burr Milistone Shop

Is removed from the foot of WEBSTER ST., East Boston, to

Nos. 17 and 19 Eastern Avenue,

THIRD DOOR FROM COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

CONSTANTLY on hand a choice selection of all kinds of French and American Esopus Burr Millstones. Stones dressed and repaired in Mills at short notice, and by most competent workmen. N. CRILLY.

T. RICKARD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Residence on BENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant Street, on the right.

Woburn, Dec. 4. tf

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.
From S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Office 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Rev. N. Day, *President.* Rev. P. Mason, *Vice do* Charles R. Greene, *Treasurer.*

PHYSICIANS:

R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D
MARY HARWOOD, FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

THIS Institution was established to secure greater perfection in the science of Medicine, and a more successful practice in the treatment of the various diseases upon natural or rational principles, discarding the use of poisonous drugs, and using such remedies, and such only, as act in harmony with the laws of life. Invalids, therefore who wish to employ sensible means in a sensible way, for the recovery of health, will find advantages at this Institution not to be found elsewhere.

The Electro-Chemical Baths, together with Dr. Greene's improved Medication, have been adopted in this Institution, and have greatly aided in the removal of many diseases.

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All persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should avail themselves of the personal attention of the physicians at the Institute, where proper boarding-houses are provided.

Consultations at the office, free of charge, from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M., or by letter on the receipt of a postage stamp.

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SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Britannia, and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c., warranted to contain nothing that *can possibly* injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use.

Many of our largest dealers in Silver Ware have given it their unqualified approval. ☞ See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake

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It effectually rids the mouth of the fœtid matter and tartar which renders the breath so impure and disagreeable—it gives tone and strength to the gums, and a clear, pearly whiteness to the teeth, preventing their premature decay.

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THEY are used and recommended by leading Physicians of the country, and all who try them pronounce them invaluable.

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Dr. WM. M. KERR of Rogersville, Indiana, writes us that they are the most valuable medicine offered. He has recommended them with great success, and with them made several cures of palpitation of the heart and general debility.

THOMAS STANFORD, Esq., Blountville, Henry Co., Indiana, writes us a long letter under date of May 4, 1860. He was much reduced, having been afflicted for three years with great nervous debility, palpitation of the heart of the most severe and prostrating character, "after using a few bottles I was completely restored, and am now in robust health."

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He says, "for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney affection or dropsey, it is a specific and certain remedy."

J. W. HUNT writes from Delphos, Allen County, Ohio, (a section where Fever and Ague prevails,) that he most cheerfully recommends them of decided merit in all cases of Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia and General Debility.

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PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

FEW are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "slight cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are the most valuable article especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarsness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at 25 cents a box.

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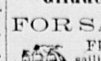

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REV. T. WILLARD LEWIS.

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M. J. METCALF, 15½ Salem St., Boston.

Songs for the Times.

The New Dixie for Northern Singers.

I'm glad I'm not in de land ob cotton,
Good times dare am now forgotten,
Look away! look away! look away! cotton land.
In South Carolina dis fuss was born in,
Dar Secession had its dawnin',
Look away! look away! look away! cotton land.

Chorus,

Den I'm glad I'm not in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Yankee land I'll took my stand,
Nor lib nor die in Dixie.
Away! away! away down South in Dixie.
Away! away! away down South in Dixie.

Big folks in a soletan convention,
Declare demselves a separate nation,
Look away! &c.
Den headed by ole Gubbernor Pickens,
Wid Union forts dey raised de dickens,
Look away! &c. *Chorus,*

Beside her Georgia took her Station,
Wid orders in confederation,
Look away! &c.
Dare Union dey commemorated,
An ole Jeff. Davis 'naugurated,
Look away! &c. *Chorus.*

O dey're a nest ob wiley traitors,
Treasury robbers, Union haters.
Look away! &c.
Dar's Wigall, Chestnut, Cobb and Rhett,
Wid Floyd and Thompson, "rogues well met."
Look away! &c. *Chorus.*

I'm glad I'm not in de land ob treason,
Where folks nebber hear to reason.
Look away! &c.
Disunionists, we'll nebber heed 'em
But shout for everlasting freedom.
Look away! &c.

Chorus for de last stanza.

Now a rousin' shout for Union!
Hooray! Hooray!
Wid willing hearts and cheerful voice,
We'll shout aloud for Union.
We'll shout, we'll shout, we'll shout, aloud for Union,
We'll shout, we'll shout, we'll shout, aloud for Union.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

O, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus.

O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.

Chorus.

'Tis the star-spangled banner—O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.

Chorus.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation!
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean;

OR THE "RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm!
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine-cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true;
The Army and Navy forever—
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Our Flag is There.

Our flag is there! our flag is there!
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas!
Our flag is there! our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars!
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag;
Strong hands sustained it mast-head high;
And oh, to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy to every eye.

Our flag is there! our flag is there!
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas!
Our flag is there! our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars!

That flag has stood the battle's roar,
With foeman strong, with foeman brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,
And found a speedy, watery grave!
That flag is known on every shore,
The standard of a gallant band:
Alike unstained in peace or war,
It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.
Our flag is there, &c.

☞ We know a very ugly and penurious man who works in his own fields in the summer months to save the expense of a scare-crow.

A Toast.—*Woman*:—To her virtues we give love; to her beauty, our admiration; to her hoops the sidewalk.

Business Cards.

WM. PRATT,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
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☞ *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.*
(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).
Nov1, 1858. ytf

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.
Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand
☞ SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.
Woburn, Feb. 14.

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.
☞ New and second-hand wagons and horse carts fo' sale. GEORGE ALLEN.
Winchester, Sept. 1. tf

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
WOBURN, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

Central Market
Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.
Oct 8, 1859. tf

WILLIAM WINN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estat attended to on reasonable term
Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

PERRY, BELL & EATON,
Manufacturers and dealers in
HARD, SOFT AND FANCY SOAPS.
☞ *Soap made expressly for Curriers' use.*
All orders promptly attended to.
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.
Feb. 14. ;y

E. D. HAYDEN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW
No. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN, MASS.
Feb. 13. ytf

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.*
East Woburn, Sept. ytf

CHARLES A. SMITH
DEALER IN
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

DR. C. T. LANG
SURGEON DENTIST,

Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.,
WOBURN CENTR, MASS

BININGER'S OLD LONDON DOCK GIN

GIN AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

THIS DELICIOUS TONIC STIMULANT,

ESPECIALLY designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, has all of those *intrinsic* medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic) which belong to the *old* and *pure* Gin. It has received the personal endorsement of *over seven thousand physicians* who have recommended it in the treatment of Gravel, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Obstruction or suppression of the Menses, Affections of the Kidneys, etc.
Put up in quart and pint bottles, and sold by all druggists and Town Agents.
A. M. BININGER & CO., Sole Proprietors,
(Established in 1778.) No. 19 Broad street, N. Y.
For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Nos. 11 and 12 Marshall St., WEEKS & POTTER, SETH E. PECKER, D. GOODNOW & CO., REED, CUTLER & CO., M. S. BURR & CO., STEPHEN WEEKS, T. L. SMITH, S. PEIRCE & CO., C. S. DAVIS & CO.
March 1, 1861,—1y.

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For Family and Medical Use.

THIS natural product of the most nutritious grain recommends itself as presenting in a concentrated form the nutritive properties of Wheat, and has received the highest encomiums from eminent medical authorities, as possessing qualities that are absolutely FATTENING;—this desideratum renders it invaluable to those who are suffering from consumption, Lung Complaint, Bronchitis, Impaired Strength. Lack of Vital Energy, and all diseases which, in their incipient stages require only a generous diet, and an invigorating, nourishing stimulant.
Put up in quart bottles, in iron bound cases of one and two dozen each, and sold by all prominent Druggists, Grocers and Town Agents.

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Nov. 1860.—1y

BOOKS BOOKS.

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Booksellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.
JOSIAH HOVEY.
Lyceum Building, Winchester. June 7.

HORACE WATERS,

AGENT,
333 Broadway, N. Y.,
Publisher of Music and Music Books and Dealer in

Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Organ Accordeons, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Viols, Violincellos, Accordeons, Flutinas, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionets, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Bass Instruments for Bands, Piano Stools and covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

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FROM all the publishers in the U. S., Bertini's Huntins, and Modern School, and al kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments, Church Music Books; Music elegantly Bound; Music paper, and all kind of Music Merchandise,

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NEW PIANOS,

At $175, $200, $225, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $160; New Melodions, $45, $60, $75, $100, and up to $200; Second Hand Melodeons, from $30 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $150; nine stops, $185 and $225 thirteen stops, $250, $275 and $300; fifteen stops $420 and $375. A liberal discount to Clergymen Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

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John Hewitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:—

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two mores; they will be more popular than any other make."

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H. Waters, Esq.—*Dear Sir*: Having, used one of your Piano Fortes for two years past. I have found it a very *superior Instrument*
ALONZO GRAY,
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"The Piano I received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place."—JAMES L. CLARKE *Charlestown, Va.*

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The Bell is published in small numbers, entitled Anniversary and Sunday School Music Book, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in order to accommodate the million; price $2 and $3 per hundred. No. 5 will soon be issued—commencement of another book. Also, Revival Music Book, Nos. 1 and 2, price $1 and $ per hundred, postage 1c. More than 350,000 copies of the above books have been issued the past eighteen months, and the demand is rapidly increasing. Published by
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New York, Nov, 26 '59,—tf.

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Being distilled in 1848, and manufactured expressly for us with great care, it can be relied upon as a strictly pure stimulant, and peculiarly effective for the treatment of Lung Complaints, Dyspepsia, derangement of the Stomach, Nervousness, &c

As a curative agent it has a tendency to recreate and strengthen; while age having contributed its genial charm and enriched it with a delicous flavor and an oily body, it affords a pleasant incentive to the preservaton or recovery of health, through the agreable medium of a well pleased palate.

Put up in a variety of attractive forms, in iron bound, of one and two dozen bottles each, and sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.
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24—1y

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FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS,

THE MAKORA ARABICA,

DISCOVERED BY A
Missionary while traveling in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
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All who are suffering from Bronchitis should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are suffering from Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
All who are suffering from Asthma, Scrofula and impurities of the blood should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.
It cures Consumption.
It cures Bronchitis.
It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds.
It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and impurities of the Blood.
This unequalled remedy is now for the first time introduced to the public.
It was providentially discovered by a missionary while travelling in Arabia. He was cured of Consumption by its use after his case was pronounced hopeless by learned physicians in Europe.
He has forwarded to us in writing, a full account of his own extraordinary cure, and of a number of other cures which have come under his observation, and also a full account of the medicine.
At his request, and impelled by a desire to extend a knowledge of this remedy to the public, we have had his communication printed in phamphlet form for free distribution. Its interest is enhanced by an account which he gives of some of the scenes of the Syrian massacres, which he obtained from those who suffered in that awful tragedy.
This pamphlet may be obtained at our office, or it will be sent free by mail to all who apply for it.
We import the MAKORA ARABICA direct from Smyrna through the house of Cicon & Gylippus, and we have always on hand a full supply put up in bottles ready for use with full directions.
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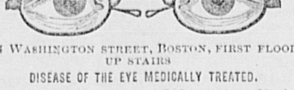

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A sure cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia in its worst form. The undersigned hereby certify that they have used "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" for the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and have in every case found immediate and permanent relief. We have full confidence in its healing qualities, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with these harrassing diseases, as one of the safest and best medicines ever offered to the public.

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The best medicine for the disease I ever saw, CHAS. A. SMITH, No 1 Old State House Boston.

Have been afflicted with Rheumatism in its worst form and was entirely cured by the use of one bottle. A. W. BRYER, Matthews Building, Commercialst, Boston.

Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has entirely relieved me from sufferings of several years' standing. W. E. HODGKINS, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.

After suffering with Rheumatism for twenty years I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles of Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound. NORMAN T. AYERS, 75 Franklin street, Boston.

The Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has been taken by hundreds of people for Scrofulous Humors with great benefit. It may be given to children with perfect safety.

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None genuine unless signed by
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PILLS OF IRON.

AN aperient and Stomachic preparation of IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by combustion in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by the highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe and the United States, and prescribed in their practice.

The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexions indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case.

Innoxious in all maladies in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:

In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Incipient Consumption Scrofulous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Mi menstruation, White Chlorosis, Liver Complaints, Caronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fevers, Pimples on the Face &c.

In cases of *General Debility*, whether the result of acute diseases, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render creditable. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

The attention of females cannot be too confidently invited to this remedy and restorative, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.

In *Rheumatism*, both chronic and inflammatory—in the latter, however, more decidedly—it has been invariably well reported, both as alleviating pain and reducing the swellings and stiffness of the joints and mucles.

In *Intermittent Fevers* it must necessarily be a great remedy and energetic restorative, and its progress in the new settlements of the West, will probably be one of high renown and usefulness.

No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effects. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.

Put up in neat flat metal boxes containing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; for sale by druggists and dealers. Will be sent free to any address on receipt of the price. All letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to

R. B. LOCKE & Co. General Agents.
May 26. 20 CEDAR ST., N. Y.

DR. M'LANE'S
Celebrated American
WORM SPECIFIC,
OR
VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a knawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE
Will certainly effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to

RETURN THE MONEY

in every instance where it should prove ineffectual: "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the supposition of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

We pledge ourselves to the public, that

Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge

DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY

in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, *not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant*

Address all orders to

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P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and *take none but Dr. M'Lane's, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.* To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post paid, to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Country Store Keeper generally.

Sold Woburn by Benjamin W. Connat, Cambridge Trull, also by dealers in Medicine everywhere.

LAWSON'S
NEURALGIC AND RHEUMATIC
Curative and Nerve Tonic:

For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.

THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

WILMINGTON DEPOT, May 16th, 1859.

PETER LAWSON—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,
L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.

PETER LAWSON, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.
I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,
T. FOSTER FARMER.
Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.
PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly,
J. B. EATON,
Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

DRACUT, Nov. 19, 1860.
HON. PETER LAWSON:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you, that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria" or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it vry often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me, and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it, and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, thrt I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,
WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

PETER LAWSON, Lowell, Mass, proprietor.
M. S. BURR & CO., No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston General Agents for the United States.
The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W. CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD; in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY. 21—1y.

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POUDRETTE, made by Lodi Manufacturing Co., for sale in lots to suit purchasers. This is the CHEAPEST FERTILIZER in market. $3 worth will manure an acre of corn, will increase the crop from one third to one half, and will ripen the crop two weeks earlier. Price over seven Barrels $1,50 per barrel. A pamphlet, with satisfactory evidence and full particulars will be sent gratis to any one sending address to
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For the Instant Relief and Permanent Cure of this distressing complaint use

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LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS.

THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the Globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES

are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freezing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of Gravel.

Also *WORMS*, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.

SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

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FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS,—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds. Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.

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AYER'S
CATHARTIC PILLS.

Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering, and disease. While in this condition, oppressed by the derangements, take Ayer's Pills, and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint, is also true in many of the deep seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly, and many of them surely, cured by the same means. None who know the virtues of these Pills, will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure.

Statements from leading physicians in some of the principal cities, and from other well known public persons.

From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried our Pills, and they have cured her.
ASA MORGRIDGE.

As a Family Physic.
From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, New Orleans.

Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.
From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.

DEAR BRO. AYER: I cannot answer you *what* complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say *all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine.* I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1855.
DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst *headache* any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once.
Yours with great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints.
From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.

Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *bilious complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., 7th Feb., 1856.
SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them. Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.
From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.

Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses for *bilious dysentery and diarrhœa.* Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.
From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.
DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and *purify the fountains of the blood.*
JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, etc.
From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.

Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of *costiveness.* If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are worse. I believe *costiveness* to originate in the liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.

I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the *natural secretion* when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to *cleanse the stomach* and *expel worms.* They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

PULASKI HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.
HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating *neuralgic pains*, which ended in *chronic rheumatism.* Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SENATE CHAMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.
DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured, by your Pills, of *Rheumatic Gout*—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skillful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

Price, 25 cents per Box, or 5 Boxes for $1.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Medicine dealers.

HEAR WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

The undersigned having used Professor HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES in our families with the most satisfactory results, and having full confidence in their genuineness, purity, and efficacy, cheerfully recommend them to all persons who wish to have safe, reliable, and efficacious remedies at hand for private or domestic use.

The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of "The Northern Independent," Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. E. H. Cressey, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. B. I. Ives, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison; the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, Rector, New-Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. Allen Steele, New-York Conference; the Rev. Samuel Nichols, East-Genesee Conference, N. Y.; the Rev. P. S. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; the Rev. John E. Robie, Buffalo; A. C. Hart, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; the Hon. Neal Dow, Portland, Me.; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, South-Bend, Ind.; the Hon. George Humphreys, N. Y.; Henry D. Cook, Esq., Editor of The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio; the Hon. R. H. Graham, Moline, Ill.; the Hon. Thomas J. Chase, Monticello, Fla.; the Hon. Joseph Benedict, Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bristol, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; A. S. Pond, Esq., Utica, N. Y. James Plunkett, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

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No. 1.—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.
No. 2.—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, Wetting the Bed.
No. 3.—For Colic, Crying, Teething, and Wakefulness of Infants.
No. 4.—For Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum, and Summer Complaints.
No. 5.—For Colic, Gripings, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.
No. 6.—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.
No. 7.—For Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throat.
No. 8.—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache, and Neuralgia.
No. 9.—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.
No. 10.—DYSPEPSIA PILLS—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Constipation, and Liver Complaint.
No. 11.—FOR FEMALE IRREGULARITIES, Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Periods.
No. 12.—For Leucorrhea, Profuse Menses, and Bearing Down of Females.
No. 13.—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.
No. 14.—SALT RHEUM PILLS—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.
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A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Old Mismanaged Agues.
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C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In all acute diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas, the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened, and rendered less dangerous.

Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach Constipation, Liver Complaints, Piles, Female Debility, and Irregularities, old Headaches, Sore or Weak Eyes, Catarrh Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles or Catarrh, Headache or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

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Persons who wish to place themselves under the professional care, or to seek advice of Prof. HUMPHREYS, can do so, at his office 562 Broadway, daily from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. or by letter.

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Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and inclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New-York and the medicine will be duly returned by mail or express free of charge.

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Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Manufacturers at Augusta, Me., would respectfully inform their former customers and the public generally, that they have opened on

CHARLESTOWN STREET, NO. 24,

(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles (mostly from St. John's lumber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.
☞ Particular attention paid to orders by mail or express. E. K. ROBINSON & CO.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

Bellingham's Celebrated
STIMULATING UNGUENT,
For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

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is prepared by Dr. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp, it will cure BALDNESS, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn RED or towy hair DARK and restore gray hair to its original color leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Unguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price One Dollar a box—for sale by all Druggists and Dealers; or a box of the "Unguent" (warranted to have the desired effect) will be sent to any who desire it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1.18. Apply to or address HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO.,
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WILL make hard water soft, clean Paint, remove Ink from Type, Grease from Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.

One Box costs..........25 cents
4 to 4½ lbs. refuse grease, usually given away, at about ½ cent per lb., say..........20

45 cents

Forty-five cents, therefore, is the cost of a barrel of FIRST RATE SOFT SOAP.

Recipe for making different kinds of Soap, SENT FREE by addressing depot of Company.

LEWIS, JAMES & Co.,
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OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.
March 13th, 1861.—3m

Diaries for 1861!

ALL styles of Diaries for 1861, can be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. X : : No. 32. WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Under the Washington Elm, Cambridge, April, 27, 1861.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Eighty years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do,—
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington!
When the battle is fought and won
What shall be told of you?

Hark—'tis the soutn wind moans,—
Who are the martyrs down?—
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that knawed below;
Trample them one and all!

Then when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree!

Select Literature.

WINIFRED NOWEL.

A Story of the Puritans.

CONTINUED.

One night the news came that Mr. Ludlum's house had been burnt to the ground by Indians, and it was asserted by some, and believed by almost everybody, that they had been incited to their evil work by the banished Lemuel, who was known to have lived in good favor with them.

A meeting was called, with Mr. Williams at the head, and it was determined that if it should be discovered thatLemuel had returned to the settlement, the sentence of the previous court should not only be carried out, but that he should also be whipped in the market-place, and branded in both cheeks.

Benjamin said he had no doubt, for his part, but that he should have the pleasure of witnessing the execution of judgment, for that the boldness of those enlisted under the banner of Satan was sure to bring them to destruction, and that for one, he would see that the irons were duly heated.

"O Benjamin!" was all that Winifred could say. But her father laid his hands on the young man's head, called him his son, and showed him in many ways that he fully commended his words and purposes.

Poor Winifred! no wonder she could not hear the reading of the Bible that night, nor the prayer that followed it, so troubled and tormented was her soul, both for fear that harm should come to Lemuel, and lest she was very wicked in the indulgence of any interest in him.

When the fire burned low, and it was quite still in the house that night, she knelt by her father's bedside, and prayed very earnestly for all who had evil spoken against them falsely, for all exiles, and all sufferers for conscience' sake. She did not name Lemuel, she tried to believe she was praying for all wretched men everywhere—not especially for him—and so well did she persuade herself that this was true, and that he was no dearer to her than others, slandered and reproached as he was, that on rising from her knees she took the old sweet treasure from its hiding-place, put it in the fire, and watched it till it lay wavering on the coals in one thin sheet of ashes.

Then she felt better, she said, but the tears were running down her cheeks, and her lips trembling.

She wished the morning were come, for, childlike, she felt as if the danger to Lemuel would lessen with the light. She could not sleep, nor think of sleep, and, at length, lifting the latch softly, stole out of the house. She had not yet stepped off the door-stone, when she heard her name pronounced very lowly and sweetly. It must be Benjamin,she thought, lingering to protect them from sudden attack, but her heart had never thrilled to his calling as it did then. Afraid to advance, and unable to retreat, she remained fixed on the spot, striving to penetrate the shadows that waved under the struggling moonlight and clouds. Her name was repeated directly, and a little way from her she saw indistinctly the form of a man, which she recognized as the same one seen on the night of the Narraganset's death.

She advanced a few steps from the door, that her words might not be over-heard within the house, and speaking softly, more softly than she had ever spoken to Benjamin, she inquired who was there, and what the nature of their errand.

"For your sake and for mine," replied the voice that had previously spoken, "I must not say who I am, but I am here for your protection, as I have been many a night before, when I have been thought otherwhere."

She knew very well now that it was Lemuel to whom she was speaking, and forgetful of herself in the thought of his danger, she made haste to conceal herself beside a rose-bush at hand, so that she might not see his face, as she explained to him the condemnation with which he was threatened. But in spite of her earnest appeals, he would scarcely listen, so eager was he to make known the peril in which herself and her father were. The Indians, he said, believed it was Mr. Nowel who had killed their chief, and were seeking opportunity to burn his house, and murder himself and child, and he pressed his face through the rose-bush that divided them, as he besought her, under some pretext or other, to flee away with her father to a place of safety.

In vain Winifred tried to make him appreciate the perils in which he himself stood. "Supposing you escape the Indians," she said, "kill their leader as you did before, foes not less terrible await you at the whipping-post and with the branding iron."

In the lowest whisper, for she was afraid of her own voice, she told him this, but she could not make him fear for himself—only for her and her old and helpless father.

She, on the contrary, not alive to his danger besought him to take advantage of the night, and get thence as far as might be,assuring him that she would awake her father, and they would watch together.

No, Lemuel would not hear of it, and the end of the controversy was the affirmation on his part, that let what would come, he would remain where he was.

"Oh," cried Winifred, wrought to a passionate and sorrowful pitch of energy, "go! and that quickly, as you value your own life, as you value my—" She hesitated, and was silent; she had betrayed more than she meant to, and confused and angry with herself, drew away.

"Finish that sentence," pleaded Lemuel, speaking sweet and low, and leaning his face almost through the bush—"finish it, and I will do anything."

"As you value my safety, then," she answered, in an altered tone: "are you satisfied now?"

"No, Winifred, I am not satisfied; and yet, if that is what you would have said at first, I am satisfied. Tell me if it really be."

"Never mind what I would have said—I don't know myself—but hasten away quickly—time is precious, and every moment's delay adds to the peril of your situation. Go, and take with you my blessing; and now, farewell."

"Say first," he replied sadly, "that let what will come, you will not believe the evil that is spoken of me, and will not join persecutors in my condemnation."

She hesitated, for she remembered how many things had been spoken against him, and she knew that she herself did not believe him altogether blameless.

He interpreted her silence agreeably to his wishes, and went on to say he knew she would not condemn him, for once from his concealment in that very bush, he heard her most graciously defend and praise him; and, moreover, saw her kiss his handkerchief.

"And if you did, you will never see me kiss it again," she replied, in that sort of womanish impetuosity which, first and last, causes the sex so much trouble.

"I see," he said, speaking in a sad and humble tone, "that my enemies have not accused me in vain. What is their accusation and yours?"

"They accuse you," she replied, not heeding the fact of being herself numbered among the accusers, "both of defaming Mr. Williams and of refusing to make public declaration of repentance."

"I refused," he interposed, "to make public declaration of repentance for having communed with the Church of England before coming among you, and for that I was not sorry, and could not offend my conscience by professing to be so, even for the sake of pleasing Mr. Williams."

Winifred laughed a little scornfully, and as though his conscience was not so tender as he would make it appear.

"No, nor to please Mistress Winifred herself," he added, haughtily; and after a moment went on in a humbled and saddened tone, "though of all things in the world I desire that most."

The haughty, and not the humble tone rung in Winifred's ears, and the assertion that he had already pleased her, was more vivid than the timid avowal that of all things he most desired to do, and she defiantly proceeded to count up the accusations against him, one of which was the having created divers disturbances in divers places; another that he was a pestilent fellow; and another that he had burned Mr. Ludlow's house. "Of which last offence," she concluded, "I hope you can conscientiously say you are not guilty."

"If you accuse me too," he said, speaking with dignity, as he arose from the shadow which had previously concealed him, and stood upright in the moonlight. "If you accuse me, too, I have no defence to offer." And without another word, he walked firmly and deliberately away.

Trembling from head to foot, Winifred besought him to remain but for one moment, vehemently protesting that she herself did not accuse him—that she had but repeated what others had said of him; and as she spoke, her imploring posture and the tenderness of her tones vindicated the sincerity of her words, and betrayed all which she had been at such pains to conceal.

It was all too late—if he heard, he did not seem to hear, but went steadily forward, without so much as once looking back, till the darkness divided him from her sight.

Then came to her that terrible torment of heart, and brain, and soul—burning, crushing, bitter and repentant—which at some period of life every woman has experienced, and which,in some degree at least, she has brought upon herself through wilfulness or pride.

Oh, Love! Love! Wisdom will lose her cunning ere thou thy perversity.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Again Winifred sat by the hearthside, but it was darkened now—the shadow of death had fallen upon the old house that was her home, and half the plantation of the Massachusetts Bay responded to its solemnity. A reverend head was missed from the congregation; the old man whose counsels all had looked to for wisdom, had ceased to be seen among men. Therefore sat Winifred by the hearth and mourned, and would not be comforted, for his dying benediction and the memory of his life of rectitude weighed little against her orphanage, and the blackness of desolation that attends it.

She had buried him out of her sight, but not out of her heart, and the bitterness of her lamentation was not the less bitter because that Benjamin mourned with her.

In his last moments Mr. Nowel had expressed the happiness he felt in the prospective union of his daughter with the excellent young man, Benjamin, and perhaps in so expressing himself he was conscientious, and yet he must have known, if he could have looked at the matter in a light outside of his own will, that it was his preference much more than hers, in which he rejoiced.

That she was pleased with his demonstrations of interest and affection does not contradict this fact—he was the only young person with whom she had ever been permitted to associate, her intercourse having been for the most part confined to elderly men and women, whose habits of mind and conversation were strictly and severely theological, and whose code of morality excluded smiles from their faces, and worldly matters from their conversation, as deadly sins.

As a plant that is walled from the sunshine by frosty stones, and grows cramped and pale in the unnatural atmosphere, so she had grown, never once suspecting that larger light and ampler room would have developed in her quite another womanhood from that into which she had been composed by theological and moral chemistry.

When she was left alone in the world, and Benjamin, growing bolder, assumed the tone and manner of authority and ownership, the daybreak of truth began to dawn upon her; but her own experience will best illustrate the process of its widening into open day.

It was found by the will of Mr. Nowel that Winifred was cut off from heirship, except as the wife of Benjamin, to whom the whole bulk of the property fell. Whether the testator made this disposition in the conviction that it would be as well for Winifred as though her portion came by direct descent, or whether to make assurance doubly sure, as regarded her marriage, it is not worth while to inquire. Enough that it was so, and that Benjamin assumed the management of affairs without even a modest show of deference to the legitimate claims of Winifred, who, as was natural, began to foster distrust, and to withhold from him such concessions of will and opinion as would have been freely surrendered if they had not been demanded as a right.

It was night again, and silence reigned in the room where our heroine was first presented to the reader. Little change was apparent—the old clock, the pictures, the books, all were in their accustomed place. On Winifred's face there was a shadow now, instead of the light we saw there at first, and a something indefinable in her whole person betrayed a growth of individuality and strength. She had been thrown upon herself, and characteristics and energies, hitherto almost dormant, were, of necessity, developing.

No candle was alight, and the smouldering of the damp wood in the fireplace tended rather to heighten than diminish the gloom.

Aunt Dorcas sat in the corner opposite Winifred, and though the faint glow of the coals would seem to have made an insufficient light for her accommodation, the clicking of her knitting needles attested the contrary. There was something forbidding in her rigidly upright position, and the corpse-like hue of her severe and solemn face, which seemed to force Winifred, as often as she glanced toward her, to retreat again within herself; so that for a long time not a sound was heard but the rustle and rattle of the old woman's stiff black dress and starched cap, as she changed her position to relieve what seemed to be an irritated and uneasy mind.

At length, in a voice that was keyed to a cold, steady, and unwavering pitch, she began to accuse Winifred of fostering a natural disposition to laziness; and accusation which was only a prelude to more serious offences, presently indicated, and the first of which was ill-treatment of Benjamin Craddock — the second, a perverse and wicked leniency toward heretics—especially toward one Lemuel Coleburn, whom she consigned to eternal damnation without the slightest change of muscle or tremor of tone.

Winifred answered only by sighs; and gradually the asperity of the old woman's tone softened, till at length she fell into a general lamentation over the wickedness and depravity of human nature.

"We were all at enmity with God," she said, "and merited life-long suffering, death, and endless torment after death."

This melancholy view of our mortal and immortal life was not much calculated to cheer the heavy and troubled heart of Winifred, who turning slightly away, and burying her face in her hands, remained persistently silent.

"Don't you feel that you are very wicked?" Aunt Dorcas said at length, speaking very sharply.

"I am afraid I am," replied Winifred, calmly, almost coldly, for she felt herself hemmed in and condemned on every side, and there was neither the spirit of hope nor of contradiction in her.

"Poor child!" exclaimed Aunt Dorcas; and there was something like a slight touch of pity in her tone.

Winifred caught at that glimpse of tenderness, and turning eagerly around, the tears gathered slowly, and overflowed her eyes.

Aunt Dorcas did not wipe away the tears—she did not advance one step toward her; but resuming her habitual tone of expression, shook her head despairingly, as if she said, "I give you up to your untimely torment, and wash my hands of it."

"Tell me what to do!" cried Winifred, rising and standing upright; "I demand help and comfort—my brain is on fire, and I cannot live in this miserable way any longer."

And thrusting her hands into her hair as she spoke, she brought it in a loose mass down about her neck and shoulders.

"Are you suffering, child?" inquired Aunt Dorcas, turning her eyes more intently upon her work, and not so much as glancing at Winifred.

"Suffering! Oh, if you could feel as I do—only for one little hour—only for one minute—so that you might learn to pity me; that is all."

"Am I a heathen or an Indian, that I should have no pity for my own flesh and blood?" asked Aunt Dorcas, calmly and with no evidence of unusual interest or emotion.

"Wherein have I failed of performing my duty toward you?"

Winifred pushed her hair away from her forehead, and, with staring eyes, looked into the old woman's face as if she would fain see down to her heart, and whether, in truth, there were any susceptibility there.

She saw not what she hoped to see, but the drowning man will catch even at the sharpest spike, and one who is starving will eat the hardest crust, and, trembling, yet goaded on by the necessity of her inward yearning, Winifred crept to the side of the old woman, and laid her hot aching head upon her knees.

Aunt Dorcas did not put aside her work, as she asked, in a dry, almost an indifferent tone, what she could do.

Winifred lifted up her face: the expression was changed now to one of stern, instead of melting sorrow, and clasping her hands, she said, "Am I never, never, to be understood?"

"Understood?" responded Aunt Dorcas, "of course you are understood. You said you was sick, did you not?"

"Sick! So I am, in heart, and soul, and brain, but not in body."

Aunt Dorcas laughed—a little withering, unnatural sort of a laugh, and said, "Verily, I think your disease is brain sickness, as nearly as I can understand it, and as I do not pretend to understand such crazy distempers, you cannot expect help at my hands." And she shook Winifred from her as she concluded.

Thus cast off, the wretched girl stood suddenly upright. "And so," she said, "you cast from you my poor, crushed, and crying heart, all uncomforted!"

"Your poor, carnal heart, you would say," answered Aunt Dorcas. "You had better go to your closet and pray for a new one," and she drew up her skirts so that they should not touch Winifred.

"Aunt Dorcas," she said, speaking fearlessly and with enthusiasm, "I cannot pray for a new heart; I believe the heart God gave me at the first, is good enough, if it were not crushed, and thwarted, and degraded—hurried into madness by unnatural relations!" And one true feeling of her soul having found utterance, she went on in tones tremulous and tender—"The highest and best needs of my nature are unsatisfied—I feel like a seed that is planted under a stone, and lies pining, and wasting, and dying, for want of sunshine and rain. Oh, I must have room, and air, and warmth, and light—the barriers about me must be overcome, or broken down in some way!"

Aunt Dorcas lifted up her hands in unfeigned astonishment. "What demon has possessed you?" she exclaimed. "If it be not speedily cast out of you, you are lost for time and for eternity. How long have these wicked and deceitful delusions been brewing in your soul?"

Winifred's look softened from its defiance, but she answered not a word.

"I tell you," continued the old woman, "you have been listening to the whispers of the devil, and this very hour, this very minute, you must cry, 'Get behind me, Satan!' or you will go down to the pit with the baptismal seal upon your forehead."

Poor young woman! What could she say? She could only feel that she ought to feel herself wrong. She could only lose herself in a maze of doctrine and doubt, of creeds and reason, hopes and fears, and fall back again to weakness and tears.

This perturbed and despairing state of mind gave Aunt Dorcas great satisfaction; she began to see, she said, grounds of hope; and superadding a long homily, she succeeded, for the time, in subduing the yearning of unconquerable nature.

Cut off from all hope in this life, Winifred turned to the grave for comfort, for, until we are annihilated, we must turn somewhere. If she could only go to bed under the green spring grass, that is all she would ask.

In vain Aunt Dorcas talked of the degradation of the heathen, by way of comforting her through contrast, and indicated the spiritual blessings by which she was surrounded; and as the crowning blessing of earthly blessings, dwelt lovingly upon the virtuous Benjamin, in whose life her own was so soon to be merged. And she concluded by saying, "You are very wicked, my child, to complain."

"I know it," replied Winifred, drearily, "I know it; but, in spite of all your blessings, did you never feel that there was some deep depth of your nature that was dry and parched, and withering for the want of dew—a restlessness in your very rest, and pain even in your peace?"

"No!" answered Aunt Dorcas, at once, and definitively. "To be sure, all mortals are created subject to vanity, and consequently there is a bare possibility of error on my part, but no probability—therefore I have no troubles and misgivings about my unworthiness, as you have just reason to have; and as for there being something within you that is dry and wanting dew, I am very sure that I never recognized any feeling of that sort in myself—to me such stuff is simply ridiculous." And, adjusting her spectacles, she bestowed upon Winifred a look of disapprobation amounting almost to abhorrance.

Her gaze was interrupted by a loud rap on the door, and putting the uncomfortable child roughly aside, she said, at the same time assuming her accustomed bearing of religious solemnity, "Doubtless that is Benjamin come. Whatever your troubles are, go to him with them, as is right and proper; and pray, never again be guilty of even thinking such nonsense as you have just given utterance to."

Winifred did not reply, but made haste to gather up her disordered hair, and so dispose herself as to leave her tearful eyes in shadow, and, meantime, Benjamin Craddock was admitted, and most unfortunately for himself assumed a familiarity of manner which was especially distasteful to the sensitive state of mind in which Winifred found herself. She withdrew herself proudly within herself—addressed him as *Mr.* Craddock in reply to his domestic and unceremonious tone, and for all his long-drawn gossip, returned him only monosyllables; her heart, no doubt, smiting her all the while, for he was good as he knew how to be,and that was perhaps the worst of it. If there had been any trait of character or disposition positively reprehensible, she might have supported thereby her growing disaffection; but as it was she sank down at the mercy of what seemed fate, utterly hopeless and helpless. This weakness was not his fault, and it drew, indeed, more largely upon her pity than her contempt; and if he had beed possessed of an additional scrap of manhood, so that he might not have leaned upon her with so helpless and aggravating a tenacity, it is probable that pity would ultimately have resolved itself into a still more tender spirit.

If there had been a basis of sterling capability, she might have forgiven some positive faults and failings; for what women most admire in men, is manhood. I think even the most strong-minded of them would yield to the exercise of a little authority, always provided it was seasoned with tenderness—it is the authority without the tenderness to which they oppose themselves.

"Perhaps I am very wicked after all," mused Winifred; nor was it strange, for she was little used to rely upon her own judgment, and regarding herself from the standpoint of Aunt Dorcas, she certainly appeared unworthy enough. And the effect of the evening's conference, together with a vain effort to subdue her heart to her will, had produced a chaos in her mind, against which the light of truth made but a feeble struggle; so that the result of her self-communion was self-abasement.

Not to circumstances—not to her false position, but to her own wicked nature, she attributed all her unhappiness. Benjamin she regarded as the man singled out by Providence to become her husband, and strove to subdue a natural revulsion, and to reconcile herself to the inevitable with all the poor, broken energy she could summon.

But she might as well have tried to make the water run up hill, or the flame burn downward, so that after all her struggles, finding her heart as obstinate as before, she could only bemoan herself—wish for change, that time would fly faster or that her miserable life were all lived out.

Her father, in his life, had, as it were, stood between her and her foolish lover, and thus she had failed to perceive his utter poverty of manhood; but now, instead of the respectful silence, or distant glance of admiration that used to make his courtship, he assumed a make-believe boldness and assurance that made him appear all the more bashfully foolish. If she frowned, he crept after her, spaniel-like, and fed upon and sleekened in her very contempt. On the evening we write of, Aunt Dorcas, fearing an open rupture, placed herself between the young people, and engaged Benjamin as far as possible, but the stately reserve of Winifred, meanwhile, drew largely upon his stupid admiration.

He did not dare directly to addresss her, but endeavored to elicit her attention by stealth. Speaking to her at first through the cat, which lay at her feet, then through Aunt Dorcas, and, finally, making a tenderer appeal by way of tossing chestnuts in her lap. At length, lifting her eyes, she ran their penetrating glances over him from head to foot, coldly withdrawing them presently, as if she had seen through and through him,and found nothing worthy of her attention. He was pleased, however, that she should notice him at all—so much encouraged, in fact, that he ventured to wish he was a cat at her feet.

Winifred replied, with a sneer in her tone, that in that wish she heartily joined him.

Aunt Dorcas drew herself up straighter than usual, if that were possible.

"My poor deluded child," she said, with more anger than sorrow in her tone, "have you forgotten your promise to your dying old father, that you would love, honor, and obey, Benjamin? What was the promise, Winifred, that sent his gray hairs peacefully to the grave?" She drew a sigh that was almost a groan, and then went on—"It is some comfort to know the Lord lacketh not instruments for the breaking of such stubborn pride as yours."

While the old woman spoke, the color and expression had gradually faded from the face of poor Winifred, and left it, when she had done speaking, blank and pale. She answered not a word, but slowly rising, approached Benjamin, and with stony composure seated herself by his side.

He did not look up, nor with the interest of an accepted lover make any tender inquiry, but on the contrary, drew awkwardly away, and with some common-place remark about the weather, endeavored to dissipate his foolish embarrassment.

To this little burst of perplexity, Winifred made no reply, but taking his hand in hers, said, with a voice tremulous, if not tender—"Benjamin, I am, of all women, most miserable."

He wriggled his hand out of hers, and with pitiable weakness and confusion, replied—"Well, and if you be, what can I do about it?"

"I want to know what you can do for me, or whether anything—that is why I came to you," she said; and there was at least in her manner some show of deference and affection.

He only pulled the points of his fingers, and she continued—

"I appeal from my ignorence to your knowledge — from my weakness to your strength —how am I to get the better of the nature God gave me?"

Aunt Dorcas helped the bewildered youth out of his difficulty, by observing that the nature attributed to God should be referred to the devil.

Poor Winifred; do what she would, she was continually thrown back upon herself, and yet she received from the facts no intimation in favor of the larger exercise of her own reason and judgment, although the soul can no more develop and mature by reliance on another, than the child can learn to walk without ever using its legs.

By hitches the bashful youth contrived to remove his chair from the candle-light into the shadow, and by sly nods and winks indicated the too immediate proximity of Aunt Dorcas.

"I understand you," replied Winifred, speaking with peremptory clearness; "but we have no secrets from my aunt."

"I was only getting into the shadow on account of the weakness in my eyes," protested the shame-faced lover, gazing beseechingly at his haughty mistress.

She answered, significantly, that she sincerely regretted his weaknesses, of whatever nature.

So far from despising her pity, mixed with scorn as it was, Benjamin wrapt himself in it, and felt honored by it.

Winifred gave him one crushing look; for, as I before intimated, women will forgive in men any sin rather than the sins against manhood, and turning from him her face, threw over it her handkerchief as if to protect herself from his sight.

Aunt Dorcas knitted her yarn and brows both at once, and now and then nodded her head as if she said, "I will bend or break her proud spirit yet, for all its obstinacy."

"Why don't you say something to me?" pleaded Benjamin, at last.

"I can only repeat," she replied, "what I have already said once to-night, without eliciting any help or comfort. I am wretched, unutterably wretched."

"What is it about?" asked Benjamin, leaning over her, and fumbling at her apron-strings.

She moved him off, saying, "I feel myself suffocating."

"You are crazy," he said; "anyhow, I can't understand you."

"I know it," she replied, half sorrowfully, half bitterly; "I wish you could;" and more humbly she added, "I wish I could even understand myself."

"What a queer humor you are in," responded the discomfited Benjamin.

"Pray, sir, leave me to my own thoughts. Whatever it be, you but aggravate my malady."

"Tell me what to do to please you, and I will do it, even though it be, single-handed, to hurry the Indians out of the settlement."

"I have seen your skill at that sort of work," she answered sharply, and directly added, in softer tones: "When we have to tell our friends what to do, it is all over with us."

"What's all over?" asked Benjamin.

"No matter—if you do not comprehend," replied Winifred, despairingly.

"I dare say, she is right and I am wrong," said Benjamin, not daring to address Winifred directly; "but I can't see through *her* eyes, and I suppose she can't see through mine."

"I am glad you have a faint perception of incompatibility," said Winifred, speaking hopefully; "I shall certainly never see things as you do."

"But you will be obliged to, when we are married," said Benjamin.

"Ah, shall I? indeed!"

"Yes, 'cause I'll have the law of you then!" and Benjamin grinned with proud satisfaction.

"Yes, *when* we are married!" exclaimed Winifred, defiantly.

"Well, what can I say that will please you?" urged Benjamin, vaguely aware of her displeasure.

"Nothing at all," she replied; and withdrawing into herself, she continued persistently silent.

"If he had offended her," Benjamin said, "he would like to know how, if it was not asking too much;" and when she made no answer, he mumbled on about her coldness and cruelty, and, provoked by her indifference, said, at last, "I guess if her father had not died, she would not have carried on at this rate."

(To be continued.)

Sermon by Rev. I. D Meeson, of Winchester.

The following is a portion of a sermon delivered in Winchester, on Sunday April 28th, by Rev. I. D. Meeson, pastor of the Baptist Society in that place:—

"The street shall be built again and the wall even in troublous times." *Prophecies of Daniel, 9: 25.*

The speaker said that, without an undue stretch of conception, a comparison might be drawn between tha difficulties which attended the building of the holy city, to which the prophet in the text alludes, and those which in every age attend the promotion of the general cause of truth and righteousness of human virtue, happiness and freedom. That all those benevolent organizations and principles which have for their object the civil, moral and intellectual advancement of the race, have been promoted especially in times of trouble.

"I propose, then," said the speaker, "to illustrate the truth of the following proposition. That individual piety, and the kingdom of God at large, and the moral, intellectual and political progress of the nations have been greatly advanced in seasons of distress and commotion. The discussion of this proposition is designed to suggest the *consolation* which we should have under trials, and the object which God has in view in inflicting them.

After dwelling for some time with this view on the first and second parts of the proposition, he took up the third part and spake as follows:—

The discerning student of history will find that all the commotions that have agitated the nations have wrought out sooner or later, some important benefits to the race. Without surveying the extensive field of the past look at the commotion of the passing age.

The present are troublous times among the nations at large. The menacing and warlike attitudes of many European nations may be or are the precursor's of those mighty troubles which are to drive out the Turk from the holy places, displace the tiara of the Pope, and cast that "man of sin" on a world without a kingdom and without a home.

But we have to do now more especially with troubles, of a fearful and unlooked for kind, which are taking place among us as a nation. Troublous times are upon us.

We hear the loud and distinct rumblings, the incipient throes and convulsions of that tremendous moral and civil earthquake which is to upheave our land from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And what is the prevailing cause of this state of things. Six months ago the people of these United States were engaged in expressing their opinions and preparing to cast their votes for President and Vice President, under the same circumstances with those of previous elections, and with no more apparent excitement than had been before witnessed, but no sooner was the result known as adverse to the wishes of certain portions of our country than they began to prepare, and with indiscret haste and tumult, to cast off their allegiance to the general government, and to inaugurate futrher hostile designs and efforts for its overthrow. Eight States, already, have attempted to set up their insulting independence over a government, which hitherto, had been under their own control, from which they had received the most abundant favor, and which, when it passed into other hands proposed to interfere with none of their institutions; and now, seven states more are ready to follow their example, because the people of the free states, aroused by their evident purpose to destroy the government, propose to assert and maintain the federal authority, by the enforcement of the laws, under which even those rebellious states themselves had lived in security. Such tumults ought not to be dignified with the name of revolution, but of rebellion, pure and unmitigated, rebellion against lawful and benevolent authority almost equal in guilt and atrocity to that of the rebel angels when they disputed with the Almighty the possession of the Eternal throne!

A scene so melancholy and disgraceful has never before been witnessed, it is unparalleled in the history of the world, and can only be accounted for from the turbulent character of the people of those states, made so by the tyrannous and demoralizing influence and demands of slavery. Hitherto communities and states have by force of arms opposed the exactions and oppressive enactments of their governments, but never before in all the past has it been, that communities have risen up against a goverment which had showered on them its choicest favors,but which now without abridging any of their privileges or constitutional liberties has proposed to make them no longer the object of special and almost exclusive regard.

Well may the oppressed nations hold up their hands in utter distress and amazement at the exhibition of a folly so daring and seemingly so unaccountable! And well may their oppressors indulge their leers, and exult in malignant joy at the prospect, as it seems to them, of the speedy downfall of the freest, the most enlightened, and the most prosperous republic of ancient and modern times.

O! the sting of their taunts! Alas, their seeming justice! How the thought makes the blood boil in our veins, that we who have been held up as a distinguished example of successful popular government, and have been styled 'the asylum of nations,' have proved ourselves unequal to the example, and unworthy of the name! It is sufficient to cause the bones of those who fought the battles of the revolution to move in their graves, and rise from the dead, and clothed in flesh and blood with the breath of the Almighty breathed upon them, to stand 'an exceeding great army,' to fight over again the battles of their country's liberties. The treason of John Brown and his associates does not begin to compare in guilt and horror with that of those, who, hanging on a gibbet the misguided old man, are themselves enacting scenes of far greater horror, subversive of all order, destructive of all government! May they meet with a similar fate, but one which will be far more just. A more useful and benevolent wish cannot be expressed, and it is one which is approved by the God of Heaven.

My hearers, if the signs of the times do not deceive, and if we can learn anything by our knowledge of men, we are about to enter on a contest, the most sanguinary and desperate, perhaps, that has ever been known. It is barely possible that the issue may yet be averted, but if so, it can be but for a time. The Dragon of slavery will not be appeased unless it has unlimited range, and has free scope to appropriate to itself the unoccupied lands of the nation, and subjugate and destroy wherever it likes! The eagle bird of freedom was willing to let it live, or die a self-inflicted death in its own den, but now, stretching beyond its traitorous length,it meets with deadly, uncompromising foe, and one whose resources are more numerous, whose grasp is more powerful. The time has never been when any compromise with such a monster has been of any avail or real good, much less is the present a time to compromise with it, when it boldly thrusts out its front, and spits forth its slime in open defiance. The ancient Greeks had a saying that "to attempt to conciliate an evil man by concession, is like attempting to gain over a viper by similar means, for the nature of neither is changed by the process but remains the same."

The evil genius of slavery is such that the more you yield, the more it will demand, it cannot rest unless it rules, and if it cannot rule it will ruin. It is benevolently affected by no kindness, it is conciliated by no compromise.

The enemy with which we have to contend is too malignant in its hate, too persevering in its efforts to accomplish its purpose, to allow of anything short of an irrepressible conflict of victory or defeat, of life or death; an irrepressible conflict, not merely of ideas *now*, but of the sword, a conflict in which the sides are, slavery or liberty, free institutions everywhere in our land, or tyranny, the advancement of the whole race in all that constitutes its excellence and glory, or the utter trampling down of one portion of the image of God to the dust, and the still further moral debasement, and oppressive rule of the other.

The troublous times, however, which are upon us, are destined, as I believe, to work out, in the Providence of God the good of the nation. Unless the dial of time is to be turned back, and the world, in its history to recede for more than a thousand years, the principles of liberty, and of liberty for the whole race are yet to triumph.

(Concluded on Last Page.)

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861

PATIENT CONFIDENCE.

In all great undertakings there is a demand for a patient confidence as to the final result. Once fully settled and established in the assurance that a mighty enterprise cannot but be successful in the end, we are then prepared to go forward, calmly and energetically, in the performance of whatever is necessary to secure the result desired. When the cannon peal from Fort Sumter was heard over the land, men in a moment sprang, as it were, into a new life, and seizing their arms, as did our fathers in 1775, they rushed to the seat of danger, burning with indignation and anxious to hurl back the traitors who were plotting the ruin of the country. A little delay in striking the first blow can hardly be borne. Their souls are all on fire, and they are impatient to go forward. Hence it is not strange that some men think and feel that the Government is proceeding too slowly. To be sure no attack has been made, but a vast amount of necessary work has been done—work that must be done in organizing the forces of the North, ere they can act with the desired efficiency and power. With her abundant resources the North need not be in too great a hurry. Every day is unquestionably telling upon the South, who is, apparently, making a desperate effort. In the meantime it becomes the Government to take every step so that none shall need to be retraced. A full year would be little time enough to get ready for the war that has been forced upon us. But there are men at the head of affairs who ought to know, and undoubtedly do know what they are about. We hear much of what the South are intending to do. Where they are able to equip 1000 men the North is able to bring 10,000 into the field. They have bankruptcy staring them in the face, while at the North there is an abundance of money and provisions to meet every want of the Government. Already our Naval armament begins to assume formidable proportions. The North has only just begun to get ready to maintain the Government and the Laws, while the South have been years in maturing their plans and stealing money and munitions of war for this very occasion. Let us rest in calm confidence, feeling sure that, with Scott at the head of our forces, preparations will be made and plans laid, that will cause the rebels of the South to be hurled back and trodden down before the uprisen power of the North. We have an enemy to deal with that has ever been unprincipled and treacherous in the extreme. They will declare one thing and do the opposite. We now begin to see what the North has had to contend with and what northern office seekers have submitted to in years gone by. But a day of reckoning has come, and we hope the Government and the friends of the Stars and the Stripes will not cease from their efforts till the pride and insolence of the South has been thoroughly humbled and subdued. Let us not forget that we have no child's work to perform. Knowing, as the South does, that success or ruin is before them, they are straining every nerve to baffle the North. But with a united people, such as we now see;—with brave men and true, ready to offer themselves upon their country's altar;—with the desire to perpetuate Freedom and obedience to constitutional law as the foundation stone upon which to stand,—how can we fail? With the South their avowed aim and object is the perpetuation of a wrong that Heaven in its justice must take sides against. Looking at the contest in this light, why should we fear? Even Thomas Jefferson, years ago said,—"I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just."

Let us, then, one and all—those who have volunteered to go forth to the seat of the conflict and those who stay behind by the stuff,—cause an influence to be felt at Washington that shall be a pillar of support upon which our rulers may lean in this trying hour. The President has called around him men whose talents will cause their names to be enrolled upon the brightest pages of our nation's history. Let none of us—at this distance from the scenes with which they are familiar, distrust their ability to guide in safety our noble ship of State. They must know a thousand times better than we can what the exigencies of the times demand. It is ours to give them the support, too, of men armed in bristling steel, and from every city, and village, and hamlet, strong men and true have girded on their armor and have gone forth. Aged fathers and mothers have bestowed their blessing and their prayers upon the stays and supports of their declining years, and cheerfully laid them upon their country's altar in the hour of their country's need. Can we,—what is more than all, and better than all,—doubt that the God of battles is on our side? Why then should we give way to distrust or yield to fear. A fiery ordeal, it is true, must sweep over our land. We must learn by our personal experience that the blessings we have hitherto enjoyed are worth preserving to ourselves and to the world at any cost however great. When they are again secured to us we shall value them and guard them as we never did before.

☞ The Phalanx, while out on drill yesterday, received a sumptuous collation at the hands of Mr. Cyrus Cummings, near his residence.

WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX.—On Wednesday forenoon, this company paraded in full marching order, and attracted much attention. While on the Common, Mr. S. W. Wyman photographed the company while in line. At a quarter past one they took the cars for Boston, and marched to the State House where Capt. Winn tendered their services to the Governor. The people of Boston showed their admiration for the corps, by unbounded enthusiasm, and no other company, even at the height of the late excitement, received such hearty applause. We clip the following from the Boston *Herald* of Thursday morning:—

"The Woburn Phalanx, Capt. Timothy Winn, are on visit to this city to-day. The Company arrived in town soon after noon, and marched up State street at half past two o'clock to the fine music of Gilmore's Band. State street was filled with people, so much so that it was with some little difficulty that a hole could be made for the Company to march through, and enthusiastic cheers greeted them at every step. The Phalanx is indeed a fine corps, and well deserves all the encomiums that were bestowed.

From State street Capt. Winn marched his command through Court, Tremont and Beacon streets to the State House, where a review by Major General Sutton of the Second Division, accompanied by Major General Andrews of the First Division, Major General Morse of the Third Division, and several other officers, took place.

The company made a splendid appearance and their drill in the manual was such as to enlist the applause of the spectators. The officers above mentioned, congratulated Capt. Winn very warmly upon the excellence of his command.

After leaving the State House, the companies partook of a collation at Chapman Hall."

We understand that Col. Lawrence of the 5th Regiment, has made a requisition upon Gen. Butler for the Phalanx to proceed to Washington and join his command. This request will, we believe, be complied with, and before long the company will be on their way to the seat of war.

On Friday evening of last week the following non-commissioned officers were elected: Orderly Sergeant, Luke R. Tidd, 2nd Sergeant, H. N. Hastings, 3d do., J. P. Crane, 4th do., J. E. Tileston, 5th do., Wm. H. Winn. 1st Corporal Wm. B. Cormick, 2nd do., T. F. Warland, 3d do., F. W. Parker, 4th do., J. W. Smith.

The following by laws were adopted on Monday evening last. It will be seen that the corps intend to keep strict military discipline, and in no way tarnish their reputation before the people.

ARMORY OF THE PHALANX, May 6, 1861.

In view of the liberal vote of the town passed to-day, we hereby agree to establish the following rules for our government until we are ordered on duty by the State:—

1. The roll will be called at 9 o'clock, A. M.,—drill to continue at the discretion of the drill master. At its conclusion the roll will again be called. At 2 o'clock, P. M., do., do. At 7½ o'clock, P. M., do., do. Any member absent at four successive roll-calls, without leave of the commander, or a reasonable excuse for sickness, shall be reported to the Selectmen, with the recommendation that one dollar be discounted from his monthly pay.

2. Any member guilty of noisy or disorderly conduct, or who shall be seen intoxicated, shall be expelled from the company, and forfeit his pay for the week in which the offence is committed.

3. On Sunday, the roll will be called at 10 o'clock, A. M., and after Divine service. Any member absent from either roll-call will have fifty cents deducted from his pay. The company will attend church in a body, in uniform, at such place as they may be invited. In the afternoon, the roll-call will be omitted.

4. These by-laws shall not be altered except by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at a meeting called for that purpose.

Voted that the Clerk be instructed to cause the above by-laws to be published in the local newspapers.

H. N. HASTINGS, *Clerk.*

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The following are the officers elected by the different companies at their annual meeting, on Tuesday evening last:—

NIAGARA No. 1.—Foreman—John Gilcreast; Second do.—John L. Parker; Third do.—A. R. Murdock; Clerk—John L. Parker; Assistant Clerk—T. V. Sullivan; Treasurer—J. B. Stowers; Steward — William J. Gillespie; Assistant Steward—A. L. Wheeler.

Immediately after the election of Mr. Gilcreast, the Company presented their retiring foreman, Jacob Webster, with a very fine fireman's hat, bearing an appropraate inscription. Mr. Webster thanked the company for their gift, and gave them a short history of his life as a fireman. He also presented them with a helmet, that he used when foreman of No. 1, twenty years ago, and which once was the means of saving his life. The gift was thankfully received by the Company, and placed over the photograph of the donor, which graces their hall.

JACOB WEBSTER, No. 2.—Foreman—T. F. Warland; Second do.—A. Barker; Third do. P. M. Warland; Clerk—C. E. Fuller; Treasurer—H. Buckman; Steward—G. H. Harris.

VETO. No. 4.—Foreman—Charles Porter; Second do.—T. W. Adams; Third do.—A. S. Hadley; Clerk and Treasurer—D. Macfarlane.

The same organization, by the Engineers as last year is retained.

☞ A report was current in town during the first part of the present week, that Mr. J. G. Dean, a former resident of this place, and a member of the Concord Artillery, was to be shot at Annapolis as a spy, and that he had sent home a letter to that effect. The report was true as far as the letter and contents were concerned, but Mr. Dean was a little premature in fixing the time for his death so near at hand, as a subsequent letter from him revealed the fact that he "still lived," and that the prospect of death was as far away as ever. The whole trouble, probably, arose from some misunderstanding. Mr. Dean was prevented from going with his company, and consequently had to follow on alone. When he reached Annapolis, he most likely was unable to make his identity clear, and so was taken into custody. However, he managed to make his way to Washington and join his company, and doubtless will live to see many happy days.

W. M. PHALANX.—A gentleman in Boston, writing to a friend in this town, says of the Phalanx,—"I saw the Woburn company yesterday, and must confess it was the finest company I have seen yet. They seemed to be armed and equiped to the teeth. They had a drill on South Market street, and did themselves much honor. They then proceeded to the State House where the Captain made a short speech, asking to be placed in the 5th Regiment, where the original company belonged, and in conclusion said they were all ready to go then. Upon this one of the Governor's aids stepped forward and called for three cheers for the company, which was responded to with a will."

☞ Patriotic letter paper and envelopes, especially adapted to Woburn, for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

OLD IRONSIDES.—In his inimitable and soul-stirring lyric,—written many years ago upon hearing that the Navy Department contemplated braking up the frigate Constitution and selling her timbers,—Dr. Holmes has the following Stanza:—

"Her deck once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The *harpies* of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea."

The *harpies* wanted to pluck the eagle of the sea, but the Massachusetts boys were a little to quick for them, and now Old Ironsides is safe at the North.

Y. M. L. A.—At the semi-annual meeting of the Young Men's Literary Association held on Saturday evening, May 4th, for choice of officers, the following gentlemen were elected: C. P. Pollard, President; Milton Moore, Vice President; H. A. Carter, Secretary; J. F. Barrett, Treasurer. Josiah Parker 2d, G. A. Tidd, A. T. Young, Standing Committee.

ROXBURY CITY GAZETTE—We have just received a copy of this paper, published by Mr. Hutchinson of the So. Reading *Gazette*, and must say that it is a very fine sheet in every respect.

SUICIDE.—Mrs. Susan Cutter, of this town committed suicide last Monday, while in an unsound state of mind, by hanging herself to the bedpost with a handkerchief. She has been subject, for some time past, to fits of melancholy.

☞ It is more than likely we shall soon have another military company in town. The more the better. It is no use to be found napping.

☞ The Phalanx will attend Divine worship in a body, at the First Congregational Church to-morrow.

HIGH WIND.—The high wind of Monday, played severe antics with buildings, trees, &c. One building belonging to Maverick Wyman, was blown down, and many trees had large branches torn off. About thirty feet of the flag staff on the Common, was broken off. Other damage was done but of minor importance.

BILLERICA.—On Saturday last the Volunteers of Wilmington and Tewksbury met at School-house No. 7, in this place, for the purpose of making arrangements for uniting the three towns to form a Company to help defend the "Stars and Stripes." Only a few of the Billerica people met them. After a short drill by the Wilmington Company, they left for home in one of Mr. Bond's large wagons which was engaged for that purpose. There was a drill of the "Richardson Light Infantry," under command of Capt. Davis of Lowell, in the center of the town, on Saturday. A town meeting was held on Monday, and an appropriation made for the families of those that enlist. But they will not need the money, as quite a number have gone to Boston and other places and joined companies, and there are not enough left who are willing to go, to form anything like a a company.

Seven persons were baptized in the river on Sunday last. A large concourse was present to witness the baptism. B.

SUNDAY MORNING CHRONICLE.—We call attention to the advertisement of this paper in another column. The *Chronicle* is published at Washington, D. C., and is intended as a family paper. It is sound on the Union question, and will be a valuable aid to all in tracing military movements at the capitol and vicinity.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in your paper last week a suggestion in respect to employment. You suggested that as much of our land as possible should be planted by those who are out of employment, that there may be food in abundance at the time of harvest. Till the great war question is settled, we should all, every one of us, help increase the means for feeding the soldiers and the people. I am not so fortunate as to be in possession of land for tillage, but there are numerous acres in town that are lying virtually idle. Will not some one start the project at once, offering land to be cultivated? Now is the time to be about it that the seed may be planted seasonably. Every bushel of potatoes raised by those who have no work to do will be so much clear gain. ☞

Revolutionary Incident.

The following account is derived from authentic and reliable sources, and is the only correct account ever published, being gathered from the Records of the Provincial Congress; Austin's Life of Gerry; and the niece of Col. Gerry, daughter-in-law of Col. Orne, and the grand-daughter of Col. Lee.

On the 15th of April, 1775, Congress then assembled at Concord, adjourned to meet May 10th at the same place. Two days had hardly elapsed before apprehensions of immediate danger arose, and on the 18th of April grew so intense, that the Delegates were summoned to return at once. The notice was circulated with the utmost speed of Express Messengers, but very few could possibly have received it, before the British marched to Concord.

Among the objects of this march one was to seize the persons of some of the influential members of the Provincial Congress, to hold them as hostages, or send them to England for trial as traitors, and thus to terrify and dismay their associates and friends.

Among others, Col. Hancock, Col. Orne and Elbridge Gerry had been in session, on the day preceding the march of the troops in the vilage of Menotmy, then part of the township of Cambridge, on the road to Lexington, at Wetherby's Black-Horse Tavern.

Col. Hancock, Samuel Adams, and some others went over to Lexington to pass the night, Messrs. Gerry, Lee and Orne remained at the village. The appearance of some officers of the royal army who passed through the villiage just before dark, attracted the attention of these gentlemen, and a message of warning was at once despatched to Col. Hancock. Of their personal danger they did not entertain an idea, but retired quietly to rest, without taking the least precaution.

As the British advance came into view of the dwelling-house, they arose and looked out of the windows, and in the bright moonlight saw the glitter of the bayonets, and marked the regular march of the disciplined troops. The front had passed, and the centre was opposite the house, when a signal was given, and an officer and a file of men marched toward it. Then the apprehension of danger first struck them, and they hastened to escape. Rushing down stairs, Col. Gerry in perturbation, was about to open the door in the face of the British, when the agitated landlord exclaimed, "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't open that door." He then hurried them out at the back door, into a cornfield, where the old stalks still remained. Hastening along, Col. Gerry soon fell. "Stop, Orne," he called in low, urgent voice, "Stop for me till I can get up; I have hurt myself."

"Lie still," replied Col. Orne, in the same low tone, "Throw yourself flat on the ground," proceeding at once to do the same himself, in which he was imitated by Col. Lee.

This manœuvre saved them. The soldiers searched for them, for more than an hour. Every apartment of the house was searched "for the members of the Rebel Congress," and even the beds in which they had lain. Mr. Gerry's watch was under his pillow, but it was not disturbed, nor was any of their property taken. The troops finally left, and the gentlemen returned, suffering greatly from cold, for it was a very frosty night, and they were but slightly clothed. Col. Lee never recovered from the effects of the exposure. He was attacked, soon after, by a severe fever, and died, May 10th, 1775, universally lamented. The others lived to render most important services to their country.

It is worthy of note that all three of those gentlemen were natives of Marblehead, that most patriotic, and noble-spirited town, and were connected with each other then or afterwards by marriage in their families.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

The Flag of Our Country.

We extract the following from a sermon preached by Alfred P. Putnam, in Roxbury, on Sunday, April 28, and published in the *Norfolk County Journal*:—

"Almost every nation has had its banners, its standards, or some corresponding emblems of union, power, and triumph. The banners of the Jews were doubtless modified copies of those which had been most in use among their old masters, the Egyptians, with whom the invention of such symbols is said to have first begun. They were often in the form of square and oblong tablets, or shaped like fans and umbrellas. The Greeks and Romans bore into battle some representation of their tutelary gods, of their heroes, and of birds and beasts of prey. The general ensign among the barbarous nations was the dragon, which was thence brought into use among the Romans, was subsequently introduced into the Western Empire, and finally became the chief standard of the kings of England and the dukes of Normandy. The Persians carried a golden eagle at the end of a spear,—the Gauls, the bull, the lion, the bear,—the Franks, the tiger, the wolf—the Anglo-Saxons, a white horse,—the Danes, a raven. After the Crusades, the Cross became a favorite emblem upon all the standards and banners of Europe. It was the union of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, representing, respectively, England, Scotland, and Ireland, which symbolized the union of these different countries, and now constitutes *The Great Union Flag* of the British realm.

And here we are led to the origin of our own. The history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white saltier or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 12th, 1606, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England. It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as *The Union Jack*, was completed. But it was the *ancient* flag of England, of which I just spoke, that constituted the basis of our own American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at different times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or at least, were not incorporated into, and made a part of, the destined "stars and stripes." It was after Washington had taken command of the fresh army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, that, Jan. 2, 1776, he unfurled before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops and was entered by the American army. Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed the the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by those thirteen stripes that they made known the union *also* of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and oppression.

On the fourteenth day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars in a blue field." This resolution was made public, Sept., 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the idea of the Union of the States. In 1794, there having been two more new States added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted State. It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of States. Thus the flag would symbolize the Union as it might be at an given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested, that these stars, instead of being arranged into a circle, be formed into a single star, a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough, if only the whole number be there upon that azure fold—the blue, to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance, and justice, each star to typify the glory of the State it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent, forever, of a union that must be "one and inseparable."

Time would fail me to enter more largely into the details of this history. Enough has been said to show, in some satisfactory measure, the sources whence the materials of our flag were drawn. The old banner of England contributed its colors. Great men made it their study. Washington, Franklin, Morris, Adams, Sherman, and many more of their immortal compeers, gave it their thought and care. And then it had to be made a fact in the world by the conflicts, bloodshed, and victories of a seven years' war. It is the flag that was gazed upon by the patriots of "the times that tried men's souls." It is the flag which they bore and followed into the thickest of the fight. It is the flag which they loved and honored, and which at last they compelled their proud enemies to acknowledge and respect. It is the flag which became the symbol of our national independence and glory."

The New York Zouaves.

We copy the following from a correspondent in the Washington *Sunday Morning Chronicle*:—

The comic will display itself in war as in every thing else. Many humorous scenes have transpired in connection with the enlistment of our firemen and roughs in the regiments raised by Col. Ellsworth and Col. Billy Wilson. A few mornings since, while the former was drilling Company G of his command, at the arsenal—(Company G you are to know is made up of pure fighting boys)—some member or friend of the company rushed up to the drill room and shouted: "Company G, this way, one of our boys is in a muss!" Quick as a flash, Company G broke ranks, rushed down stairs, and down a few rods in Seventh Avenue, where they met the opposing crowd, "went in" and gave them an express and special thrashing, formed ranks again on the walks, marched up stairs, and went on with the drill, saying not a word, and as though nothing had happened. After the drill, Company G descended from the room in a body, marched over to Sixth Avenue, stopped the first car, got into, on, and about the same, and when the collector commenced at the front to collect fare, each man simply said "the captain will pay." When the official reached the captain and intimated a readiness to receive the requisite total, the captain remarked, "fare? ah, yes; well, you can just charge it to Jefferson Davis," and thereat the boys did smile one of those audible smiles which Company G indulge in on public occasions when they wish to express an emotion of pleasure.

The spirit of subordination and drill to which the members of this curious company have been educated, may be inferred from the following colloquy between two star members:

"I say, Jakey, did you hear what Tom said the to Colonel?"

"No; what was it?"

"Why, called him a poo, poo."

"What did the Colonel say?"

"S-a-y? why he did'nt say nuthin; if he had Tom would a' split him!"

These gifted and subdued members of Ellsworth's corps are not surpassed by those composing the regiment just mustered into service under Colonel Billy Wilson. "Billy Wilson," as he is fondly called by "the boys of the first ward," was formerly an alderman; is a noted Democratic politician; was in Nicaragua with Walker, and is fond of powder in every way it can be served up. Colonel Billy's first, and generally his only conversation with those who rushed to join his command was in nearly every case this:

"*Are you ready to fight your way to the Gulf?*"

If the respondent answered "Yes," Billy simply replied, "Sign!" If the reply was "No," he curtly said "Leave!" Two of his men were talking over the manner in which the Massachusetts regiment was assailed at Baltimore, when one said: "I say, Ike, won't the Colonel take us through Baltimore? *If he says 'go' we'll just go along*, for when it comes to your bricks and paving stones, if we don't know how to play *that*, you can blow us, *you* can!"

Last evening, just for a flyer, Colonel Billy formed his boys in line, and, preceded by "the earpiercing fife and soul-stirring drum," mached up Broadway to pay a visit to the principal hotels. Arriving at the St. Nicholas he marched the companies into the hall and spacious bar-room, and then issued the following order; "Attention!" Attention was paid, and the by-standers preserved silence. "Kneel down!" shouted the Colonel. The men dropped upon their knees.

"You do solemnly swear that you will cut off the head of every traitor and secessionistyou meet during the war." "*We swear!*" was the universal response. The men, then rose, and in a perfectly orderly maner, marched out and proceeded to the Metropolitan Hotel where the same scene was re-enacted, after which, the gallant souls went to their quarters.

I should have mentioned, that as each man signed his name to the enlistment roll the Colonelmade to him this cheerful remark: "You needn't sign but for three months, for you'll probably be shot or dead before that time expires." To a gentleman with whom he was conversing, Billy offered the following wager: "I'll just bet you five hundred dollars, that in twenty-four hours after I leave, the people will tell you there is not a thief, pickpocket, or burglar left in the city of New York." Such is the crowd that go to the war with Colonel Wilson. Every man of them, from the Colonel to the poorest private, is aching for a fight, and when it comes to the scratch, our Southern opponents will find in these men and in our fireman, the most desperate and terrible band of men, in a hand to hand struggle, that ever went into action.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR.—The Lexington Volunteers having voted to parade and march over to this town on Tuesday afternoon last, a meeting of the citizens was held on Monday evening last to make arrangements to give them a suitable reception. Dr. A. Chapin was Chairman, and Josiah Hovey, Secretary. Messrs. Hovey, C. W. Stevens, A. Ayer, A. Thompson, 3d, O. R. Clark, Sumner Richardson and W. D. Maxwell were chosen the committee to make necessary arrangements for an escort, provide music, and a collation. Messrs. Winn, H. K. Stanton, S. H. Cutter, H. Parker, and Jaquith were appointed to assist the committee on the collation. Hon. F. O. Prince was chosen Chief Marshal of the escort, and Dr. Wm. Ingalls, chairman of the meeting.

At five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the citizens assembled, and under the direction of Capt. John R. Cobb and Josiah Hovey, (Mr. Prince being absent on account of illness), accompanied by music and the American Flag, marched over to the west side of the town and received the Lexington Volunteers, under the command of Capt. Johnson. The volunteers from this town marched with the escort until they met the company when they united with them. It would have looked better if more of our citizens had joined in the escort instead of looking on. Some people pretend to be very patriotic but seem to be very loth to give any evidence of it. The battalion marched through some of the principal streets to the Town Hall, which they reached about 6½ o'clock. Three long tables were there liberally spread with provisions of a substantial kind, coffee, &c. At one end of the hall was the American Flag, draped, with a large engraving of Washington hung in the centre. Over the top was this motto: "Lexington, the first battle ground of the Revolution; may her sons, together with ours, prove themselves worthy descendants of their patriot sires." On the side of the hall was the word, "Welcome." After the company had seated themselves at the tables, Dr. Ingalls, the Chairman, called upon the Rev. Mr. Robinson to invoke the divine blessing. After refreshing themselves, with the good things provided, the company were called to order, by Hon. O. R. Clark, who assumed the duties of the chair by request, Dr. Ingalls having been called away. Mr. Clark in a brief speech bade the volunteers welcome to our town and wished them a hearty God-speed in their undertaking.

The first sentiment was, "Honor to the soldiers of 1812." The veteran Gen. Samuel Chandler, of Lexington, who initiated and raised this present company, was called upon to respond. He said he was no speech maker—that the soldiers had no holiday work before them. We all hoped for speedy peace, but whether it came or not, they would be called upon to endure much hardship and privation. He related some incidents in revolutionary history. A sample of the proposed uniform of the corps was exhibited, consisting of jacket, pants, hat and cap made of grey woolen cloth—pants with black stripe at the sides bound with red—jacket front and cuffs trimed with black and red. The uniform appeared to be a very serviceable one, and looked well. It could be furnished at an expense of six dollars each. It was unanimously adopted.

The chairman remarked, that Cromwell was wont to say to his men, when about to engage in battle, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." Rev. Mr. Robinson was called upon to respond. He said he did not know why he should have been called upon to respond to that sentiment, unless it was because he happened to hold in his hand a powder horn, (alluded to in my last). He assured them that the clergy were with them in the present contest,—they were all patriots. He conjured the soldiers present, to "stand by the flag," and whether they should fall in the fight or return with the victor's wreath upon their brows, they would be remembered and their patriotism would render their names ever precious in our sight. He closed by saying "Our Country, God bless her." Capt. Johnson who came over in command of the company was called upon and made a few remarks, thanking the citizens of our town for the hospitable manner in which they had been entertained; that our towns are near each other, and will be by the mutual sympathy engendered in having surrendered each some of their sons to fight the battles of the country, brought nearer, and united by one and the same ties. John W. Hudson, an officer of the company, made a few remarks, that all can do something in defence of their country's right in a way which may be beneficial to the honor, of their country and to the virtue and patriotism of their town.

The next sentiment was—"Connecticut: her Sons have shown their devotion to the principles of their fathers, in their noble response to the call which their country has made upon them." Hon. John A. Bolles was called and responded in a very patriotic speech which aroused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. He said that though claiming to be a son of Connecticut and proud of the position she had assumed, yet he felt an equal pride in having been for a long period a citizen of old blood-stained Middlesex. The South had boasted that one of their section could whip ten Yankees, but he had no doubt that the reverse would prove to be the result. They had every motive which could incite them to patriotic action. The memory of the fathers, and the cause in which they were engaged, could not fail to inspire them. He asked them to do as did their fathers, pledge their all in defence of their Country. He predicted that unless the war was ended in six or twelve months there would not be a Slave State within the limits of the United States. He welcomed the issue because it promises a glorious result, when in all human probability perfect liberty would be attained by all whether bond or free. He referred to the fact that he stated some time since, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise would lead to the disruption of all party ties, and to the dismemberment of the Union. Unless the South make haste to settle the question, we shall have a Union of Free States. Old Middlesex furnished the gallant General Butler, and he closed by calling for three cheers for Old Ben, which was heartily responded to.

The Chairman after alluding to the 19th of April, 1775 and the 19th of April, 1861, called upon Victor Lorendo, a drummer who was attached to the Stoneham Company in its march through Baltimore. He gave a brief account of his perilous position and of his escape. He said he intended to go through Baltimore again a few days, and this time he should have something better to defend himself with than two drum sticks. This closed the speaking, and an opportunity was afforded for any who wished to enlist in this company. Quite a number came forward and enrolled their names and were examined by Dr. Ingalls. 75 have already joined the company, of whom 29 belong to this town. The names of the volunteers from this place are as follows:—Joseph McConville, Sorell Gove, Ira L. Gove, Ira G. Hatch, Joseph D. Sharon, D. B. Coffin, Chas. Merriam, Joshua T. Lawrence, Timothy Wheeler, Obed F. Pratt, Royall A. Davis, Ira Johonnet, George H. Burnham, A. Spaulding, Alfred Ansorge, P. Murphy, James H. Wood, Horace Nowell, J. Besett, N. R. Maxwell, Edward Davis, Howard M. Ford, Frederic A. Hovey, George S. Cutter, Wm. R. Bennett, N. A. Richardson, Oliver P. Rogers, John Brannagan, Leonard Foss. An inspection of the list will show that the men who have volunteered will not fall behind any town in their qualifications for the office which they have taken upon themselves. In fact the whole company will present a fine appearance when uniformed and equipped. The volunteers remained in the hall until about ten o'clock, engaged in conversation with our citizens and in singing national songs, after which they marched home, a distance of some six miles, which was rather too fatiguing a march for those unused to it. The Company will soon be ready for service and will be attached to the Fifth Regiment in company with the Woburn Phalanx. The Committee of arrangements for the parade and reception deserve great credit for the efficient manner in which they discharged their duties, they having only about half a day to get ready in.

Mr. John H. Bacon has hoisted a new and beautiful flag on his premises amid the discharge of cannon. Through the kindness and liberality of the same gentleman, the Mystic schoolhouse has been provided with a flag and the same put up in good shape by him, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the children.

There will be a Town Meeting called somewhere about the tenth of next month, to consider what sum of money shall be paid to the volunteers and their families, and to act on other important business.

EXCELSIOR.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

On Monday afternoon, the Ladies of this town met at the Town Hall and formed an association called the Soldiers Aid Association. They made the following choice of officers; President, Mrs. G. W. Dike; Vice President, Mrs. Fisk Barrett; Secretary, Miss A. J. Hill; Treasurer, Mrs. J. F. Parker, with a sufficient board of Directors. Over one hundred Ladies were present, and a large number of work bags were made. These bags will contain all the necessary articles that the soldiers so much needs, such as needles, pins, thread &c. A large number of handkerchief, and towels will also be furnished. A contribution was taken up and money enough collected to meet all their expenses, with a large surplus. We understand that they will make the uniforms of the new company, now nearly ready to depart. Their object is to see that the soldiers from this place may be made as comfortable as possible, which is a worthy one and will meett the approbation of all.

We learn by letter that all the Stoneham boys, except William Butterfield, have left the Hospital. He will probably leave in about two weeks. Only one accident has happened to our company since the Baltimore riot, Orin A. Green, while crossing a brook at Washington, accidently trod on a rolling stone, fell and broke one of his fingers.

In consequence of the resignation of 1st Lieut. M. P. Sweetser of our new company, the following officers have been elected, Capt. J. P. Gould; 1st Lieut. Henry Poor; 2d Lieut. John Foley, vice Henry Poor, promoted; 3d Lieut. W. H. Jones, vice Foley, promoted; 4th Lieut. W. H. Burdick, vice Jones, promoted.

SPECTATOR.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Last week I simply made reference to the town meeting which was held April 30th, and after acting upon all the articles in the warrant, and most of the people had left the hall, a motion to adjourn for one week was carried. The result of this meeting I give below, and here would acknowledge my indebtedness to the Town Clerk, J. Baldwin, Esq., for a copy. Chose for a committee on Military Affairs, Dr. H. P. Wakefield, Sylvester Harnden, Edward M. Horton, Gardner French, Benjamin M. Boyce, Stillman E. Parker, William Proctor. Voted, that the above committee be authorized to provide a suitable room for the instruction of the Drill Association in military tactics. Voted, that the Selectmen be empowered to execute all such instruments as are needed to procure arms from the State for said Drill Association. Voted, that there be paid to each inhabitant of this town who has or may enlist for the war, a sum not to exceeding twenty dollars, so that each man enlisted in the war service of his country, may procure those articles necessary for an outfit. Voted, that the Military Committee be instructed to provide for the support of the families of such volunteers from this town as may enlist in the war service of the United States during such enlistment, provided, that such volunteers may not have a legal settlement in any other town in this Commonwealth, and, provided *also*, that the number of families so helped shall not exceed the number of one company, unless the President of the United States shall call for so many troops that one company is not our proportion of the troops called into the service of the United States. Voted, that the town appropriate a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars to carry into effect the foregoing votes. Voted, to raise and appropriate twenty-five dollars toward completing the erection of a Liberty Pole. Voted, that the Committee on Military Affairs have power to fill vacancies, if any should occur.

LENO.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The question is frequently asked who are the men in actual service from this town and vicinity in the Company of the Richardson Light Guards. Soon after their departure, a list was published in the South Reading *Gazette*, which was necessarily imperfect, though as correct a list as could then be obtained. In compliance with the order of the Commander-in-chief that complete Rolls of Companies from Massachusetts in actual service, specifying the name, place of residence, age, &c., of each man, the Richardson Light Guard through their clerk, George W. Aborn, made prompt return to head quarters, and it is believed to be the first response to the order. The following is the corrected Roll of May 3d:—

Captain, John W. Locke; 1st Lieut., Charles H. Shepard; 2d do., Jas. D. Draper; 1st Sergt., G. W. Townsend; 2d do., Jason H. Knight; 3d do., Geo. W. Aborn; 4th do., Benjamin F. Barnard; 1st Corpl., W. E. Ransom; 2d do., James M. Sweetser; 3d do., Geo. Henry Green; 4th do., Jas. A. Burditt. Chas. E. Anderson, John H. Anderson, Geo. A. Burditt, Hiram Bixby, Robt. S. Beckwith, Jos. O. Dix, Jos. S. Eustis, Henry W. Eustis, Davis Foster, James M. Fairbanks, Frank W. Hayden, Wm. H. Hayden, jr., John F. Hart, Henry D. Hoyt, Chas. Harrington, Geo. H. Kidder, jr., Geo. H. Lord, Byron Lord, Thos. M. McKay Jas. M. Morrill, George Moses, John Q. A. Parker, Wm. Durent Parker, Edwin Pratt, Ozias Rayner, John Rayner, John R. Stephens, Thos. Sweetser, Adoniram J. Twiss, John Frank Thompson, Charles Thompson, Wm. N. Tyler, Jos. E. Wiley, William Wiley, William H. Walker, H. M. Warren; *Reading*—O. G. Abbott, Oliver S. Adams, Jonathan Cook, jr., Alvah Eaton, Charles N. Fletcher, James H. Greggs, Alex. M. Hayward, Albert A. Hartwell, Edward McGee, George W. Nichols, Leonard Peterson, Christian E. Rahn, J. D. Roundy, Charles H. Robinson, Wm. H. Sherman, Charles H. Tibbetts, Frank L. Tibbetts, Robert H. Weston, H. F. Wardwell; *Melrose*—G. W. Batchelder, William Wyman; *North Reading*—John S. Coney, Oliver S. Sweetser; *Andover*—Sprague S. Barker; *Woburn*—Oren S. Hosmer; *Lynnfield*—Benjamin W. Parsons; *Boston*—John McKenzie; *Bedford*—Edward L. Wilkins.

We have had the privilege of seeing several letters recently received from members of the Richardson Light Guard. Some of them intimate that acting the soldier there is a very different matter from playing the soldier at home. This is true with all whether they express it or not. After a day of drill, it would be much more pleasant to assemble in the Riding House, and partake of the unbounded hospitalities of their patron. Would that they could now consistently have the privilege. But the men who enjoyed such occasions at home, are not the ones to falter when called to leave the circle of friends and endure privations in the cause of their country. The same spirit of patriotism that fired their bosoms when they left us on the 19th of April, is breathed in the communications to their friends and neighbors. They feel that their sacrifices are made for a righteous cause, and that they are occupying their present position at the call of duty. One young man writes that when desponding at the thought of absence from home and parents, he goes to his heavenly father, and feels contented and happy. Another says "he has had the pleasure of shaking the noble Major Anderson by the hand, and his heart swelled with emotion as he breathed the desire that he might perform his duty to his country as faithfully and honorably as the gallant officer whose hand he grasped." The same writer

complains that they are neglected in the distribution of their rations. This is the fault of the Quartermaster, who is either ignorant of his duty, or is inexcusably dilatory in performing it. The complaint is a serious one, but being oft repeated, a remedy will be applied. Quite interesting extracts from several letters have been promised, but friends are not aware that our correspondence for the *Journal* has to be closed on Thursday morning.

On Monday afternoon a request was made that such ladies as might get notice would meet at the Town House the next day to prepare garments and make up parcels to send to the Richardson Light Guard. On Tuesday afternoon from 150 to 200 ladies were at the Town House, all eager to do something for the soldiers.

Mrs. John McKay and Miss Prentice of this town, have offered their services to Gov. Washburn of Maine, to accompany one of the Regiments of that State as nurses—and they have been accepted. Miss Prentice was formerly of Maine. M.

A KENTUCKY SOLDIER.—The following incident occurred at Camp Morton, Indiana. One poor fellow from Kentucky came over alone and enlisted at Madison. A crowd of friends were shaking hands with other volunteers whom they knew, but he, being a stranger, remained unnoticed. He burst into tears, and exclaimed, "There is no one to bid God bless *me!*" Instantly a hundred men rushed at him and bore him up in their arms, while the whole multitude shouted forth their blessings upon the noble-hearted patriot.

FOR MARRIED LADIES.—In cold winter, when a horse's bit is full of frost, never put it (we are told) into his mouth without previously warming it. You shouldn't treat your husband with less kindness that you would your horse; therefore, during the winter, put none but warm bits into the dear creature's mouth. Not to do so is very cruel, as it is very well known that the husband's mouth is much more sensitive to cold than at any other period of the year. It only makes him restive, and suapish, and spoils his temper so much that it is almost dangerous, at times, to go near him. Hence, whatever you do, avoid cold mutton.—*Punch.*

GET A PURE ARTICLE.—However opinions may vary as to the use or abuse of liquors as beverages, or for medicinal use, no live man can be found who would not prefer and recommend the *pure article* whenever any is to be taken. There are two kinds of wines spoken of in the Bible; one is recommended "a little for the stomach's sake," the other denounced. No doubt one was *pure*, the other *vile*. If you will use the article, do procure it in its original purity, and only seek for it among honorable and respectable merchants, whose character and long standing as well as judgment can be relied upon, and to whom a reputation for selling fine wines or liquors is of tenfold more importance than any thing they could gain by adulteration.

If consumers have any doubt as to procuring, in their own vicinity, such an article as they desire, we confidently recommend them to the old established house of I. D. RICHARDS & SONS, Boston, whose advertisement may be found in another column.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

The WOBURN GAS LIGHT COMPANY hereby give notice that no assessments have been voted by said company, or paid in by the Stockholders thereof, during the past year and that the amount of all existing debts of said company is the sum of three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

CHAS. CHOATE, President.
BOWEN BUCKMAN, ABIJAH THOMPSON, J. B. WINN, } Majority of Directors of said Company.

Woburn May 10th, 1861.—1t

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York

Married.

NICHOLS—BARNARD.—In Reading May 1st, by Jonathan Baldwin Esq. Mr. John Calvin Nichols to Hannah Jane Barnard, all of Reading.

Died.

CUTTER—In Woburn, May 6th. Mrs. Susan Cutter, aged 73 years, 11 months 6 days.

CULLEN—In Woburn, May 2d, Martin Cullen, aged 26 years.

KENDALL—In Winchester, May 5th, Annie P., child of I. Holmes, and Mary Elizibeth Kendall, aged 5 years, 2 mos. 12 days.

BOUTTELL—In Reading, April 29th, Mr. Joseph Bouttell, aged 78 years, 22 days.

"The Sunday Morning Chronicle,"
PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE Chronicle is published on a large folio sheet, with new type, and contains:

1. A full weekly record of *Military* and *Naval Movements* in Washington and throughout the country.
2. Original sketches of *New England Celebrities*, by an able Northern writer.
3. A series of original sketches of *The City of Washington*, its Growth, Public Buildings and Attractions.
4. Original sketches of the *Churches and Clergy in Washington*—an account of one church and its pastor appearing in each issue.
5. *Letters from Correspondents* in all the principal parts of the country.
6. *Smithsonian Papers*, containing accounts of the more recent discoveries in science, in all parts of the world, as reported at the Smithsonian Institution
7. Essays, Sketches, Tales, and choice Gems of Poetry.
8. A weekly record of *Removals and Appointments* by the Government. *Local Reports*, Doings in the city, &c.
9. *Editorials*, by one of the ablest writers in the country.

The object of the publisher of the *Chronicle* will ever be to render it a high-toned Metropolitan FAMILY PAPER. The subscription price by mail is $2 per annum, in advance, or $1 for six months. Specimen copies forwarded when desired. Address, enclosing subscription.

JAMES B. SHERIDAN & CO., Publishers, Washington, D. C.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, held at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, and by adjournment on the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1861.

On the Petition of A. Weld, S. T. Sanborn and Wallace Whitney, Selectmen of Winchester, to define, new locate, and establish the boundaries of Main Street, in said Winchester.

It was adjudged that said defining bounds, and new location are of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Town Hall, in Winchester, on the third day of June next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,
P. H. SWEETSER, Chairman.
South Reading, April 16, 1861.

Diaries for 1861!

ALL styles of Diaries for 1861, can be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

An Important Fact!

1
It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!

2
Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.

3
Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.

4
In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.

5
At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

MRS. C. F. PORTER,

HAS taken the Store formerly ocupied by MR. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the

Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of

MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861.—3m

To the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex:

THE undersigned, respectfully represent that the public necessity and convenience would be greatly promoted by an alteration in the line of Washington Street, in Winchester, therefore pray that your honorable board may view the premises and straighten, widen and discontinue so much thereof as may be necessary.

JAMES A. WOODBURY and others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Cambridge in said county, on the first Tuesday of January and by adjournment April 16th, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Town Hall, in Winchester, on the 3d day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Winchester, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
Copy of Petition and order therein,
Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
A true copy Attest,
MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

NEW PATENT GLASSING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber has recently patented a machine for

Glassing Leather,

which is a great improvement on anything of the kind now in use, and is ready to manufacture them to order. The machine can be seen in operation at Choate & Cummings' Tannery, in Woburn.

Woburn, April 13th. 1m. WILLIAM ELLARD.

ONE GOOD ACT

THE PRESIDENT has set his signature to the new Tariff Bill. By this means I have made my list of prices for

CARPETINGS

FOR MY SPRING SALES AS FOLLOWS

100 Rolls Union Carpets, at 25 cents per yard.
50 Rolls Cotton and Wool Carpets at 37 cents per yard.
40 Rolls Common Carpets at 45 cents per yard.
350 Rolls Extra Fine Carpets at 50 cents per yard.
425 Rolls Extra Super Carpets at 62½ cents per yard.
100 Rolls Extra Three-ply Carpets from 90 cents to $1.
100 Rolls English Tapestry Carpets ot $1 per yard.
275 Rolls Dutch Carpets at 17 cents per yard
750 Rolls Painted Carpets from 30 to 50 cents per yard.
100 Rolls Stair Carpets from 12½ cents to $1 per yard.
400 Rolls Thompsonville, Tariffville, Lowell and Tapleyville.
Extra Super Carpets at 17 censts per yard.

☞ A discount to Wholesale Dealers, to Ministers and their families of all denominations, and Church Committees.

E. C. STEVENS,
124 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.
28—3m.

MILLINERY GOODS!!
No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,
COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,
Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,
and all articles used in Millinery. Also,
Dress Making attended to,
WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinuance of the same.

April 19.—tf

BOOTS AND SHOES!

THE subscriber will dispose of his present stock of LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SHOES at greatly reduced prices, corresponding with the times. Those in want are invited to call at the Shoe Store OPPOSITE THE NEW CHURCH.

May 5—3m. AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Cyrus Richardson, late of Springfield, in the county of Sangamore, in the state of Illinois, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JAMES M. RANDALL, Admr., with the will annexed.
Woburn, April 25, 1861.—3w

To owners and keepers of DOGS WITHIN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

NOTICE is hereby given that all Licenses for Dogs will expire on the 30th day of April, 1861. Persons wishing to renew their Licenses can retain their original number by applying to me pevious to the 7th day of May.

N. WYMAN, Town Clerk of Woburn.
Woburn, April 27th, 1861.—tf

MAY MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOU'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy,

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASMATIC & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medicine will be needed.*

Sold in Woburn, at the WOBURN BOOK STORE B. W. CONANT'S and ELBRIDGE TRULL'S, and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co., Tremont street, Carter, Colend & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carny, and Weeks & Porter, Washington street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

T. A. SWEETSER, Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.
January 25th, 1860.—1y

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand

☞ SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.

Woburn, Feb. 14.

A CARD TO GENTLEMEN!

THE Subscriber desires to thank his friends and customers for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him for many years past, and begs to solicit a continuance of their favors. Gentleman in want of

Elegant, Rich & Fashionable Garments,
—AS WELL AS—
Clothing for Common Wear,
are solicited to examine my
New Stock of Cloths, Vestings, Coatings, and Pantaloonery,

the largest ever exhibited in this town, and which has been selected with much care from the latest importations and best domestic manufactures.

These GOODS, many of which are adapted to
FALL AND WINTER WEAR,
are offered to the public at
LOW AND UNIFORM PRICES.

Employing the most skilful workmen for each garment, I guarantee to give those who favor me with their orders, GARMENTS which, for

FIT AND FINISH,

they will at once appreciate, and of such durability as, it is believed, will give perfect satisfaction.

I have also a large assortment of appropriate
FABRICS FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.

A select assortment of GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS constantly on hand.

G. R. GAGE.

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Pilling's Factory," for the purpose of

Grinding Corn, Rye, &c.,

is now prepared to wait upon such in that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days.

Nov. 12, 1859 BENJ. MANSFIELD. tf

THE LATEST NEWS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has made arrangements for a supply of the principal Daily and Weekly Newspapers, and Monthly Magazines, all of which will be furnished at the earliest moment after publication, and at the lowest prices. The following papers constantly on hand, and for sale:

DAILY.	WEEKLY.
Boston Post,	Ballou's Pictorial,
" Herald,	New York Ledger,
" Bee,	Middlesex Journal
" Traveller,	Lowell Vox Populi,
" Ledger,	Gazette,
" Transcript,	and others.

ALSO—Harpers' and Putnam's Magazines, Godey's Lady's Book, &c. Newspapers and Magazines of all kinds will be furnished at short notice

JOSIAH HOVEY,
Winchester, June 7 Lyceum Building

TO LET.

THE subscriber has several PLEASANT ROOMS in his new building on Union street, which he is desirous of letting for some light business. Particulars will be given on application.

Woburn, Dec. 15th, 1860.—tf. L. W. COOPER.

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP,
WILL REMOVE

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without injury

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of

MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN,
148 Hanover Street, Boston.

A. E. THOMPSON,
DEALER IN
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

No. 3 Wade's Block.

Woburn, April, 1854.

H. HARRIMAN,
HARNESS AND COLLAR M

Corner of Ockley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices

Repairing neatly done.

Nov. 20.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the
ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.
Apply at this Office.
Woburn, January 11, 1861.

Magazines for 1861!

All Magazines are supplied at the
WOBURN BOOK STORE

At prices less than publishers' rates, together with the saving of postage.

HARPER for 1861,	$2.40.
GODEY, "	2.40.
PETERSON, "	2.00.
ATLANTIC, "	2.40.
ECLECTIC, "	4.80.

and all other Magazines at proportionate rates.

☞ Persons wishing to commence with the New Year, should subscribe at once.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE

AMERICAN STEAM AND GAS PIPE WORKS.

WILLIAM G. PIKE, manufacturer and dealer in STEAM and GAS PIPE of all sizes; Brass and Iron Fittings, of all kinds; Steam Boilers, Valves, Cocks, Heaters, Coils, Condensers, Gas Lighting Apparatus, and everything connected with Steam and Gas.

No 29 Haverhill street Boston.

Steam Apparatus, for Warming Factories, Hotels, Public Institutions and Private Dwellings.

Feb. 6th—3m.

Cherry Wine Bitters.

DR. WHEELER'S CHERRY WINE BITTERS have gained a repetition for excellence in driving out of the human system such complaints as dyspepsia, nervous debility, scrofulous humors, eruptions of the skin, hysteria, headache, jaundice, languor, vertigo, flatulency.

They combat with other disease, viz. lowness of spirits, diarrhea, dysentery, and readily conquer.

Prepared only by Lewis Wheeler, Druggist, corner Custom House and Broad street, Boston, and for sale everywhere. 14—3m

INTERESTING TO THE PUBLIC!

PERSONS troubled with Contracted Limbs of many years standing, Stiff Joints or Rhumatism, can be effectually cured, by using

DR. HANSONS Stimulating Ointment

which is sold at Wholesale & Retail at the Depot NO. 145 HANOVER STREET, up one flight of stairs.

Boston Price Fifty cents per bottle, and if the patient is not benefited the money will be refunded. Advice gratis. Feb. 7th—3m.

SOMETHING NEW!

I AM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of

LIGHT AND DARK GOODS
—FOR—
SPRING CLOTHING.
G. R. GAGE.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING,
J. F. PICKERING.
Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank.

THIS Bank pays interest on all sums from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Regular dividends five per cent. Extra dividends every fifth year. Interest not withdrawn is added to the principal. Bank hours every Saturday from 2 to 4 o'clock, in City Bank rooms West Lynn, near Lynn Common Depot. Depositors from other towns than Lynn, can deposit every day from 8½ to 12 and from 1 to 2.

B. V. FRENCH, *Treasurer.*
Dec. 8, 1860.—1y.

Business Cards.

BOSTON AND LOWELL
and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.30 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.30 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.30 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.30 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Saturdays at 10 p. m.
Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00, 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m, 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7.55, 9.55, a m 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant B. L. and N. & L. R. R.
May 1st, 1861.

WYMAN'S
AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1858. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,
WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed. Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY,
DEALER IN
Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,
School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL,..............WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chmicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

HORACE COLLAMORE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
Woburn Centre
Jan. 21, 1860. tf

HAT MANUFACTORY
W. A. HASLAM,
PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by leaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

PURE LIQUORS AND WINES FOR PRIVATE USE AND MEDICAL PURPOSES.

WE offer the country trade and consumers, a complete assortment of every variety of LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Importers is not only a sufficient guarantee for the *Purity of our Goods*, but that it enables us to offer advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and reliable article of *Liquors and Wines* for medicinal and other purposes, we have for many years given special attention to filling orders for *Private Use*, and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to send their orders to us direct, as we employ no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons who require *Pure Liquors and Wines*, in large or small quantities, may rest assured that all orders will receive our best personal attention, and that every article sent from our house will be satisfactory in every respect. Communications by mail will receive prompt attention, with full and complete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS,
87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass.
Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1yr

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

A Cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, General Debility, and all Scrofulus Humors.

THIS COMPOUND has been used with the most complete success by our most celebrated Physicians, for the removal and permanent cure of the above diseases. Hundreds for whom there was no hope before the discovery of this simple yet effectual remedy, have been raised to health and happiness by its timely use. The following case of Mr. J. Williams is sufficient to convince all of its Wonderful effects. He says:—

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for several months. I had used the clear Cod Liver Oil most of the time, but had derived but little benefit from it. I had an attack of Bleeding at the Lungs, which alarmed my friends very much, as they now supposed there was no hope for me. About this time I heard of your Compound Cod Liver Oil and Lime. I immediately commenced using it, and began soon to percive its benoeficia effects; in two months my cough had entirely left me, and I am now enjoying perfect health. Truly yours, J. Williams."

N. B. This Compound does not nauseate like the Clear Oil.—Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, No. 166 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL COMPANY.

Kerosene, Illuminating, Lubriacating and Binnacle Oils.

THE above Oils, from the manufactory of this Company, constantly on handand for sale by the Agents,

BUSLEY & KING,
March 14, 1861. 30 INDIA STREET.

The French Burr Millstone Shop

Is removed from the foot of WEBSTER ST., East Boston, to
Nos. 17 and 19 Eastern Avenue,
THIRD DOOR FROM COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

CONSTANTLY on hand a choice selection of all kinds of French and American Esopus Burr Millstones. Stones dressed and repaired in Mills at short notice, and by most competent workmen. N. CRILLY.

T. RICKARD, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Residence on BENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant Street, on the right.

Woburn, Dec. 4. tf

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.
From S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE
Office 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Rev. N. Day, *President.* Rev. P. Mason, *Vice do* Charles R. Greene, *Treasurer.*

PHYSICIANS:
R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D
MARY HARWOOD, FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

THIS Institution was established to secure greater perfection in the science of Medicine, and a more successful practice in the treatment of the various diseases upon natural or rational principles, discarding the use of poisonous drugs, and using such remedies, and such only, as act in harmony with the laws of life. Invalids, therefore, who wish to employ sensible means in a sensible way, for the recovery of health, will find advantages at this Institution not to be found elsewhere.

The Electro-Chemical Baths, together with Dr. Greene's improved Medication, have been adopted in this Institution, and have greatly aided in the removal of many diseases.

Most Diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Complaint, Female Complaints, and the great variety of diseases with which the human body is afflicted, are successfully treated with medicines which can be sent to any part of the world, with full directions, as a very correct knowledge can be obtained from answers to the questions in the "Indian Arcana," a copy of which will be sent free when requested. Persons wishing to learn more fully the theory and practice of this Institution, will be supplied with a pamphlet by mail, free, on the receipt of four postage stamps.

All persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should avail themselves of the personal attention of the physicians at the Institute, where proper boarding-houses are provided.

Consultations at the office, free of charge, from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M., or by letter on the receipt of a postage stamp.

All communications should be directed to DR. GREENE, 36 *Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.*

HORSE SHOES.

BURDEN'S NEW PATENT MACHINE HORSE SHOES, punched, creased, and ready for fitting, warranted to fit up as easily and wear as long as the best hand-made Swedes Iron Shoe, and sold at the price of good shoe iron. Weight from ten ounces to three pounds, packed in kegs of one hundred pounds, one size or an assortment, as preferred, in each keg. Samples may be seen at the store of LEEDS & TOBEY, 23 BROAD ST., BOSTON. Agents for the sale of Burden's Railroad, Ship and Boat Spikes, Boiler Rivets, Horse Shoes, and Merchant Iron.

The Place to Purchase Everything in the Sewing Machine Department.

C. PATCH & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Sewing Machine Shuttles, Bobbins, Needles, Hemmers, Screw-drivers, Oilers and Oil, Silk, Cotton and Linen Thread, and every variety of Sewing Machine Trimmings, at the *lowest prices*. Also, every variety of First Class Sewing Machines at the Manufacturer's LOWEST CASH PRICES. Persons wishing to purchase Sewing Machines will do well to call at

191 Washington street, - - Boston.

ATTRACTIVE MUSIC BOOKS.

HOME CIRCLE,—Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Marches, &c., for Piano, $1.50. *Shower of Pearls*, Vocal Duets, $2.00. *Operatic Bouquet*, Duets, Quartetts, Choruses, &c., from the best Operas, $2.00. *Home Melodist*, Words and Music of about 100 Favorite Songs, 25 cts. *Shilling Song Book*, Words of 175 Popular Songs, 12 cts. 100 Scotch Songs, 100 Irish Songs, 100 Comic Songs, each 50 cts.

Sent post paid, on receipt of price. Pianos and Melodeons for sale and to let at very low prices, by DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

PURE PICKLES,

DELICIOUS SAUCES,
FINE MUSTARD, and
GENUINE KETCHUPS,
FROM CROSSE & BLACKWELL,
LONDON.

CHOW-CHOW, Piccalilli, Mixed and other Pickles; Sultana's, Harvey, John Bull, Anchovey, &c., Sauces; Durham Mustard, India Soy, Curry, Walnut, and Mushroom Ketchups, Chutney, &c., are adapted to hot and cold

Meats, Fish, Soups, Gravies. &c.

They should be furnished for every table, and supplied to every cook.

C. & B.'s goods have gained great renown for their purity and quality, not only in England but in other countries. They are sold nearly as low as inferior goods, and purchasers wishing their preparations, should see that the name of Crosse & Blackwell, London, is oneach Bottle or parcel purchased.

Importers and Agents, BRAY & HAYES, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

ROMAN CEMENT,

Imported by
Bray & Hayes, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

Roman and Portland Cement, for brick or stone work, hydraulics, gas and water pipe joints, &c.,

$1200 A YEAR AND EXPENSES GUARANTEED AGENTS FOR

FULLAM'S
$10 Patent Stencil Tools.

THE WHOLE OUTFIT IN A NEAT TRUNK FOR $10.

TWO hours' practice enables any one to use those tools with facility. The outfit contains Chisels and Gouges for LARGE WORK, and stock enough to retail for $150. Circulars and samples sent free.

Address A. J. FULLAM, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston; 212 Broadway, New York; or Springfield, Vt.

JULIAN A. FOGG,

MANUFACTURER of every description of Polished ENGRAVED METAL SIGNS, for Store Windows, Office Doors, Door Posts, &c. Silver Door Plates neatly engraved to order. No. 221 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. Machine, Carriage, and Coffin Plates, furnished and engraved to order. Silver Letters and Numbers, Pew Figures, &c., &c. Orders sent from a distance will receive prompt attention. Diploma awarded at the late Mechanics' Fair, for Engraved Metal Signs.

Rubber Coats,	-	$1.50	to	$8.00
Rub'r Horse Covers,		2.50	"	5.00
Rubber Foot Balls,		.60	"	1.60

All Goods at the Manufacturers' Lowest Prices.
ALFRED HALE & CO.,
India-Rubber Manuf'rs, 23 School Street, BOSTON.

ANDREW J. MORSE,
MANUFACTURER OF
Soda and Mineral Water Apparatus,
49 Congress Street, Boston.

Catalogues containing prices and description of the various articles will be sent upon application.

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL FOR $30.
CALLING AT CORK.

THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steamships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin, $75. Third Class, $30. Third Class, *from Liverpool*, $40. Third Class, *from Cork to New York*, $30. Third Class, *from Cork to Boston*, $32.50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents 99 State Street and Constitution Wharf, Boston, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

REMITTANCES:—Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britian or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN.

CRANE'S PATENT RUBBER BAND Carpet Sweeper.

THIS is the only article fit to sweep a Carpet. They save all the labor and dust, and the Carpets will last twice as long. They are one of the most important articles in house-keeping, which no one will be without after once using it. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

PRICE $2.50.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE
RUBBER BAND CARPET SWEEPER CO.
No. 55 Cornhill, Boston.
O. H. WEED & CO., Agents.

P. S. We solicit orders from all Traders and Pedlers, to whom we will forward a sample, or any quantity of the above Sweepers, at the lowest wholesale price, viz:—$21 per dozen.

O. H. WEED & CO.

Winter Style!
—OF—
HATS AND CAPS
For 1860,
Now manufacturing at
W. A. HASLAM'S,
COR. OF MAIN & WALNUT STS., WOBURN.

☞ Silk Hats Warranted Waterproof

HATS and CAPS, made to order at short notice Old Hats renovated and made to look as good as new.

IT CAN BE DONE.

OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.

March 13th, 1861.—3m

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS
From S. M. Pettengill & Co., Boston.

F. R. ROBINSON'S
INDEXIBLE SOAP.
TWO SILVER MEDALS AWARDED.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Brittanna, and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c., warranted to contain nothing that *can possibly* injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use.

Many of our largest dealers in Silver Ware have given it their unqualified approval. ☞ See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other Soap for cleaning fine House Paint, the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the paint, which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as when new.

PUMICE SOAP instantly removes Ink, Pitch, Varnish, Acid, and other stains from the hands, leaving them soft and white. It is equal to the best French poncine and is sold for less than half the price.

HONEY SOAP, PURE.—Competent and disinterested judges pronounce this Soap equal to the best imported and far superior to most that claims the name, Honey. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin, and fragrant as a flower garden.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest metals, and agreeable to the taste. Physicians and other scientific men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth and Gums of all are infested with Animal Parasites. Careful and repeated experiments have proved that Soap is the only agent that will destroy them without injury to the organs

It effectually rids the mouth of the fœtid matter and tartar which renders the breath so impure and disagreeable—it gives tone and strength to the gums, and a clear, pearly whiteness to the teeth, preventing their premature decay.

Manufactured only by the BOSTON INDEXICAL SOAP COMPANY.

GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents,
78 Sudbury st., Boston.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

☞ THE GREAT CURATIVE.
PERUVIAN
SYRUP
TRY IT.

Principal Office, 39 Summer Street.
JEWETT & COMPANY.
For Sale by all Druggists.

DENNISON'S MERCHANDISE TAGS. 163 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON. SHIPPING & TREE LABELS.

TAGS FOR Cloths, Clothing, Dry Goods, Carpetings Hardware, Fancy G'ds Jewelry, Furs, Upholstery, Furniture, GasFixtur's

A VOICE FROM THE WEST:
COPIED FROM THE CLEVELAND PLAINDEALER.

UNIVERSAL! UNIVERSAL!
IS THE DEMAND FOR
Dr. S. O. Richardson's
SHERRY WINE BITTERS,

The celebrated New England Remedy for HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE FEVER and AGUE, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all DISEASES arising from a DISORDERED STOMACH, LIVER, OR BOWELS.

THEY are used and recommended by leading Physicians of the country, and all who try them pronounce them invaluable.

Dr. JAMES L. LEEPERE writes from Navarre, Stark County, Ohio: "The Bitters are praised by those suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint."

E. S. DAVIS, Postmaster at Williamsport, Ohio, says: "They give great satisfaction. I used them myself, having taken cold, become prostrate and lost my appetite. It relieved me and I can recommend it with great assurance of its merits."

Dr. WM. M. KERR of Rogersville, Indiana, writes us that they are the most valuable medicine offered. He has recommended them with great success, and with them made several cures of palpitation of the heart and general debility.

THOMAS STANFORD, Esq, Blountville, Henry Co., Indiana, writes us a long letter under date of May 4, 1860. He was much reduced, having been afflicted for three years with great nervous debility, palpitation of the heart of the most severe and prostrating character, "after using a few bottles I was completely restored, and am now in robust health."

GEORGE W. HOFFMAN says he was afflicted with rheumatism for 20 years in all its various forms, and at the date of his letter he had been two years; the bitters effecting the cure, when several physicians attending him could do him no good.

He says, "for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney affection or dropsey, it is a specific and certain remedy."

J. W. HUNT writes from Delphos, Allen County, Ohio, (a section where Fever and Ague prevails,) that he most cheerfully recommends them of decided merit in all cases of Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia and General Debility.

D. K. GALLESHERS, M. D. writes from Van Wert, Ohio. "I most respectfully recommend the Sherry Wine Bitters to the notice of dyspeptic persons, and all who require a stimulating medicine."

Such News we are receiving Daily.

FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE.

Sold by dealers in medicine generally.

THE FREEMASONS' MONITOR,
BY THOMAS SMITH WEBB.

A new and beautifully illustrated pocket edition, containing, in addition to the Manual of Webb, (carefully collated with the original,) a Manual for the Degrees of Royal and Select Master, full Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, and Installation, in Council and Encampment, a historical sketch of the Lectures of Masonry, a correct Likeness of Webb, (with a fac-simile autograph,) and a complete Burial Service for the Orders of Knighthood, by George W. Chase Editor of the Masonic Journal. This is the only *complete* Masonic Monitor ever published, as it is the only one containing complete Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, Installation, in Lodge, Chapter, Council and Encampment, or the above named Burial Service. The MONITOR contains 352 pages, is splendidly illustrated, bound in best Morocco, tucks, gilt, and is sold at $. per copy. The same bound in Muslin, 75 cts. per copy.

Also, the THREE FIRST DEGREES of the same work, in muslin, price 37 cents, at retail. (postpaid to any part of the United States.) A liberal discount made to the trade.

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A. W. POLLARD,
Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in
MILITARY, REGALIA, AND THEATRICAL GOODS.
No. 6 Court St., Boston.

NATURAL HISTORY STORE,
16 Tremont Street, Boston.
CHARLES G. BREWSTER,

DEALER in Preserved Birds, Animals and Skins. Live Birds, fine singing Canaries, Cages, Marine Shells Minerals, Insects, brilliant Feathers, Moss and Feather Work, Artificial Eyes and Leaves. Also, Aquaria Tanks, Goldfish, Glass Shades, Bird Seed of all kinds, Nests, Sand, &c.

Birds and Animals preserved to order. When sent from other places they will be safely packed.

Trusses, Supporters, and Shoulder Braces.

DR. J. W. PHELPS, celebrated throughout New England and the West, as the inventor of various kinds of apparatus for the cure and correction of all kinds of deformities, keeps constantly on hand at his establishment, *No. 68 Tremont Street Boston*, a full assortment, such as Patent Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Knee Caps, Elastic Stockings, &c., &c.

Dr. Phelps' Apparatus are used and recommended by the faculty at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

J. A. BRUCE,
NO. 106 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Dealer in
Horses, Carriages, Piano-Fortes, Iron Safes, Cigars, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

And various other kinds of Merchandise. Also, *Real Estate* bought and sold. Money loaned on Personal Property. Always ready to buy, sell, or exchange property.

FAIRBANKS & BREED,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Ale, Porter, Cider, Mineral water,
Congress Spring Water, Draught Ale, Porter, and Lager Beer.
Howard Athenæum Building,
HOWARD ST., BOSTON.

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.
From S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

COLDS! COUGHS!!
BROWN'S BRONCHICAL TROCHES CURE
Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, clear and give strength to the voice of
PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

FEW are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "slight cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are the most valuable article, especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarsness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at 25 cents a box.

PAGE, RICHARDSON & CO.'S
LINE OF
BSTON AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.
Sailing from Liverpool every 10 days.

PASSAGE CERTIFICATES to and from England, Ireland and Scotland, and Bills of Exchange payable at any Bank in Great Britian to be had at either of our offices in Boston, or sent on application by letter or otherwise.

PAGE, RICHARDSON & CO.,
114 State Street,
412 Commercial Street,
10 Broad Street,

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Dear Sir:—The "Eureka Sewing Machine" which I purchased of you last October works to a charm, and has given, thus far, *perfect satisfaction*. We find it a matter of great convenience that it makes a stitch alike on both sides. We cheerfully recommend the "Eureka" to any who desire to get the best Family Machine.

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HOPKINTON, Jan. 8, 1861.

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AN IMPROMPTU, BY A VIRGINIAN LADY STILL IN THE UNION.

Loud be the note of triumph rung,
Forgot the battles Homer sung;
Let all men under heaven see
What Southern chivalry hath done:
The day that saw Fort Sumter won,
Seven thousand conquered seventy!

Let heroes, from Thermopylæ
To Waterloo, forgotten be;
Our faith in them is shaking.
Their deeds were rather grand, I know;
But not, though we have praised them so,
At all like Sumter's taking.

Thank God! if 'twas a bloodless fight,
Even brother foes in this unite
May only such our heaven see!
But none can take from Southern men
The fame of that great battle, when
Seven thousand counquered seventy!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Concluded from First page.

And who can doubt that the success of these principles will conduce to the benefit of our country while the triumph of opposite principles can only result in its injury. Permit me to draw, for a moment, a contrast between the two systems of Slavery and Freedom, from what we already know of them, and then infer the results.

When we look at one portion of our land, the free States, we find that, from the beginning, it has been rapidly progressing in science, literature and the arts, in everything in fine, that can contribute to the social advancement of men, while the oppressed from other lands have sought it as their home, a paradise compared with the countries which they left, and it has stood the envy and amazement of communities in the old world, the intellectual advancement of which has been the slow and often retarded growth of centuries. While another portion of our land, the Slave States, has made comparatively but slow progress in enlightened civilization—and consequently is not sought after by people of other lands—and the improvement which it has made has not sprung up within itself, but has been derived from the Northern States and from other countries which have furnished them with the means of intellectual culture, and have beautified their homes with their products of science and art. But even this borrowed culture can be enjoyed only by a few, while the great body of the people—to say nothing of the black race—are degraded almost to the lowest ignorance, of the most inflammable material, and therefore the ready and dangerous instruments of the more intelligent and cultivated. All who cannot rise to the dignity—God save the mark—of slave ownership are looked upon with contempt by their aristocratic neighbors, and the amount of respectability and influence among them is derived from the number of human beings they can drive to the slave market or they can work in the fields. As great as has been our general national prosperity, this system of evils has greatly crippled our growth, dwarfed and misdirected our people, sullied our otherwise fair fame, making us the scorn and reproach of the civilized world.

Moreover, the slave power, occupying and controlling as it has the offices and high places of our land, has had abundant opportunity to show the moral animus which directs it. And what has been the result? The growth of moral and political corruption has kept pace with every year of its power, its poison has insinuated itself into the veins of our social and political system, until now, no longer able to govern the nation, it has at last thrown aside entirely the mask, and reached the climax of its depravity by the wholesale robbery of public authority and treasure, and the repudiation of important private obligations.

That the destruction of such a system will be a benefit to our nation and the world cannot admit of a doubt; and we need not be at all surprised, with the passing away of a power so corrupt and tyrannical, to behold no less commotions than those which we now see and are about to witness. Its struggles for existence will be desperate, its very life seems involved in the contest, but who can fear the ultimate issue. It may be permitted to gain a temporary ascendancy, to humble the pride of the North if it forgets God and trusts too much in the mere number of men it can command, and the means it can employ, or to punish the indifference with which as a people, we have so long regarded this wicked system.

In the midst, then, of the enthusiasm of the country to maintain the government, and the abundant offers of men and money, may we not become self-confident, and neglect the source from whence our help cometh. Let us remember that the Ruler of the universe, who has in his sovereignty brought upon us these troubles, can alone control the conflicting, so as to bring about an issue favorable to the right.

Imitating the example of Nehemiah and the people with him, when they were engaged in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, let us "call upon God," and then put ourselves in readiness to meet the assault. Let each man stand at his post with a weapon, so to speak, in his hand, and a sword girt upon his thigh, and be ready to obey the summons of the trumpeter when he shall call. And let us fervently pray that the Nehemiah of our choice, who has been deputed to stand at the head of our hosts, may not give an ear to the insidious propositions of the Sanballats and Tobiahs of the Border States, whose only object is to flatter and delay, that they may destroy.

My hearers, the awful crisis is upon us, and it becomes each to stand ready to hear his country's call. Let none be so selfish as to regard only his own personal safety—reckless of the welfare of unborn millions, and submit to an enemy who already has seized on the flag of our liberties, and is now investing with his forces the place sacred to the name of the Father of our country, and hopes to occupy or to burn down those halls of freedom in which has sounded the patriot voices of a Jefferson, a Jackson, a Clay and a Webster. Their noble forms now lie in the dust, and their eloquent tongues are no longer heard in the councils of the nation, but they still speak, and their spirit still lives in the bosoms of their true descendants. It is not dead. The striking down of the stars and stripes from the ramparts of Sumter intensified the feeling of patriotism that swelled the breasts of thousands, and called forth a like emotion that had been slumbering in the hearts of thousands of others, so that now, through the length and breadth of the North, one feeling pervades the bosoms of men, not a thirst for blood, but a determination, under God, to uphold the sacred cause of right, a sentiment which forms the rallying cry of marshalling hosts of freemen, of all parties and of all names, and which cannot but meet the approval of Jehovah, "God and Liberty," the "Sword of the Lord and of Gideon," "The Union and the Constitution one and indissoluble, now and forever."

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Nov1, 1858. ytf

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☞ New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale. GEORGE ALLEN.
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March 7, 1861,—1y.

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A sure cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia in its worst form. The undersigned hereby certify that they have used "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" for the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and have in every case found immediate and permanent relief. We have full confidence in its healing qualities, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with these harrassing diseases, as one of the safest and best medicines ever offered to the public.
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The best medicine for the disease I ever saw, CHAS. A. SMITH, No 1 Old State House Boston.
Have been afflicted with Rheumatism in its worst form and was entirely cured by the use of one bottle.—A. W. BRYER, Matthews Building, Commercial st, Boston.
Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has entirely relieved me from sufferings of several years' standing. W. E. HODGKINS, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.
After suffering with Rheumatism for twenty years I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles of Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound. NORMAN T. AYERS, 75 Franklin street, Boston.
The Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has been taken by hundreds of people for Scrofulous Humors with great benefit. It may be given to children with perfect safety.
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PILLS OF IRON.

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The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexions indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case.
Innoxious in all maladies in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:
In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Incipient Consumption, Scrofulous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Mismenstruation, White Chlorosis, Liver Complaints, Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fevers, Pimples on the Face &c.
In cases of *General Debility*, whether the result of acute diseases or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render creditable. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.
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No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effects. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.
Put up in neat flat metal boxes containing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; for sale by druggists and dealers. Will be sent free to any address on receipt of the price. All letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to
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LIVER PILLS,
FOR THE CURE OF
Hepatitis or Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increase on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

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DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them A FAIR TRIAL.

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LAWSON'S
NEURALGIC AND RHEUMATIC
Curative and Nerve Tonic:
For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.

THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

WILMINGTON DEPOT, May 16th, 1859.
PETER LAWSON—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station-agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,
L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.

PETER LAWSON, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.
I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,
T. FOSTER FARMER.
Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.
PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative* and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly, J. B. EATON.
Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

DRACUT, Nov. 19, 1860.
HON. PETER LAWSON:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you, that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it very often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me, and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it, and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, that I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,
WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

PETER LAWSON, Lowell, Mass, proprietor.
M. S. BURR & CO., No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston General Agents for the United States.
The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W. CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD; in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY. 21—1y.

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LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS.

THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the Globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.
The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES

are well known to be infallible.
DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.
COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.
FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.
The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.
DROPSIES of all kinds, by freezing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of Gravel.
Also *WORMS*, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.
SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.
SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.
The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.
PILES.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone
FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.
BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS,—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds, Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.
MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.
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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

And for the speedy cure of the subjoined varieties of Disease:
Scrofula and Scrofulous Affections, such as Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Blains, and all Skin Diseases.

OAKLAND, Ind., 6th June, 1859.
J. C. AYER & Co. Gents: I feel it my duty to acknowledge what your Sarsaparilla has done for me. Having inherited a Scrofulous infection, I have suffered from it in various ways for years. Sometimes it burst out in Ulcers on my hands and arms; sometimes it turned inward and distressed me at the stomach. Two years ago it broke out on my head and covered my scalp and ears with one sore, which was painful and loathsome beyond description. I tried many medicines and several physicians, but without much relief from any thing. In fact, the disorder grew worse. At length I was rejoiced to read in the Gospel Messenger that you had prepared an alterative (Sarsaparilla), for I knew from your reputation that any thing you made must be good. I sent to Cincinnati and got it, and used it till it cured me. I took it, as you advise, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a month, and used almost three bottles. New and healthy skin soon began to form under the scab, which after a while fell off. My skin is now clear, and I know by my feelings that the disease has gone from my system. You can well believe that I feel what I am saying when I tell you, that I hold you to be one of the apostles of the age, and remain ever gratefully. Yours,
ALFRED B. TALLEY.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.

Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Eruptions* by it constantly.

Bronchocele, Goitre or Swelled Neck.

Zebulon Sloan of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bottles of your Sarsaparilla cured me from a *Goitre*—a hideous swelling on the neck, which I had suffered from over two years."

Leucorrhœa or Whites, Ovarian Tumor, Uterine Ulceration, Female Diseases.

Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York City, writes; "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alterative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in *Female Diseases* of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhœa by it, and some where the complaint was caused by *ulceration of the uterus*. The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for these female derangements."
Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dangerous *ovarian tumor* on one of the females in my family, which had defied all the remedies we could employ, has at length been completely cured by your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Our physician thought nothing but extirpation could afford relief, but he advised the trial of your Sarsaparilla as the last resort before cutting, and it proved effectual. After taking your remedy eight weeks no symptom of the disease remains."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

NEW ORLEANS, 25th August, 1859.
DR. J. C. AYER: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the request of your agent, and report to you some of the effects I have realized with your Sarsaparilla.
I have cured with it, in my practice, most of the complaints for which it is recommended, and have found its effects truly wonderful in the cure of *Venereal and Mercurial Disease*. One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers in his throat, which were consuming his palate and the top of his mouth. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken, cured him in five weeks. Another was attacked by secondary symptoms in his nose, and the ulceration had eaten away a considerable part of it, so that I believe the disorder would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it yielded to my administration of your Sarsaparilla: the ulcers healed, and he is well again, not of course without some disfiguration to his face. A woman who had been treated for the same disorder by mercury was suffering from this poison in her bones. They had become so sensitive to the weather that on a damp day she suffered excruciating pain in her joints and bones. She, too, was cured entirely by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I know from its formula, which your agent gave me, that this Preparation from your laboratory must be a great remedy; consequently, these truly remarkable results with it have not surprised me.
Fraternally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint.

INDEPENDENCE, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859.
DR. J. C. AYER: Sir, I have been afflicted with a painful chronic *Rheumatism* for a long time, which baffled the skill of physicians, and stuck to me in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One bottle cured me in two weeks, and restored my general health so much that I am far better than before I was attacked. I think it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.
Jules Y. Getchell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been afflicted for years with an *affection of the Liver*, which destroyed my health. I tried every thing, and every thing failed to relieve me; and I have been a broken-down man for some years from no other cause than *derangement of the Liver*. My beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Espy, advised me to try your Sarsaparilla, because he said he knew you, and any thing you made was worth trying. By the blessing of God it has cured me, and has so purified my blood as to make a new man of me. I feel young again. The best that can be said of you is not half good enough."

Schirrus, Cancer Tumors, Enlargement, Ulceration, Caries and Exfoliation of the Bones.

A great variety of cases have been reported to us where cures of these formidable complaints have resulted from the use of this remedy, but our space here will not admit them. Some of them may be found in our American Almanac, which the agents below named are pleased to furnish gratis to all who call for them.

Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Melancholy, Neuralgia

Many remarkable cures of these affections have been made by the alterative power of this medicine. It stimulates the vital functions into vigorous action, and thus overcomes disorders which would be supposed beyond its reach. Such a remedy has long been required by the necessities of the people, and we are confident that this will do for them all that medicine can do.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the Relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced Stages of the Disease.

This is a remedy so universally known to surpass any other for the cure of throat and lung complaints, that it is useless here to publish the evidence of its virtues. Its unrivalled excellence for coughs and colds, and its truly wonderful cures of pulmonary disease, have made it known throughout the civilized nations of the earth. Few are the communities, or even families, among them who have not some personal experience of its effects—some living trophy in their midst of its victory over the subtle and dangerous disorders of the throat and lungs. As all know the dreadful fatality of these disorders, and as they know, too, the effects of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them that it has now all the virtues that it did have when making the cures which have won so strongly upon the confidence of mankind.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass
Sold by Druggists and Medicine dealers.

HEAR WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

The undersigned having used Professor HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES in our families with the most satisfactory results, and having full confidence in their genuineness, purity, and efficacy, cheerfully recommend them to all persons who wish to have safe, reliable, and efficacious remedies at hand for private or domestic use.
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No. 8.—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache, and Neuralgia.
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No. 15.—RHEUMATIC PILLS.—For Pain, Lameness, or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins, or Limbs.
A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Old Mismanaged Agues.
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O.—For Sore, Weak, or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.
C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.
In all acute diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas, the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened, and rendered less dangerous.
Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.
In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Piles, Female Debility, and Irregularities, old Headaches, Sore or Weak Eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles or Catarrh, Headache or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

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VOL. X : : No. 33. WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Massachusetts Regiments.

BY ALMIRA SEYMOUR.

They were reared on the soil whence the Adamses sprung,
That to Hancock and Warren gave birth;
Descendants of Sires whose proud names have been sung
In the noblest hosannas of earth.
They were trained in our shops, they were trained in our schools,
They've been taught on our free waves to sail;
They have learned of *Progression* the practice and rules,
But they know not the meaning of FAIL.

They marched 'neath that banner whose glorious light
Has been the world's Hope-star in heaven;
They march in defence of the True and the Right,
And God's power to each strong arm is given.
That Flag will still wave o'er the Land of the Free,
'Though Treason by millions assail;
The sons of the Bay State have sworn it shall be,
And they know not the meaning of FAIL.

Go, join them, brave brothers! still rallying go!
Wives and sisters are calling the rolls—
On their cheeks fall sad tears, but they're quenched in the glow
That rays out from their Patriot souls.
They were reared in the Bay State, they're tender and true,
But at Duty's stern glance never quail;
The Future is calling to them and to you—
And no word of the answer is FAIL.

—*Transcript*

Select Literature.

WINIFRED NOWEL.

A Story of the Puritans.

CONTINUED.

Winifred, always subdued by an allusion to her father, was so now; her lips trembled, and, after a vain effort to suppress the tears, she said, "you have done nothing wrong—it is I who am wrong;" and she went on to say that her nature was strange and ungovernable—that she did not understand it herself, and had no right to expect more of him.

At last she fell to sobbing, talked of her father's grave, wished that her own were beside it, and that her dear, good friend, for so she called Benjamin, might find some one worthier of his love than she. Duty was tiresome, she said, and pleasure harder than duty; as for the future, she had no heart to think of it, and, in short, she was unequal to the struggle of life.

Under this melancholy appeal, Benjamin broke down completely; he had no word of comfort to offer no settled plan or purpose on which to rest himself; and with the weak confession that he had no object nor aim in life except to be married to Winifred, and lose all separate existence in hers, he sunk into hopeless and pitiable dejection.

He looked at her appealingly, as he ceased speaking, but she made no reply; and, driven to despair, he said, speaking through the cat, "Pussy, go and ask her if she won't name the day."

"You refer to our marriage, I suppose," replied Winifred, rising and crossing the floor impatiently.

He nodded assent.

And she went on: "Of course, it cannot take place within the year."

Benjamin poked in the ashes with the tongs, but neither by look or sign expressed impatience or disappointment.

Winifred turned her eyes upon him almost angrily; she had probably expected some expression of regret; and, after the slightest pause, she continued: "It would, perhaps, be more decent to defer so festive an occasion still longer." The lover remained silent; and she added, speaking coldly and sharply, "It cannot be deferred too long to suit my own inclinations."

Thus goaded into speech, Benjamin replied, in a highly poetic strain, "Thou art the chosen Rachel of my heart, and knowest I would fain serve for thee seven years, yea, twice seven, in patience and humility, if thou wilt not sooner give thyself unto me."

"*Give* myself to you, indeed!" cried Winifred, haughtily, looking as if from a great height upon the humble wooer.

"Why lookest thou displeased? have I not told thee thy will is my will?" whimpered Benjamin, in supplicating tones.

Such weak submission is generally little pleasing to women. Winifred was not unlike the rest. A little impatient contradiction—a little authoritative importunity—would have been much more likely to win her regard. And, without any softening of manner, she pointed sliently to the clock, which was on the stroke of ten, and feeling that for the present, at least, his fate was sealed, Benjamin took a formal and reluctant leave of his incomprehensible and somewhat capricious mistress.

She turned, the key in the door when he was gone, as if the more effectually to divide herself from him, and covering her face with her hands, remained motionless till the candle flickered in the gray light of the morning; and when nature was thus wearied out, she found herself sufficiently resigned to pray for resignation. Her devotions concluded, she keyed up her trembling nerves, and went quietly, if not peacefully, about her household cares.

Toward night, she complained of an uneasy feeling in her head, and when Benjamin came to pay his accustomed visit in the evening, she had gone to bed, so that he was obliged to solace himself as he best might with the dull homilies of Aunt Dorcas.

The following night his visit terminated with no more satisfactory result. And thus the days and nights passed till a week had gone, during which no personal interview with Winifred was had. His messages to her meantime, were received with the utmost indifference.

"It is the way with young women," said Aunt Dorcas, "they are always standing in their own light, and fretting about the shadow;" and she advised her slighted favorite to leave his capricious mistress to her own meditations for a while, as the surest means of bringing her to herself.

Reluctantly, and perforce, Benjamin acquiesced in this advice; and having absented himself for a day or two, he found it no such hard matter, after all; new sources of enjoyment and interest, much better adapted to him, were opened, and finally the thought suggested itself that Winifred was not the only young woman in the plantation. It was, however, rather to pique her, than in obedience to his own inclinations, that he made overtures toward a larger female acquaintance.

Aunt Dorcas was not greatly mistaken in her predictions. When nothing had been seen or heard of Benjamin for a week, Winifred began to grow curious, and at the end of a fortnight her curiosity had deepened into something like interest. This mysterious conduct was elucidated in some sort to her mind when, one day, as she sat at the window, she saw him pass by in company with a fair-faced young woman, in whose conversation he seemed too much absorbed to even think of her, for he did not once so much as look toward her.

"Ah, ha!" thought she, "I will see if he is going to desert me in this way! Who is he that he should thus presume, as if I, who am in every way his superior, was to be cast off and taken back at pleasure?"

No woman likes to find herself deserted, and however inferior her lover, or however lightly prized while faithful, there is not one in a thousand who will not recall him, if faithless, simply for the pleasure of tossing him off. And it was not so much tenderness that was aroused in the nature of Winifred, as a feeling of jealousy—a love of power, and a determination, at all hazards, to subdue the recreant.

Is it, therefore, strange if she found means to bring him to her feet? or if she received him with those tender reproaches and soft severities which, while they betoken bonds, make them delightful?

It is proverbial that lovers' quarrels generally resolve themselves into deeper attachment, and in this instance it is certain that the current ran more smoothly for a while. Aunt Dorcas was transported into a state of almost complete felicity and so far descended from her accustomed dignity as upon one occasion to abbreviate the name of her favorite into Ben!

But this artificial state of amity could not long continue, as Winifred must herself have felt, if at any time she looked into her heart and soul. The ox may not mate itself with the wild deer, nor the ass with the eagle; nor can the human race disregard those affinities which underlie every true marriage that ever was under the sun.

Aunt Dorcas was constantly on the alert, and when Winifred began to show symptoms of uneasiness, alarmed and overpowered her by the assertion that the man was the head of the woman—that Benjamin was her chosen and rightful head, and every feeling that rebelled against him, was at war with Providence. Woman's highest duty was submission, she said, and that every aspiration for happiness, outside of that, was but an additional indication of her depravity.

Thus goaded, Winifred crushed and wrestled down the heart within her, and transiently stifled, but never wholly conquered it, for originally it was sound to the core, and vitalized with a warm bright, and generous current, and it requires long and painful processes to exhaust and blacken and dry up the blood that has been thus righteously set beating. But that it can be done, and that character once strongly and thriftily individual may be stunted, deformed, and absolutely rendered null and void, might be proven by ten thousand instances; but the reader is simply referred to his own observation.

Again the instincts of nature were thwarted, and with a sinful perversion of strength and bravery, Winifred strove to mortify and humiliate what she was taught to regard as fleshy wickedness, and humbly, as became a Christian woman, to make herself the life-long yoke-fellow of one with whom she had not one pulse-beat in common.

But in the very success of her surrender of individual rights and preferences, something she could not master arose and protested against her, so that she must perforce despise herself as well as him.

In vain she remembered his moral worth and religious zeal; in vain she reflected on the praises that everywhere followed his name, for, after all, she clasped only a shadow from which it was a relief to turn to the contemplation of the decrees—death, and the terrors of the judgment. Unequal to the pressure of such terrible contemplations, nature began to lay down her opposing forces—sleep came lightly, and at long intervals, her cheeks grew thin and pale, and her eyes became sunken with the pathos of a hopeless melancholy—her lips refused to know their old color—her step grew heavy, and her whole manner listless, and detached, as it were, from all mortal interests. Only when Benjamin, with vulgar pertinacity obtruded himself upon her retirement, did the spirit of her old self make any sign. But, notwithstanding the evident augmentation of discomfort which his presence occasioned, he encroached more and more as disease enfeebled her; and as she became nearly defenceless, grew boldly authoritative, and demanded the fulfillment of her father's dying wish, and of her sacred promise to him.

At first, by such arts as are given women for defensive armor, she evaded his importunity; but as he again and again renewed the assault, driving her into that corner, out of which there was no escape, betwixt the will of her dead father and her own promise, his presence became a dread, almost a terror, to her; and yet the dread and terror were incomprehensible; for she did not clearly understand that not even the surface of the intense affection of which she was capable, had been ruffled. She did not know, once for all, though she had received vague intimations of the fact, that the strong need of her woman's heart had, from the very necessity of its nature, set up this poor image which she was constantly tempted to break.

One day she said to Aunt Dorcas, that she wished never again to be alone with Benjamin.

Aunt Dorcas tried to make her believe that it was merely the whim of a sick brain, and replied to that effect.

"It is not because my brain is sick," answered Winifred. "I wish it were—he imparts a deadness to the very atmosphere—I feel myself suffocating where he is!"

"Poor child—she is raving," soliloquized Aunt Dorcas; but she was evidently far from giving credence to her own words: for she proceeded to administer a sharp rebuke by no means calculated to soothe a distempered fancy.

What did Winifred expect of men, she would like to know—she had one of the very best of them—one who restricted and controlled her very little in view of his rights?

"What right?" cried Winifred, her pale cheek burning with indignant red.

"The right which your promise to become his wife gave him," replied Aunt Dorcas, promptly.

"And is common civility cancelled by such a promise?"

"Special deference to you, on his part, is certainly."

"Humph!" said Winifred with a disdainful toss of her head.

"Of course the husband's will is, or should be, that of the wife," continued Aunt Dorcas; "and your individual existence ceases the moment you become the wife of Benjamin."

"Then I will never become his wife," answered Winifred.

"Not so fast, silly wench!" exclaimed Aunt Dorcas. "Do you not vow to love, honor, and obey? and do you not expect those obligations to be enforced? and did you not pledge yourself to your dying father—"

"Say no more, I entreat," interposed Winifred, her head sinking on her bosom, and all her spirit failing within her.

One night, not long after this conversation, Benjamin made so earnest an appeal to be admitted to Winifred's presence, from which he had been much excluded of late, that she consented to receive him, but with a reluctance that destroyed all the grace of concession.

Unfortunately for his hopes, he was unusually fond and demonstrative, whereas, if he had had the tact to meet her formality with dignified reserve, he might have obtained some little vantage ground. The gulf between them had never been so wide, nor Winifred so little in favor of bridging it over. Benjamin was much given (and in this respect I believe he was not very unlike other lovers) to rhetorical rhapsodies, in which every impossible and undesirable offering was laid at the feet of his mistress. Upon this occasion he went so far as to say he would place a crown on her brows, if it were only in his power—he would journey to the world's end in the accomplishment of any wish of hers—he would even die for her. Much more largely then need be recorded, he indulged in these protestations, all of which the tenor of his life contradicted, for he was self-willed to obstinacy, and gloried in a little brief authority, to the extent of his small capacity for exultation.

This flourish, therefore, Winifred regarded as foolish and utterly meaningless, and, without much softening or circulocution, told him so. She did not desire a crown, even though it were in his power to bestow it, she said—neither did she wish him to go to the end of the world on any errand of hers—nor would she have any pleasure in his dying for her sake; but if he would permit a little plain homely speaking, she would indicate what she should esteem—a manly and honorable course of action on his part, and which she was sorry to say his present conduct was at variance with. In short, she accused him of dishonesty in the management of her affairs, and the appropriation of her interests to his use; for without modest or show of deference to her, he had availed himself of the immunities with regard to her father's estate, to which she was justly entitled.

"Your affairs and interests!" he retorted, with bold audacity. "I did not know you had any."

Her look of indignant defiance humbled and alarmed him, and fumbling out his leather purse, he professed himself willing to give to her what her necessities might require.

"You have only to ask me," he was proceeding.

"Ask, indeed!" she interposed, "for what is my own?"

"And why not?" inquired Aunt Dorcas, coming to the rescue—"most women would think themselves very fortunate, if to ask, simply, were to obtain!" and directly she continued—"pray, child, what do you desire of a man?"

"Plain common sense, and a decent apprehension of the proprieties of life," replied Winifred.

"We are likely to admire," Aunt Dorcas retorted, "those qualities we ourselves lack; but it is surprising, nevertheless, to hear you, who are given to all sorts of distraught whimsies, lamenting the want of common sense in anybody."

She received no response, and went on again—"Does not Benjamin again and again entreat you to tell him what to do! What more can you ask?"

The apprehension and capability that do not require to be taught—when we must tell our friend the way to please us, we are indeed put to a sad extremity.

When Benjamin had left the house, the two women sat a good while without speaking—Aunt Dorcas rocking to and fro, and Winifred combing her long hair with her fingers, like one who is half crazed.

"My child," said the old woman, at last, and speaking in tones softer and more subdued than was her custom—"I think I understand how it is with you: your heart does not sanction your judgment, and the will of your father."

Winifred pushed her hair from her eyes, and bent foward, eagerly—she was not quite sure that she had heard aright.

"Well," continued Aunt Dorcas, "there is no accounting for the election and reprobation of the heart—that is certain."

Her chair was quite still now, and her gray head nodded in confirmation of what she had said.

Winifred did not speak, lest she should break up the ground of sympathy, upon which they seemed by accident, as it were, to have fallen.

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," ejaculated Aunt Dorcas, presently; and, as if in countinuance of some secret train of meditation, "blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Perhaps," mused Winifred, she has herself loved some one at some time; and the smile that is brightening her withered face reaches away back to some moonlight night of summer, when, under the soft confusions of the leaves she listened to softer whispers—when no shadow lay between promise and fulfiment, and only a little piece of starry sky was between her and heaven."

In confirmation of this fancy, Aunt Dorcas just then took up one withered hand in the other, and, backward and forward, along the wrinkled finger that would scarcely hold it on any more, slipped the thin and almost worn-out ring.

By degrees, a soothing and soft atmosphere filled all the room, and with no sound disturbing the silence louder than the chirp of a cricket, or the ticking of the clock, the hours went and came—the two women scarcely glancing at one another—perhaps hardly aware of each other's presence—both away in those visionary fields into which the soul sometimes wanders, forgetful of the dust and noise of the common world.

It was not often that peace brooded so sweetly over the hearthstone by which they sat—the time was felt to be precious, and the embers were dead, and the ashes about them cold, before they separated for the night.

CHAPTER THIRD.

The days grew warmer—the blue-birds came hopping and twittering among the elm-boughs, from which the last snow had melted and dropped away; and Winifred sat often beneath them now as the grass sprouted, and the sunshine fell warm and kindly—sat with some book on her knee, lingering long on the passages in which the hollowness and emptiness of earth found expression. But not unfrequently her reveries were disturbed, at these times, by the step and salutation, half bold and half bashful, of Benjamin Craddock.

Like her shadow, he haunted her everywhere; if she went to a neighbor's house, resolved, at all hazards, to open her heart and seek sympathy, she was sure to be met by his praises—or, still worse, to find him sitting before her, in all his unlikeable goodness and offensive familiarity.

Thus it came about that her heart grew harder and harder toward him; these accidental meetings seemed premeditated on his part, and she did not know that if she could have given her heart its full expression, she would have failed to meet the sympathy she hoped for. She did not understand herself, poor child, and how could she hope to make another understand her.

And yet she was driven to seek comfort somewhere, and when she could find it nowhere else, to sit in the shadow of the old trees, and think of darker shadows. She felt as one in a whirlpool, who catches vainly at this or that, as he goes whirling round and slow. She had, in some sort, created the fate that had cornered her, and seemed to have her in its power, whether she looked from it, or turned back and faced it. He who has put thorns in his pillow is not less to be pitied in his hour of suffering, but even more than another, I should say, for to the reproaches of the world he is forced to add his own. As things go, however, Winifred had not much of sympathy or consolation to expect. Alternately unrest consumed, and apathy paralyzed her, and they who should have best understood her, told her she was wicked to be dissatisfied and unhappy—that she was highly favored among women. While a craving for something better and higher would have drawn her up, and on, they taunted and frightened her with being irreligious, and a caviler at the decrees, and in the end, brought Benjamin and set him before her, and sometimes, in her extremity, she was forced to lean upon him, and say she had found rest—to clothe him with the attributes of manhood, and to almost believe him a man; and at these times she repeated the old lie, and sought, by the repetition, to deceive herself. But, of all the miserable delusions into which we mortals are driven, the endeavor to deceive ourselves is the most futile.

When May came, the rumor ran that Winifred Nowell was gone crazy, and, withal, was pining away so that no medicines in the world could do her any good. Still medicines enough were suggested—herbs were simmered, drugs forced upon her, and physicians called, till, tired of potion she refused all remedies, and lay whole days and nights without uttering a hope or a complaint.

Aunt Dorcas became doubly solicitous for the solemnization of the marriage; the cheer and solace which the constant attention of Benjamin would afford, must, she urged, be of the greatest restorative efficacy; and he, with such poor, attenuated eloquence as he was master of, seconded her entreaties.

"When I am a little better," she would say, in answer to their importunities; "do not trouble me now." And so from time to time she gained a sort of respite beyond which she dare not venture to look.

The pleasant sunshine was shut out from her room, and the likeness of her dead father hung at her bedside, as a continual reminder of her promise unfulfilled.

No cheerful talk of friends and neighbors was permitted, but, instead, the terrible darkness of death, and the more terrible darkness beyond, were the most frequent topics to which her attention was called. The notes of the birds and the hum of labor came through the dismal draperies of her windows, in a sort of melancholy and muffled way.

Aunt Dorcas moved about on tip-toe, making a solemnity and a mystery of the commonest chore—speaking in underbreath, and maintaining a constant vigilance, as if she feared that death might come unawares.

The steam of sweltering bricks, and the smells compounded of herbs and essences, made the atmosphere difficult to breathe; and in fact, the whole air of everything was calculated to awaken in the mind of the invalid reflections of a nature by no means roseate or bouyant. If the patient recovered, it would be from sheer impossibility to coax death into clipping the strained thread of existence, that was all.

One day, to which the clouds had added unusual closeness and gloom, shut in with a chilly and drizzling rain.

Aunt Dorcas had just placed the chair by the bedside for Benjamin, who was every moment expected, and snuffed the candlewick which she said lopt over in token of a funeral, when a loud rap sounded on the door.

Winifred groaned, and asked to have her face turned to the wall.

The visitor was not the expected guest, but a stranger, and a woman, whose voice commended itself more sweetly to the sick girl than anything she had heard for a long time.

"She is very low, indeed," whispered Aunt Dorcas, in answer to the inquiries of the visitor, and with confused hesitation, at the same time motioning her away from the bedside, toward which, in spite of the implied prohibition, she was making her way.

Aunt Dorcas now fulminated a positive edict: "You must not speak to her," she said; "the doctor will not permit her to see any one, except myself and Benjamin!" and in lower tones she continued, "she is sinking rapidly, and all unnecessary agitation is to be carefully guarded against;" and here made an essay to conduct the new-comer from the apartment.

Of course Winifred, who was by no means so near the final exit as represented, heard all the melancholy statement, which, fortunately, was at once divested of the depressing effects it might otherwise have had, by the lively challenge of the person addressed.

"Who is Benjamin?" she demanded, "that he should stand between me and my own flesh and blood! I have come all the way to Boston to see the poor girl, and I shall not be put off by no doctor, nor Benjamin neither!"

And, speaking more softly as she approached the bedside and folded back the quilt, she said, "I can see a little of her mother's look about her mouth and eyes."

The voice, though strange, was pleasant and soothing, and Winifred opened her eyes, and reaching forth her hand, smiled such a bright human smile as had not gladdened her face for a long time.

"This is your anut, Polly Davis, who has come to see you before you go to that country whence no traveller returns; but you must not speak to her—you must save your strength for Benjamin, you know."

And Aunt Dorcas, as she thus addressed Winifred, drew up the quilt between her face and that of the woman introduced as Aunt Polly, who, aggravated to anger almost, exclaimed:

"Save your strength for Benjamin, indeed!" and then more softly, aud speaking to Winifred, she said: "No, my child, your Aunt Polly has not come to see you die, no such thing, but to make you well, and carry you off home with her, and set you to milking cows and raking hay; why, you are no more going to die than I am."

Aunt Dorcas lifted up both hands in astonishment, as she literally thrust herself between the visitor and the sick girl.

Strange though it may appear, the introduction of Aunt Polly to her niece was not altogether uncalled for, for though she was the sister of Winifred's mother, Winifred, herself, had only seen her once or twice in all her life—not at all for many years. Her home was a day's journey from Boston, and she was not the person to leave it except, under the presure of necessity. She had married a country-bred farmer, against the wish of her sister, who was a woman of proud and ambitious spirit, and the difference of their positions in life, no doubt, increased the alienation, which gradually grows up between the most devoted friends when distance divides them, and dissimilar thoughts and occupations engage the attention.

Mrs. Davis was plain and simple in all her tastes and habits—manufactured his own wool and flax into clothes, and invented the fashions into which they were cut and sewed—required little service, except what the neighbors lent when need were, and as for artificial refinements, she neither knew nor cared anything about them. Sundays she was sure to be found at the religious meeting, whether it were held in some dwelling-house more capacious than the rest, in school-house, or barn, or even beneath the shelter of the oaks and pines, for in her heart there was a fountain of living piety quite independent of externals. Mrs. Nowel, meantime, was employed in the elegant nothings to which women above the necessity of labor too often resort, in order to fill up the time. So it is easy to see how it came about that Aunt Polly had not been to town since Winifred was quite a child, and why she preferred the glassy by-ways, to which she was used, to the carpets and pavements of Boston.

But to return. Her cordial smile and hearty, healthful tone, won their way straight to Winifred's heart, and she returned her greeting, notwithstanding the prohibition of her more imperious relative.

It was as if she brought a new and liberal atmosphere into the confined and darkened chamber, which at once lifted it up and broadened it out so that the sick girl began presently to feel that Aunt Dorcas, and Benjamin, and the little town of Boston, did not embrace the whole world.

She began to love Aunt Polly, little heeding that the cut of her cap was not of the newest style. In truth, it would have been hard to help liking her, if she had tried—so genial and comfortable, so unobstrusively useful and quiet was she. Even Aunt Dorcas could not dislike her; nor could Benjamin, though she kept resolutely between him and his wishes; for her true woman's heart soon spoke to Winifred's heart, and learned how it all was, if, in truth, she had not some inkling in advance of personal observation, which seems not unlikely.

With regard to the immediate marriage, she would not hear of it, and with all her roseate cheerfulness and good humor, she, too, had a will none the less firm, because mildly suggested. When accused of harboring designs to ultimately break the engagement, she replied that she cherished no such purpose, but that she not only favored the postponement of the marriage, but the complete separation of the parties for a time. She thought it wise, she said, thus to test the strength of their attachment before marriage, inasmuch as it must pass through many severer ordeals afterward. As soon as it seemed practicable, she proposed to remove Winifred to her own home, she said, for that she positively required change of air and scene; and as true love was proof against even the severest trial, she apprehended no objection from the parties concerned. She listened quietly to all that was urged against her proposal, but evidently without yielding a jot. Even Benjamin's affirmations with regard to the genuineness of his passion, did not perceptibly move her.

"No doubt all you say is true," she would answer, "but love is usually more confident of itself; I know that I would have trusted my good man at the end of the world, let alone a day's journey from me! And, after all, I think I shall carry out my suggestion."

This cool handling of matters acted as a stimulus, even upon Winifred, and as the prospect of separation became probable, Benjamin was more than reinstated in his old position; and when it was finally decided that she should pass the summer with Aunt Polly, her affection assumed a phase that bordered upon tenderness.

"I told you so!" cried Aunt Dorcas, exultingly.

"Parting and parted, are by no means the same thing," replied Anut Polly quietly.

Circumstances need not be dwelt upon in detail; suffice to say that Winifred grew rapidly better, and that by degrees Aunt Polly got will into the ascendancy, and, as the day of separation drew near, the sympathies, if not the hearts of the young people, fused more intimately than they had ever done.

Benjamin asserted that to be separated from Winifred was to die, and she, on her part, was moved to tears, and to the avowal of love for him. How much she was pained to leave him, she repeated again and again; but then she would send him such long, loving letters as would compensate for her absence; and was she not to come back before long, and never, never to be parted from him any more!

Aunt Dorcas was exultant at the turn affairs had taken, and Benjamin fairly defied fate, and professed himself glad of the opportunity of exhibiting his confidence in his betrothed.

The day of departure came at last, and farewells were faltered, and Winifred was fain to hide her head in Aunt Polly's bosom, more than half ashamed of its confusion of tears and blushes, for she hardly knew whether she was glad or sorry.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning, toward the end of May, that she rode away from the homestead door, her eyes, big and melancholy staring back through the profusion of shawls and veils in which she was wrapped and muffled.

The smart little wagon rattled briskly over the stones, and once out of sight of home and the meeting-house, the influences were all cheerful; and, wiping her eyes, she told how good Benjamin was—how much better than she, and how she meant to strive to be worthy of all her good fortune.

"Oh, when this sad interval is passed, shall we not be very happy!" she exclaimed.

"I think it very likely," replied Aunt Polly and patting her horse into a trot, she began to talk of other matters.

Finding his head toward home, the faithful beast drew them proudly and briskly along; the birds sang to them from the bushes; the orchard trees by the way rained flowers upon them; the breeze blew in their faces with a wild and wilful freedom, and Aunt Polly's spirits rose to the pitch of singing her favorite hymn, and, by-and-by, Winifred joined in a more subdued, but still cheerful key. Long before night, however, so well did cheerfulness thrive by what it fed on, the hymn gave place to snatches of love-songs, which she sang with a warmth and heartiness only equalled by the May sunshine.

(To be continued.)

Discontented People.

While sounds of war are heard around; while the demand for men seems almost as great as it was in the Revolutionary days—let no one be found excusing himself when his country calls for help. There are men whom we often meet, who frame every possible excuse for not going forward to show themselves true and brave. There may be those who are deprived of the use of their limbs—they may have lost the use of their eyes—but if a man has two feet and two hands, two eyes and a decent heart beating in his breast he will not say—"my head aches at times, my side is weak, and my shoulders are not strong." The very thing needful for an extermination of these trifling pains may be the good out door march or the quick step toward the field of battle. Out upon such a man who feigns an old lady's ills, and whines with loafers at the street corners about patriotism. In this article I wish to bring before the public one fact, that is, the present difficulties in the nation may prove individual blessings, if it be ever a national calamity upon the pages of history. I now allude to family wars and family difficulties. Men have the advantage over women in respect to roaming abroad to collect news and distribute the same. I said, men had the advantage in this respect so they have, but I must admit that I scarcely look from my office window but some good dame is seen that report says, has the news of her neighborhood at latest date. Now to be understood more thoroughly I wish to inquire if you have not men among you who are at their homes whining at their wives or smoking at the street corners or gossipping with a Mr. Little-to-do, or a Mrs. Little-tattle; a man something like a skin flint in appearance; a man who it may be has tormented his family sufficient to have his home changed from a peaceful abode to a lunatic asylum. I'm not speaking of business men, of merchants, of mechanics, of professional men, or of any active men in business life,—I am speaking of that class that neglect business, if they have any; that class who may be found either torturing their families at home, or talking of their home trials to others abroad. We know that no intelligent man or woman will heed their talk, for surely the whole world gives man an invitation to stroll over her demains. No you poor misguided man, if your wife is not pleasant at home, if you are sickly don't keep talking longer about your wife, go forth to duty and show by your manliness that you will give her a season of reflection. Let me relate a circumstance which occurred some little distance from Milwaukie, and which I copy from the "Yearly Review."

In the year of 18— I spent the summer in a western city with my own and my mother's family. (I am a fortunate man, having five sisters and a mother now living.) I had the happiness of having my youngest sisters with me most of my time. I had sufficient writing in my office to employ two persons, and my sister being an active, intelligent women, a good and a ready writer, I availed myself of the opportunity of securing her services.

We had been but a short time in L—— before my sister—who by the way, had always been a very religious woman—found her way to a place of worship and regularly attended all the evening meetings of the society. In course of time she was married. The young man who had become her husband was engaged in no particular employment; he would sometimes act as clerk in a dry goods establishment, and sometimes he was engaged in the cigar business. He made a good appearance, but what he was to lean upon for a family support I knew not. He was a tall, spare man, haggard and thin; his health was poor, and every one assured my sister that she would have an invalid upon her hands, and predicted a thousand ills. But nothing looked discouraging to the party, and married they were. One thing after another took place; one change after another, and in process of time things seemed to wear a different aspect. I left the place with my family and remained away some eight years. When I returned to L— I found my sister with her husband and six small children living in a fine house, surrounded with everything that comfort and convenience could provide. I visited her, but I found one of the most wretched and forlorn beings I ever knew or heard of. I asked what was the matter, but she, seeing her husband coming in the gateway, made no reply. I passed a few moments longer at the house and my brother-in-law took his hat and cigar and accompanied me down the street.

We had proceeded but a step or two when I said, "Harlow, what is the matter with Juliette?"

"Matter," said he "I have lived a h—ll upon earth for the last six years, and there ain't a person in town but what likes me and says I'm a fool to stand such treatment from Juliette."

"But I am more than astonished, tell me the particulars; what has my sister done, and how are you getting on in business?"

"Well, continued Harlow, "you know Juliette always felt herself mighty big, and no man was ever anything in her estimation unless he was a minister or a deacon. She never thought anything of me, and only married me as the old saying is, to get rid of me. I have had the best chance to become well off—to be rich—yes rich; but she has got the people all against her, no one respects her and no one cares anything about her. I have three intimate friends who have been trying now seven years to make a woman of her but they can't do it."

"'Tis very strange," I remarked, "Juliette is one that every one loved. I myself, never saw that person who was ever loved more or by better persons. When you married my sister she could have selected from twenty suitors. Juliette was a favorite among old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. I think it far better for you to separate, at any rate I so advise you now."

"Well if we separate," said H., "I shall have the children, and she will do almost anything rather than leave them. I know I shall fetch her round to terms, because she won't leave the children I know."

"But I cannot see what Juliette has done yet. You say she has habits that are bad, and that she is cross, and faulting you and your intimate friends all the time. I want to get something more substantial, Harlow, than this, as all women may have habits, and be more or less out of humor, and have various kinds of ups and downs; you know, or should know, men do not generally talk about such domestic affairs."

"Well, she uses my best friends ridiculously; and all her friends have deserted her. You know what a proud haughty thing she is. She would rather die alone than to have some who are her best friends near her. I am going from the city to Thatcher's Plains and I guess then she'll come to terms."

With this last remark I left my brother-in-law, and went to my mother's. It appears he had by some artful means got all the people in the place against her. I heard from some that he was to be pitied, and that he was such a good man, so fond of society, was always out at evening parties, went round with young people, gave presents to young girls that he employed, and was so good natured, so kind, that it was too bad he had such a proud, scornful, haughty wife. He was always ready for a good time; had the six handsomest children in the place; who always looked so neat and pretty. That he loved to go out among folks; and that evenings when he wished to go to the theatre, she would commence to sing with the children some old Psalm tune, and make home just as gloomy as she could. I heard all this and then heard the other side,—heard that Harlow had taken

(Concluded on Last Page)

The Middlesex Journal,

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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AGENTS.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861.

THE WAR.

The past week has been characterized by several important events, though the action of the Government has been mostly confined to preparation. The Federal forces are constantly augmenting, and rapidly improving in efficiency. Where the first blow will be struck, must continue to be a matter of cojecture only, as the Government very wisely keeps its own counsels. That something more than a "masterly inactivity" is in the wind is pretty obvious. The occupation of Baltimore by a military force has opened a connection between the North and Washington that should never have been allowed to be closed. Even now there can be but little doubt that the secessionists desire to close this route again by means of forces from Harper's Ferry. But with an open route through Baltimore, and the thousands upon thousands that New York and Pennsylvania are ready to put into the field at a moment's notice, there can be no hope of success in an attack at the Relay House.

Thus far Massachusetts has nobly held her place at the head of the column. Whatever of importance has been done has been aided vastly by the skill and enterprise of Massachusetts boys. Even Gen. Butler—the citizen soldier from this state—seems to be carrying off honors with a high hand. Twice has a vote of thanks been given him for prompt and important action, and now he has been promoted to a Major Generalship, and has been detailed for important secret service. It may well be questioned whether another man could have been found in the country so competent for the post that was given him, as Gen. Butler. His court acquaintance with rogues and criminals of all kinds, fitted him as nothing else could have done, to deal with the duplicity and treachery of Baltimore.

The events that have transpired in St. Louis the past week are both saddening and cheering. As determined as the secessionists are there, the union men are not wanting in activity and will. It is to be hoped that they will receive sufficient aid to enable them to stand their ground against the powerful effort that will be made to throw Misouri out of the Union. There is need of men at the head of the Government forces who will not hesitate to "take the responsibility" of acting—at times—with promptness and energy. Gen. Harney and Col. Lyon seem to be men of this precise stamp.

It has become a settled fact that Western Virginia will stand by the Stars and Stripes, come what may. Ohio stands ready with a powerful force to supply all needed aid.

The report that Mr. Breckenridge has taken decided ground for the Union needs confirmation, but it has already sent a thrill of encouragement through the North in respect to Kentucky. Gov. Magoffin seems to be doing all he possibly can to precipitate this State into the secession vortex.

The state of feeling at the North is what every lover of his country could desire. The excitement attendant upon the President's first proclamation has to a great extent passed away, and has been replaced by a calm, determined feeling that was never known to yield to obstacles however great. The Northern mind is in working order, and results of tremendous import to Southern traitors will in due time become apparent.

It is an old saying that "whom the gods would destroy they first render insane." Looking at the South in the most charitable light we can, it seems as though her whole course was the work of insane men. The domineering, dictatorial, bullying spirit manifested for the last twenty or thirty years, shows how ripe she is to plant the yoke of military Dictatorship upon the necks of all who question her sovereign will. Ambitious, as he is well known to be, of military glory, Davis is just the man to head such a people. Whether he aims at any less power than Louis Napoleon now wields hardly admits of a doubt. Indeed one Southern paper has already advocated the appointment of a military Dictator. Let Davis once possess such power, and he would not be likely to lay it down unless compelled to do so.

But the insane attempts of the South to destroy the Union must prove a miserable failure. Slavery, too, must receive a blow so deadly as to result in its death. England is already busy in providing for a supply of cotton from other sources than the South. Southern men have shown themselves too dishonest to be trusted again by the business men of the North, and the manufacturers in New England and elsewhere will—quite likely—seek for a supply of cotton from abroad. This must have the influence of rendering slave labor of comparatively little value, and the South will be like many a man who has lost his property—poor and proud—not sharing our sympathy, but meriting and receiving the scorn of the world. The war that is now upon us must prove disastrous to the business of the country. But if it should be felt heavily at the North, with our abundant resources, what must it be at the South? As the forked lightning and rushing tempest help clear the sultry summer sky, so may we hope that the storm of war that has burst forth from our sky, will do much toward purifying and rendering healthy the political atmosphere of our country, and cause us once more to be not less distinguished for virtue than for enterprise and power.

W. M. PHALANX.—This company, the pride of our town, attended Rev. Mr. March's church last Sabbath by invitation of the Pastor. The presence of a company of soldiers—in uniform—caused the audience to realize most sensibly the fact that the nation is indeed under arms. Mr. March delivered a very instructive discourse from 2d Chron. 6: 34:—"If thy people go out to war against their enemies by the way that thou shalt send them, and they pray unto thee toward this city which thou hast chosen, and the house which I have built for thy name; then hear thou from the heavens their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause."

The interest of the occasion caused the house to be filled to overflowing. However well this company appears on parade, we hesitate not to say that they appeared more truly noble last Sabbath, by their attendance and reverent attention in the House of God. It is well for this company thus to mingle with their fellow citizens in all the relations of life—sacred as well as secular. It will serve to strengthen and prepetuate the feeling that this is *our* company, and cause them to be ever remembered, not only in the social gathering, but where there are meetings of prayer, should be called to engage in actual service.

By invitation of Rev. Mr. Bronson, the company will attend public worship at the First Baptist Church to-morrow morning.

MEETING OF SELECTMEN.—The Board met on Thursday evening, according to adjournment. Present—Messrs. Cummings, Dow, Kelley, Trull, Totman, Thompson, Blake and Wyman. A petition was presented from Nathan Wyman, for presentation to the legislature, praying that body to legalize the vote of the town at their last meeting, and also desiring the board of Selectmen, with Horace Conn, to present the same before that honorable body immediately. Voted that the following members of the board be a committee to accompany Mr. Conn, with the above petition to the Legislature:—Messrs. Cummings, Dow & Blake.

Voted, that a committee of three be appointed to hire such an amount of money, and at such a rate of interest less than 6 per cent. as they may deem expedient for the payment of the town debt, which is now drawing 6 per cent. In accordance with said vote, Messrs. Cummings, Dow & Kelley, were appointed a committee.

☞ Rev. J. L. Bennett, of Lockport, N.Y., preached a sermon to some of the Volunteers of that place on Sunday last, and it is spoken of very highly by the Lockport Journal and Courier. At the close of the service, a beautiful, gilt-edged testament was presented to each officer and member of the company present. There are three other companies in Lockport, and a collection was taken up on the above occasion to give each member a copy of the new testament, and enough was received to carry out the object. This is the best pocket companion a soldier can have, and no one from Woburn should be allowed to depart without a copy.

W. M. PHALANX.—This corps has passed through another week of active drilling. On Saturday last, they visited Burlington, and were received by Mr. William Winn, in a sumptuous manner. They have, also, visited other places, including Winchester, North Woburn, East Woburn and Stoneham. At East Woburn they were cared for by the people in "tip-top" style. North Woburn, also, did their part well. At Stoneham they were received by Capt. Gould's Rifle Company, and marched with them through the town. This exercise will fit the Phalanx for active service, so that, when the time comes, the hardships of the march will be camparatively light.

OMISSION.—We omitted, unknowingly, last week to publish the proceedings of the late Town Meeting. The copy, with other matter, was placed in the hands of the compositor, but he neglected to attend to it, and so it was forgotten.

☞ Our Stoneham correspondent was in error when he said, last week, that the ladies of that town were going to make the *uniforms* of the new company. He probably meant the under clothing, because our townsman, Mr. Gage, is employed in making the uniforms.

STONEHAM CEMETERY.—This place, as will be seen by notice in another column, is to be consecrated next Wednesday. It is the finest place for the burial of the dead in this vicinity, and has cost the town of Stoneham a large sum.

☞ Col. Burbank, of this town, has been appointed major in the 12th (Fletcher Webster's) Regiment. He will prove a meritorious officer, whatever his duty may be.

HOME GUARD.—About 60 or 70 of our citizens have joined themselves together for the purpose of forming a home guard. They meet for drill at the Town Hall. Their next meeting will be on Tuesday evening, when they will receive the old Phalanx guns.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.—Any person having a good two-story house for sale, in Woburn, with garden attached, and all things in a good condition, together with pleasant location, may hear of a purchaser by applying at this office. A very large house is not desired.

GEN. BEAUREGARD DEAD AND BURIED.—The Bee says a letter was received from a friend in Charleston, by a lady in this city, last week, in which she stated that at the time of writing, she had just returned from attending the funeral services of Gen. Beauregard, who died from wounds received at the Sumpter battle.

RECRUITING OFFICE.—J. W. Pettingill, of Charlestown, opened a recruiting office, at Bank Block, in this town, on Thursday last, for the purpose of concluding the filling up of a company. He has received eight or ten names.

FIRE.—On Saturday morning last, about 1 o'clock a small barn belonging to Mr. James Marrinan, situated in the rear of the "Flag House," was destroyed by fire. Loss about $80.

FIRE LAST NIGHT.—The dwelling house of Mr. —— Mills, situated near "Bacon's Mills, was destroyed by fire last evening. The L was saved, Engines Nos. 1 and 4 of this town, were present.

GODEY FOR JUNE.—We have received this Magazine for the coming month. It is as valuable as preceding numbers and the ladies will find something in it to please their varied tastes. For Sale at Woburn Bookstore.

THE UNION VOLUNTEER'S HAND-BOOK.—This is a little work by Prof. J. H. Siddons, of Columbia College, New York. The author says, "the purpose of this little book is to put, in a brief form, a certain quantity of practical military knowledge into the hands of men who need it, at a very critical juncture;" and this he has done admirably. In a small book of 32 pages, he has condensed together as much practical knowledge of military matters, as is sometimes found in voluminous works. It is published by Bloomfield & Farmer, of Orange, N. Y.

"THE SOLDIER'S GUIDE: A complete manual and Drill Book for the use of Volunteers, Militia, and the Home Guard."—We have received a copy of this work from T. B. Peterson & Bros., of 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is by an officer of the U. S. Army, and we believe it to be a valuable aid to all interested in military matters. It contains a full dictionary of Military terms. Price 25 cents. Sent free of postage on receipt of price.

POLYLINGUAL JOURNAL.—We have received a copy of a supplement to this work, edited by Hiram C. Sparks, New York. The Journal is published in different parts—each part being devoted to a certain language, and the languages treated upon are French, Spanish, Italian and German. They are published quarterly, with a supplement of instructions for private learners, at $1 a year in advance.

PARSON BROWNLOW WILL STICK BY THE UNION.—Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig, still holds out nobly for the Union. In a late number of his paper he says:

"That all may understand us, we take occasion to say, free from all excitement, that to destroy our office, or stop our windpipe, is the only way in which we can be prevented from denouncing secession and advocating the Union. There is now but three Union papers in Tennesee, as we consider, and unless we are assassinated, or our office is destroyed, we shall soon have the honor of standing alone. And there we shall stand—neither the gates of hell, nor the pressure of secession riots, being able to prevail against our convictions of right."

BILLERICA.—Last week I simply made reference to the Town Meeting in this place, and the appropriation made. I would now say, the town appropriated $1100 for the families of such volunteers as may enlist in the service of the United States. Mr. Gilman, Principal of the Howe School gave $100 for the aid of volunteers. Mr. Talbot gave them what Flannel they needed. C. H. Parker, also, promised to give a good Revolver to the man who first put his name on the paper for enlistments. A new flag has been raised at Patten's village, the other day, and another is ready to float to the breeze. A flag is expected to be raised on the schoolhouse in District No 7. In every part of the town flags may be seen in large numbers.

B.

"The Lexington Volunteers."

At a meeting held for choice of officers, by this corps, at Lexington last Saturday, the following were chosen:—Capt., C. R. Johnson, Lexington; 1st Lieut., N. A. Richardson, Winchester; 2d, C. F. Weatherbee, Newton; 3d, C. B. Harrington; 4th, G. Ayers, both of Lexington.

After the election, the company were addressed by Major Ladd of Lowell, who presided; they then formed in front of the town hall, and escorted the invited guests to the Lexington House, where a bountiful repast was spread by the fair sex. The Divine blessing was implored by the Rev. L. J. Livermore, 1st Unitarian Parish; the assembled company then, by invitation of the Hon. Chas. Hudson, President of the day, commenced a vigorous attack upon the "solids." After the "inner man" had been well taken care of, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" began, and speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by the following gentlemen:—Hon. Charles Hudson, Gen. Chandler, Rev. Caleb Stetson, Rev. L. J. Livermore, J. W. Hudson, A. M., Capt. Wm. D. Phelps, Capt. C. R. Johnson, Lieut. C. B. Harrington, C. Gould of Lexington; Hon. O. R. Clark, Lieut. N. A. Richardson, J. Hovey, J. R. Cobb, O. P. Rogers, A. E. Ansorge, S. Gove, of Winchester; Oakes Tirrill, Esq., W. E. Frothingham, —— Simmons of Burlington; Lieut. C. F. Weatherbee, Newton; Wm. A. Lane, and others.

The following sentiments and toasts were offered: By Mr. Simmons of Burlington. "Lexington, the birth place of Liberty;" by Mr. Tirrill of Burlington, "The South say that cotton is *king*. May the Lexington boys show them that if cotton *is* king, it is *gun cotton*;" by Mr. Sharon of Winchester, "We have heard the serpent hiss of rebellion, let us crush the Southern Viper; by Mr. Frothingham of Burlington, "If Gen. Scott gets the Southerners in a tight place, may he never let them go Scott free; C. Gould, Lexington, "Our President, may his health continue as long as he does his duty."

The company numbers some seventy-five active, able-bodied men, and will be known as the Lexington Volunteers. It is composed of men from Lexington, Winchester, Burlington and Woburn, and if they are called into active service, will, if they have the opportunity, explain to the South in a somewhat forcible way that men whose fathers *tamed* the British Lion, are not disposed to fear a rattlesnake.

JUS.

Town Meeting, May 6, 1861.

On Art. 1, chose Hon. Bowen Buckman, Moderator.

On Art. 2, voted to dismiss.

On Art. 3, voted to adopt the following resolution:

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Woburn, in town meeting assembled, desirous of doing our duty to our country in this perilous hour, and to assist the Government in maintaining its dignity and enforcing the laws, do agree to pay the following sums to such residents of this town as may have enlisted or shall enlist in the Volunteer Militia, the following wages, in addition to the compensation paid by Government, viz: to single men, $12 per month; to married men without a child, $16 per month; to married men with a child, $20 per month,—the pay to commence on the first of May, and that the above wages be paid either to them or their families, at such time and in such manner as the Selectmen may direct, subject to such discount for neglect of duty and disorderly conduct as in their judgment the case may demand.

Voted, That the Selectmen be instructed to pay such members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx who do not belong to the town as the officers may designate, the same compensation paid to other volunteers from this town.

On Art. 4, voted that the Town Treasurer, by the approval of the Selectmen, be instructed to hire a sum of money not exceeding five thousand dollars, for the purpose of paying the soldiers enlisted for the present war.

Voted, That the Selectmen be instructed to petition the Legislature, if necessary, to legalize the action of this town in relation to the compensation of soldiers who have enlisted in defense of the Union, and that the Selectmen, together with Hon. Horace Conn, be a committee to appear before the Legislature in furtherance of this object.

Voted, That the Town Clerk be instructed to make a record of the names of the citizens of Woburn who have enlisted for the present war; also, the names of those who have subscribed for their equipment, &c., and of such other matters in relation to the present crisis as he may deem expedient for the preservation of a full and perfect history of the present times.

W.

☞ The following letter, from Mr. Oscar Persons, of this town, was read before the Baptist Sabbath School on Sunday last, of which Mr. Persons is a member. Judging from the tenor of the letter, we believe Mr. Persons is a *true* soldier, and has not taken up arms from any feeling of revenge, but from a conscientious sense of the justness of the cause in which he is engaged, and a desire for the perpetuation of the free institutions of the country.

TREASURY BUILDING,
WASHINGTON, May 8th.

MY DEAR S. S. FRIENDS:—

You will find by my address that I am at present, at the seat of Government. I took my leave of my native place and my numerous friends, in rather a hasty manner, yet not more hasty than the demand of my country for aid was pressing. Rebellion had unmasked herself, trators had come boldly forth from their secret haunts and were threatning the disruption of this glorious Union. Men, young and unfettered men were called upon to fly with all speed to the threatened point. Duty came and knocked at the portals of my heart, patriotism pleaded before me in a supplicating voice to stretch out a helping arm, love for my country and her beneficent institutions influenced me, and in response to those deafening calls, I have in connection with tens of thousands of my loyal countrymen, put on the weapons of carnal warfare, and gone forth to do battle in a holy cause. I thought that anything touching upon that topic which has set this mighty and powerful nation in a blaze of anger, would be interesting to my companions in the Sunday School cause. I need not detail at this time all the incidents that occurred from the time of our leaving Somerville, to the time of entering Washington. Suffice it to say that happiness and sorrow, ease and hardship were continually striving for supremacy. Danger threatened us at many points. In going from Fortress Monroe to Annapolis and from Annapolis to Washington, an action with the enemy seemed inevitable. Every man expected it and was prepared for it. If one of you had been in a convenient place unaware of the approach of our little army, and had seen us filing by, 900 strong, muskets loaded and primed and almost perfect silence for miles, you would have concluded that something of mighty moment was upon our minds. Hundreds of eyes peering behind every mound and tree and shrub to discern the slightest appearance of the enemy. There were firm hearts and strong arms *there!* The pulse might have beat faster, but fear was a stranger among that band of brothers. Happily we were spared a collision with our antagonists and arrived safely and quartered in Washington April 27th. The next day was Sunday. A more beautiful Sabbath I never experienced. Vegetation is a month and a half farther advanced here than in Massachusetts.

Grain and grass are up several inches, fruit trees just shedding their blossoms, all kinds of trees fully and thickly leaved. This beautiful sight so unusual at this season of the year to us northerners was interesting to look upon. Nine o'clock a short Episcopal service at our quarters was conducted by the Chaplain of the regiment. They are very strict with us. During last week I wasn't out of the building except in company or regimental drill. The general news, you have a better opportunity of learning than I. We are liable to be called out at any hour of the day. The noonday sun or midnight darkness may find us marching upon our fellow men. It is sad, sad indeed to contemplate that this beautiful portion of our beloved land may possibly be laid waste in consequence of the folly of a portion of those we were wont, in days gone by, to speak of as brethren. But traitors are no brethren of mine or yours. Justice, and the happiness and interest of the loyal who populate our common country demand that these evil minded men must be punished. We need, and trust we have, your prayers and sympathies in these trying times. A word of consolation and sympathy from any of you would tend to encourage my heart and strengthen my arm when the time to strike the blow shall arrive. I may be among those that shall fall. God's will be done. I am ready. I could not battle in a better cause. I am to act a part in an astounding Drama. The benefits which will result from this terrible upheaving of a great nation are incalcuable. Our Revolutionary Fathers fought not only for their own flesh and blood or for the generation in which they lived, but for posterity. So fight we. Eighty years of prosperity unprecedented in any age of the world, has failed to extinguish that spirit which animated them, and enabled them to successfully battle against tyrany and oppression. Their memory our love for friends, relative and acquaintances left behind and our descendants will make giants of us when the struggle is upon us. Have no fear for the result. God I believe is upon the side of liberty and justice and He will speed the right. Mothers should say to their sons, sisters plead with brothers, and friend with friend to put on their whole armor and go forth to battle for the right and return not, except bearing upon their brow or upon their shields, the laurels of victory. My dear friends, you with whom I have been happily and pleasantly associated in days gone by, and the faces of whom I have seen perhaps for the last time, take my advice, I entreat of you. Seek the Saviour now. If you do, eternal joy awaits you. Remember,

Ever your Friend
OSCAR PERSONS.

For the Middlesex Journal

MR. EDITOR:—Believing that you might find room for a few lines, in your columns, from the West, and trusting that they will not prove wholly uninteresting to your readers, I take the liberty to write you. I will give you in the first place, some idea how the people intend to meet the present crisis and what they are doing for the Government and the preservation of the Union. We are all alive and doing our portion of the work so far as men and money are concerned. Ohio has already filled her quota of men and can fill one or two more if necessary. The volunteers are incessantly coming into the camps from the outskirts of the State. There are three camps in Ohio, viz.—Camp Marietta, at Marietta, (consisting mostly of artillery companies); Camp Jackson in Columbus, and Camp Taylor in Cleveland. Camp Jackson has between seven and eight thousand volunters which are drilling and preparing to march to the seat of war as soon as orders are received. Camp Taylor has had, until within a few day, between six and seven thousand volunteers, and they have recently gone to Camp Dennison, near Lancaster, Penn., where some of the Ohio troops are stationed for the present. There are not less than two hundred and fifty companies now drilling in this State, and the whole 75,000 of the President's original requisition have been offered from this State alone. Ohio is a unit for the Union and every man is up and doing all he can for his country, and will fight for it as long as his breath lasts. It will not do for men to express anything in favor of the South if he values his head. There has been but few cases in Cleveland where any one has had the temerity to express southern sentiments, and in each case summary treatment brought forth the stars and stripes. In one instance a recruiting agent was in favor of the South, but one night the weather become suddenly so uncongenial to his health, that he left for regions better adapted to his person. If he had stopped until morning probably he would have been unceremoniously taken care of, for there was a company of Unionists on the watch for him at his office, but the bird had flown. Being disappointed here, they went to pay their respects to another person whose mouth had given utterance to obnoxious sentiments. This visit brought forth the stars and stripes in "double quick" time—the transition being almost as sudden as that of the New York Herald. In another case a man was talking against the north and the first thing he knew he was floundering in the gutter having been knocked off "his pins" by a young recruit who chanced to be standing by and heard his remarks. These things will show you that the great West will stand by the flag till the last. Not only are the men doing all they can for their country, but the women are exerting themselves to the extent of their power to give the volunteers as much comfort as they can in the shape of all kinds of useful clothes. The agents of Messrs. Grover & Baker's sewing machines kindly giving them the use of their rooms, with their machines, for the purpose of making the clothes and uniforms. Wheeler & Wilson's agents have also done the same. I visited Camp Taylor last Saturday, 11th inst., for the purpose of seeing what a soldier's life was like while in camp, and I think it is a merry one. After they are dismissed they enjoy themselves in different ways, games being the principal amusement. By an invitation from the 2d Lieut, of the Cleveland Grenadiers, Mr. H. Richardson, formerly of Winchester, Mass., I took supper in camp with his company. The rations were good and wholesome, and enough in quantity. Home Guards are being formed all over the State in great numbers and drilling nearly all the time. The people of East Cleveland have just formed a company of Home Guards consisting of between seventy-five and one hundred men who are drilling nearly every evening.

I hope ere long to see the Star of Peace shining over our distracted country, and the ploughshare take the place of the sword. That time cannot be far hence, if New England and the West do their whole duty, for where is the foe strong enough to face the hardy sons of granite New England, and the giants of the great West? We have a duty to perform for our country now, and I hope it will be done, and that thoroughly, so that those who come after us will not be compelled to pass through the same bitter ordeal that we have.

Now a word about Cleveland. It is a beautifully laid out city, situated on two hills with the Cuyahoga river running between them. On the west side of the river is that part of the city formerly called "Ohio City," but which has recently been joined to Cleveland. The river is navigable for large vessels, and makes a very fine harbor. There is some ship building done on the river but not to any great extent, Our public square is rather small for the size of the city, but what there is of it is tasteful. In the center is the Statue of Com. Perry, the hero of Lake Erie. The Statue is cut from white marble, and makes quite a fine ornament. Our Post Office and Court House—two beautiful buildings—face on the square, and give the vicinity an imposing appearance. Our streets are, as a general thing, very muddy in rainy weather, much more so than in Massachusetts, and in dry weather the dust flies like snow in an old-fashioned New England snow storm. The city is supplied with water from Lake Erie, which is forced by two large pumps, worked by steam—which are beautiful pieces of machinery—to the top of the highest ground in the place, where the reservoir is stationed, and from thence it is furnished to the people.

Such is a crude statement of a few matters and things which have occurred to me, and I leave them with you either to extinguish or distinguish as you may see fit.

B.

East Cleveland, O., May 13, '61.

SOUTH READING.

Extracts from letters from a member of the Richardson Light Guard to a friend in So. Reading.

WASHINGTON, April 27th, 1861.

We are comfortably quartered at the Treasury Building, having arrived here last evening, after a very fatiguing march of about fourteen miles, and not a wink of sleep except what was to be had by the roadside, when we halted for two or three moments at a time. I slept a few moments by the side of the street before we left Annapolis, with the sidewalk for my pillow and the street for my bed, and again by the bank of a brook with my feet in the water. The next was in a hut made of split rails set on end, such as are used to make fences. It was some shelter from the sun, and was very comfortable; quite a luxury, comparatively speaking. At last we were on shipboard; we landed all safe. That night we slept on the floor of a new house belonging to the U. S. A. Next day we had scarcely anything to do until about seven o'clock, when we were ordered to march, and away we went to the centre of the city, about one mile. We took cars and rode about twenty miles to the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, left the cars and commenced our march for Washington a distance of twenty-two miles; some of the way it was very good walking, other places it was sandy and very hard. Not having had much sleep, by the time we walked five or six miles we were very weary; but hearing of danger of an attack, we roused our drooping spirits for a brush with the Secessionists; but no such luck was in store for us; we passed on unmolested until within about ten miles of the city when I had the last nap referred to, in the hut. Some one awoke me, saying the cars were coming; and more asleep than awake, I went on board and the next point of consciousness was this city. To-day I am tired and some sore, but well and in excellent spirits.

WASHINGTON, May 2d.

Yesterday we were sworn in as Government troops, for three months. Had a fine view of Abe Lincoln; don't think his pictures are good, as the expression is different. He is pleasant looking, but firm and in every way up to my idea of him. Before we came, Union men were scarce in Washington, but now the opposite here is true.

Capt. Locke came in this moment and brought out a package of the South Reading *Gazette*; and you can't imagine how they rushed for them, almost upsetting, table, inkstand, and everything else. I have got one and am going to stop and read it in place of a letter. Don't find any report of *our* doings but *do* find that all the love of our Union still lives there.

One regiment is to go over to Georgetown to-day. The number here is estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000 men. In the long room where we are, is the Salem Mechanics Infantry; we agree perfectly; have bought a clock and looking-glasses together. There are places to wash in with water from the Potomac river.

MAY 4th.

I have been out but little compared with most of the men, having seen most of the sights two years ago when I was here. We get exercise when on duty. This P. M. we marched over by the Capitol and went Battallion movements on an open field, some two miles from our quarters, making a march of five miles beside the drill. It was very muddy having rained yesterday. The soil is clay and does not soak in as it does in good old New England. We had our overcoats on, and it was uncomfortably warm. We don't mind it much after previous marches so much more fatiguing. The cause is *just* and I am not the man to turn my back to it till it is in the condition it should be. We are all well and in good spirits, ready for anything that may occur. We are complimented here by everybody for our good behavior. The Sixth Regiment is ordered to leave Washington, but where to go we know not.

MAY 8th.

I went to walk this morning at 6 o'clock over toward Virginia. Should have gone the whole length of the bridge, but met two men returning, and as it was most breakfast time I returned with them. They met men who asked if they were not afraid to go the other side of the river, but they found no trouble. There was a guard on both sides of the river until day before yesterday, at which time those on the Virginia side were withdrawn; they were disunion troops. The U. S. A. men are there yet and stop any provisions or anything of importance from passing *from* Washington. The walk made me feel "nice as a pin."

Our food is very much improved. We had baked beans to-day, for the first time. They were baked in a hole dug in the ground, wood fire made in it, then the pot put in and covered with live coals, and then earth. Were in all night and in the morning were very good; not as moist as those at home, but we had been so long without them that we hailed them with delight. We have had beef also.

MAY 11.

Yesterday morning four of us went over to Virginia and saw two Secession soldiers; talked with them half an hour; they were very gentlemanly and we agreed to disagree. They expressed the opinion that if we had to fight we should have to do it smart, as they were good at the business. They had rifles. I looked at one of them; it was all loaded and cap on, all prepared for action. We did not fear them, as we had twenty-eight shots in our pistols. I had two; but there was no occasion to use them. We fired at a fence on our way home; my shots all told in a small space, seven rods off. In the P. M. a number were over there and Henry W. Eustis astonished those who saw him, by bringing down a hawk that was flying in the air above them, with his pistol. It was a wonderful shot. Men on the Va. side were surprised at hearing that all the soldiers at Washington had such pistols. This morning we went over to Georgetown, about the same distance as our other walk (about two and a half miles) all before breakfast. We have plenty to eat and drink, good enough for soldiers. Beef, pork, soft and dry bread, coffee, sugar, potatoes, beans, &c. The Massachusetts stores have arrived, including vegetables, cheese, preserved meats, &c. Not a word of fault is heard in regard to our food now. Those who have wanted shoes have been provided with them.

Went into the White House. Our next neighbor is "Old Abe" you know. I send a small flower from his green house, and a leaf from a beautiful tree in the rear of the house. Everything is attended to about the establishment in nice shape. Pear trees are full of pears, and beets, tomatoes, beans and all sorts of garden sauce are in a very forward state. Strawberries are in blossom.

G. W. A.

The following extract is from a letter to another person by same writer as the above, dated May 5:—

Most of the Regiment went to church this afternoon. They are pretty quiet on Sunday, considering the number in one room, some one hundred and eighty. Only a few of the men can leave the building, unless they go with the Company or Regiment. I have a pass and can go when I please. I intend to go to church this evening. With one exception the company are all well and in good spirits. That exception is B. L. of Greenwood, who dropped his pistol and it went off, the ball passing through his boot and stockings, starting the flesh on his foot. The wound was not serious, and will probably be well in a week. It is astonishing that we are all so healthy. Most of us have had colds, but nothing of a serious nature.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The impromptu gathering of the Ladies in the Town House last week to prepare articles of clothing for the Richardson Light Guard now at Washington, resulted in filling two large boxes, which were packed on Friday, and on Saturday morning started for their destination. The packages contained some 7 doz. Woolen shirts and drawers, 5 doz. cotton do., 7 doz. Linen handkerchiefs, 4 doz. of which were hemmed by ladies of Reading, 7½ doz. pairs of stockings, wrought heels, 6 doz. linen towels, about 6 doz. bags filled with combs, thimbles, pins, pin-cushions, needles, thread, buttons, toilet soap, &c. Beside these, were stowed away many articles of comfort and luxury.

In writing from Washington one of the soldiers exclaims, "There is no place like old South Reading," This is the natural feeling of most people toward the place of their nativity and early home, Perhaps it is natural also to feel that our own people are bravest, the most energetic and the best, Without implying that much however, or making invidious comparison between the Ladies of South Reading and those of other towns, who very likely would be found equally prompt, under like circumstances, (for the Ladies are always ready to every good work,) we think that the Ladies of our place deserve great credit for their energy and zeal, and their devotedness to every cause that has for its object the amelioration of human condition. At the present state of affairs in our government, many females have expressed a wish that they were men, that they might effectually prove their devotion to their country by fighting for its rights; but they can do a work at home. Their "handiwork," their sympathies, and their prayers will do much to cheer the spirits and keep the heart from desponding. The soldier even on the battle field will be fired with renewed zeal, as he thinks of a devoted wife or sister or friend, who, at home, is anxious for the arrival of every mail to catch the latest war-news of passing events. How many tears of gratitude will fall when the big boxes are opened to exhibit the watchfulness of their wants of loved ones whom they left behind. How many vows will be renewed when they think that they stand between *such* homes and the foes who would invade them and despoil them of their dearest rights and most cherished joys. Let us learn to "act well our part," at all times, and in every station.

We saw a letter from a friend in St. Louis, to-night, 15th, which speaks most encouragingly of the strength of the Union party in that city. The writer is a Union Man, and says the Unionists have nothing to fear, but are in excellent spirits, believing that they are able entirely to overcome the foes of their country; that their families feel perfectly secure, and the report that the people are removing from the city, refers only to the secessionists, who seem to be in terror, and many of them are actually fleeing from the place. A letter received from a lady of the same place fully confirms these statements.

The town meeting on Monday evening was very fully attended, and though the citizens have lost none of their patriotism, there was less of excitement than at the former meeting. In the absence of C. H. Shepard, Town Clerk, the Selectmen presided until Geo. H. Sweetser was chosen Clerk protempore. P. H Sweetser, Esq., was elected Moderator. The Town Military Committee, chosen at the previous meeting did not feel authorised to act under the instructions given them, thinking that the proceedings savored of illegality. They had furnished some supplies, however, on their own responsibility.

It was voted that the appointment of that Committee be re-affirmed, and that their act already performed receive the sanction of the town. The consideration of raising money, a stipulated sum for each soldier, was postponed to await the action of the Legislature now in session. The 9th Section of the 46th Chapter of the Revised Statutes, with regard to setting out and maintaining shade trees upon the public squares and highways, was accepted. The Treasurer was authorized to hire $5000 to be at the disposal of the Town Military Committee. Nearly every vote during the meeting was passed unanimously. The meeting was adjourned for two weeks.

Jerrimiah Madden, on Monday evening, was exercised with so great a zeal for his adopted country, that he was a disturber of peace, and it became the duty of the police to escort him to a small room in the Town House, built for the accommodation of such as he. It took several men to transport him to Lock-up, as he had hardly strength enough in him to stiffen his joints, and beside, he declared he was a soldier, ready to fight for his country, and it was wrong to interfere with his patriotism. The next morning his case was represented to Trial Justic Upton, who in consideration of the "spirit that was in him," and the service that Jerry was willing to vender to his country, ordered him boarded three months at the expense of the county. This was considered a very light sentence inasmuch as he had served out several such terms for being a common drunkard.

Doctor Cushman and wife, residents of this town, who have spent a season in Europe returned by the Great Eastern, and arrived in town on Monday morning.

Mr. Lowell of the Grammar School has received an appointment to a High School in Maine, with advanced salary, and will close his services with us this week. Mr. J. D. Stevens of Amesbury is appointed his successor.

M.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR ITEMS.—The following additional subscriptions have been made to the fund for the benefit of the volunteers from this town, viz: J. C. Nichols, $10, Robert Cowdry, 1, Hiram Andrews, 12.50, A. L. Andrews, 1, Jona. Lock, 10, Ezekiel Johnson, 3, Thomas Hutchinson, 2, Lemuel Holton, 25, Horace Hatch, 10, Charles Hall, 25, Chas. H. Dunham, 100, John B. Winslow, 25, George H. Chapman, jr., 25, Chas. P. Sanborn, 50, A. K. P. Joy, 50, John Symmes, 2, Chas. McIntier, 5, Joseph Huse, 20, Luther Richardson, 25, John G. Richardson, 10, E. A. Wadleigh, 5, D. Green, 3, Chars. Goddard, 15, (had subscribed in Brookline a large sum,) A. H. Field, 25, total, 459.50. Amount previously reported, 3280; making the fund thus far, 3739.50. The Committee of Distribution have called for 15 per cent. of the amount subscribed, for immediate use. As no more volunteers will be accepted for a less term than three years, unless sooner discharged, it would be well for the committee to heed the recommendation of his Excellency the Governor "that, hereafter, such contributions as have been proposed for the several volunteer companies, shall be reserved for the benefit of such volunteers as shall enlist for the three years' term." It seems to me that the company to which our volunteers belong should be drilled daily and that they should be paid for the time thus occupied. This is the only way to fit them to become soldiers, by initiating them into the service of arms and camp life, before they are called to enter upon and fulfil its requirements.

It is proposed to form a "Home Guard," in our town, and to attain this end a paper has been drawn up, and seventeen of our citizens have already signed it. For the information of those purposing to join, I quote from one of the daily papers, what will probably be required of them. "At a meeting of representatives of various military Home Guards of Boston and vicinity, the following draft of a bill for the consideration of the Legislature to establish a legal basis for such organizations, was adopted."

"The bill provides that when the roll shall include 64 names, a number shall be assigned to the company, and upon application to a justice of the peace, a meeting shall be called, the justice presiding, for the election of a Captain and four Lieutenants, the return to be made to the Adjutant General's office. Companies of less than 64 may be organized, if such be the pleasure of the Governor. Subsequent elections of commissioned officers must be by order of the Governor, under the Presidency of such officer of the Home Guard as he may designate. Orders to the Home Guards are to come from the Governor or his Aids, who is empowered to order them into active service within the State, or in the Forts. The Guards are allowed rations, but no pay, in service, are not exempt from the liability of drafting, and in case of actual service must conform to the 'regulations of war.'"

This bill has been presented to the Legislature now in session, and will probably receive early attention. If it passes, arms and equipments for about 3000 members of the Home Guards will be called for in a short time, and we shall have in our midst a powerful military organization which will render efficient service should occasion require it.

☞ The Sahib says, that if the road between Woburn and Winchester should be crowded up an inch or two higher, the attraction of cohesion would be dreadfully strained.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday afternoon last, the wife and youngest child of Mr. Francis Chisholm, residing on Forrest St., were burned so severely by the explosion of a can of burning fluid as to casuse their death, the child, who was about 1½ years of age, died shortly after the occurence, the mother had her clothes burned off, her body severely injured externally and internally, and lingered in great agony which was partly alleviated by keeping her under the influence of ether, until the next morning at 7 o'clock when death released her from further suffering. The mother was conscious after the affair and able to talk. She said that the can was under the sink in the kitchen and that the child got hold of some matches and lighting them, placed them in the nose of the can causing its instant explosion. An alarm of fire was created by the burning of the room in which the explosion took place, which was, however, speedily extinguished, without much damage. Dr. Ingalls was called in and did all in his power to alleviate the extreme pain of the mother, but was obliged to inform her at the outset, in answer to her question, that she could not live. Three other children were out of the house at the time. Thus suddenly has death entered this family circle and in this painful way called mother and child to their Heavenly Home.

EXCELSIOR.

THE CHEMISTRY OF MEDICINE.—Among the special delights which have so richly repaid our visit to New England, was the inspection, it was our privilege to make Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s Laboratory at Lowell. Although we knew by hear-say, that it was large, yet were we suprised when we came into view of its real magnitude, and still more by the extent and complication of its truly immense business. The whole massive structure is in fact one vast chemical laboratory, in which the process of this wonderful art are constantly going on. Medico-chemical science has found that the curative properties of any substance exist in some one or more of its component parts. Thus the remedial effects of opium are due solely to the morphia it contains, although this is but one eighteenth part of its weight; the other seventeen parts are gums extractive, an inert or offensive matter. Dr. Ayer's system separates the medical properties of each substance employed and we are here shown the processes by which the *virtues* of each remedial agent are chased through the alembics until they come out completely pure at last. These concentrated, purified medical properties, or virtues are finally combined together to produce the remedies which have made themselves a reputation for unrivalled excellence, all over the world. Not only does the Doctor disclaim all secrecy in his art and explain every process and every particular, but he maintains that this is the only process by which the people can be supplied with the best possible remedies for the treatment of disease.—The Formula by which his remedies are made are published in the medical Journals and have been presented to a large part of the medical Faculty of the United States, and are constantly sent by mail to such physicians as apply for them. *Daily Chronicle, San Francisco.*

Special Notices.

A CARD.

The officers and members of Niagara Engine Co., No. 1, take this method of returning their thanks to Excelsior No. 1, of Winchester, for the bountiful supply of refreshments furnished them after the fire last evening. Also to the volunteers who rendered us such valuable assistance.

Per order of the Company,
JOHN GILCREAST, Foreman.
JOHN L. PARKER, Clerk.
Woburn, May 18, 1061.

Stoneham Cemetery.

The Lindenwood Cemetery will be consecrated on WEDNESDAY, MAY 22d, at 2 o'clock, P.M., with appropriate ceremonies.

Immediately after the services there will be a sale of the LOTS.

GEO. W. DIKE, REUBEN LOCKE, JR., AMASA FARRIER, LUTHER HILL, J. P. GOULD, Committee.
Stoneham, May 15th, 1861.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York

Died.

KNIGHT—In Woburn, May 11th, Mrs. Sevina R. Knight, aged 39 years and 5 months.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of NANCY D. REED, late of Woburn, in said County, widow, deceased, GREETING.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented for Probate by Edward Simonds, the Executor therein named,—You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the Second Tuesday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be proved and allowed.

And the said Simonds is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Middlesex Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be three days at least before said court.

Witness my hand this twenty-third day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one. WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of Probate Court.

A true copy, Attest, J. H. TYLER, Register.

FOR SALE

IN Woburn, a COTTAGE HOUSE, BARN and WORKSHOP, within a few minutes walk of Churches Schools and R. R. Depot. There is a never failing well of water upon the premises. Will be sold low for cash. Inquire at this office.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

THE subscriber will dispose of his present stock of LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SHOES at greatly reduced prices, corresponding with the times. Those in want are invited to call at the Shoe Store OPPOSITE THE NEW CHURCH.

May 5—3m. AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

An Important Fact!

1
It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!

2
Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.

3
Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.

4
In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.

5
At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

MRS. C. F. PORTER,

HAS taken the Store formerly occupied by MR. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the

Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of

MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861.—3m

To the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex:

THE undersigned, respectfully represent that the public necessity and convenience would be greatly promoted by an alteration in the line of Washington Street, in Winchester, therefore pray that your honorable board may view the premises and straighten, widen and discontinue so much thereof as may be necessary.

JAMES A. WOODBURY and others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Cambridge in said county, on the first Tuesday of January and by adjournment April 16th, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Town Hall, in Winchester, on the 3d day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Winchester, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
Copy of Petition and order thereon,
Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
A true copy Attest,
MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

ONE GOOD ACT

THE PRESIDENT has set his signature to the new Tariff Bill. By this means I have made my list of prices for

CARPETINGS

FOR MY SPRING SALES AS FOLLOWS

100 Rolls Union Carpets, at 25 cents per yard.
50 Rolls Cotton and Wool Carpets at 37 cents per yard.
40 Rolls Common Carpets at 45 cents per yard.
350 Rolls Extra Fine Carpets at 50 cents per yard.
425 Rolls Extra Super Carpets at 62½ cents per yard.
100 Rolls Extra Three-ply Carpets from 90 cents to $1.
100 Rolls English Tapestry Carpets at $1 per yard.
275 Rolls Dutch Carpets at 17 cents per yard
750 Rolls Painted Carpets from 30 to 50 cents per yard.
100 Rolls Stair Carpets from 12½ cents to $1 per yard.
400 Rolls Thompsonville, Tariffville, Lowell and Tapleyville.
Extra Super Carpets at 17 censts per yard.

☞ A discount to Wholesale Dealers, to Ministers and their families of all denominations, and Church Committees.

E. C. STEVENS,
124 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.
28—3m.

Magazines for 1861!

All Magazines are supplied at the

WOBURN BOOK STORE

at prices less than publishers' rates, together with the saving of postage.

HARPER for 1861,	$2.40.
GODEY, "	2.40.
PETERSON, "	2.00.
ATLANTIC, "	2.40.
ECLECTIC, "	4.80.

and all other Magazines at proportionate rates.

☞ Persons wishing to commence with the New Year, should subscribe at once.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE

AMERICAN STEAM AND GAS PIPE WORKS.

WILLIAM G. PIKE, manufacturer and dealer in STEAM and GAS PIPE of all sizes; Brass and Iron Fittings, of all kinds; Steam Boilers, Valves, Cocks, Heaters, Coils, Condensers, Gas Lighting Apparatus, and everything connected with Steam and Gas.

No 29 Haverhill street Boston.

Steam Apparatus, for Warming Factories, Hotels, Public Institutions and Private Dwellings.
Feb. 6th—3m.

Cherry Wine Bitters.

DR. WHEELER'S CHERRY WINE BITTERS have gained a repetition for excellence in driving out of the human system such complaints as dyspepsia, nervous debility, scrofulous humors, eruptions of the skin, hysteria, headache, jaundice, languor, vertigo, flatulency.

They combat with other disease, viz. lowness of spirits, diarrhœa, dysentery, and readily conquer.

Prepared only by Lewis Wheeler, Druggist, corner Custom House and Broad street, Boston, and for sale everywhere. 14—3m

INTERESTING TO THE PUBLIC!

PERSONS troubled with Contracted Limbs of many years standing, Stiff Joints or Rhumatism, can be effectually cured, by using

DR. HANSONS Stimulating Ointment

which is sold at Wholesale & Retail at the Depot NO. 145 HANOVER STREET, up one flight of stairs.

Boston Price Fifty cents per bottle, and if the patient is not benefited the money will be refunded.

Advice gratis. Feb. 7th—3m.

SOMETHING NEW!

I AM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of

LIGHT AND DARK GOODS
—FOR—
SPRING CLOTHING.
G. R. GAGE.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING,
J. F. PICKERING.
Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank.

THIS Bank pays interest on all sums from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Regular dividends five per cent. Extra dividends every fifth year. Interest not withdrawn is added to the principal. Bank hours every Saturday from 2 to 4 o'clock, in City Bank rooms West Lynn, near Lynn Common Depot. Depositors from other towns than Lynn, can deposit every day from 8½ to 12 and from 1 to 2.

B. V. FRENCH, *Treasurer.*
Dec. 8, 1860.—1y.

1861! 1861!! Bill Heads! Bill Heads

BUSINESS MEN can be supplied with BILL HEADS, in any quantity, at the *JOURNAL OFFICE*, at short notice, in good style, and at prices sa low as in the city, or elsewhere.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Cyrus Richardson, late of Springfield, in the county of Sangamore, in the state of Illinois, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JAMES M. RANDALL, Admr., with the will annexed.
Woburn, April 25, 1861.—3w

To owners and keepers of DOGS WITHIN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

NOTICE is hereby given that all Licenses for Dogs will expire on the 30th day of April, 1861. Persons wishing to renew their Licenses can retain their original number by applying to me pevious to the 7th day of May.

N. WYMAN, Town Clerk of Woburn.
Woburn, April 27th, 1861.—tf

MAY MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOU'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &C., &C.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,
Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,

and all articles used in Millinery. Also,

Dress Making attended to,
WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinance of the same.
April 19.—tf

NEW PATENT GLASSING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber has recently patented a machine for

Glassing Leather,

which is a great improvement on anything of the kind now in use, and is ready to manufacture them to order. The machine can be seen in operation at Choate & Cummings' Tannery, in Woburn.

WILLIAM ELLARD.
Woburn, April 13th. 1m.

CHARLES A. SMITH

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

A CARD TO GENTLEMEN!

THE Subscriber desires to thank his friends and customers for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him for many years past, and begs to solicit a continuance of their favors. Gentleman in want of

Elegant, Rich & Fashionable Garments,
—AS WELL AS—
Clothing for Common Wear,

are solicited to examine my

New Stock of Cloths, Vestings, Coatings, and Pantaloonery,

the largest ever exhibited in this town, and which has been selected with much care from the latest importations and best domestic manufactures.

These GOODS, many of which are adapted to

FALL AND WINTER WEAR,

are offered to the public at

LOW AND UNIFORM PRICES.

Employing the most skillful workmen for each garment, I guarantee to give those who favor me with their orders, GARMENTS which, for

FIT AND FINISH,

they will at once appreciate, and of such durability as, it is believed, will give perfect satisfaction. I have also a large assortment of appropriate

FABRICS FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.

A select assortment of GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS constantly on hand.

G. R. GAGE.

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Pilling's Factory," for the purpose of

Grinding Corn, Rye, &c.,

is now prepared to wait upon such in that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days.

Nov. 12, 1859 BENJ. MANSFIELD. tf

THE LATEST NEWS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has made arrangements for a supply of the principal Daily and Weekly Newspapers, and Monthly Magazines, all of which will be furnished at the earliest moment after publication, and at the lowest prices. The following papers constantly on hand, and for sale:

DAILY.	WEEKLY.
Boston Post,	Ballou's Pictorial,
" Herald,	New York Ledger,
" Bee,	Middlesex Journal
" Traveller,	Lowell Vox Populi,
" Ledger,	Gazette,
" Transcript,	and others.

ALSO—Harpers' and Putnam's Magazines, Godey's Lady's Book, &c. Newspapers and Magazines of all kinds will be furnished at short notice.

JOSIAH HOVEY,
Winchester: June 7. Lyceum Building

TO LET.

THE subscriber has several PLEASANT ROOMS in h's new building on Union street, which he is desirous of letting for some light business. Particulars will be given on application.

L. W. COOPER.
Woburn, Dec. 15th, 1860.—tf

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without injury

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of

MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN,
148 Hanover Street, Boston.

A. E. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

No. 3 Wade's Block.
Woburn, April, 1854.

WILLIAM WINN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estat attended to on reasonable term.

Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON,

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

A B COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Stree

At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

ALSO, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware, Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

☞ *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.*

(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).
Nov1, 1858. ytf

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.

☞ New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale. GEORGE ALLEN.
Winchester, Sept. 1. tf

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

Central Market

Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.

Oct 8, 1859. tf

DR. C. T. LANG

SURGEON DENTIST,

Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.,
WOBURN CENTRE, MASS

E. D. HAYDEN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN, MASS.
Feb. 13. ytf

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stockof GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.*

East Woburn, Sept. ytf

H. HARRIMAN,

HARNESS AND COLLAR M

Corner of Ockley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices

Repairing neatly done.

Nov. 20.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Woburn, January 11, 1861. Apply at this Office.

Business Cards.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road,

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.30 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.30 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.30 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.30 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Saturdays at 10 p. m.
Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00, 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7 55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 p m.
Winchester at 6.05. 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant
B. L. and N. & L. R. R,
May 1st, 1861.

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures
March 5, 1858. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,
School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL, ... WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
Woburn Centre
Jan. 21, 1860. tf

HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,
PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satsisfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by loaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

PURE LIQUORS AND WINES FOR PRIVATE USE AND MEDICAL PURPOSES.

WE offer the country trade and consumers, a complete assortment of every variety of LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Importers is not only a sufficient guarantee for the *Purity of our Goods*, but that it enables us to offer advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and reliable article of *Liquors and Wines* for medicinal and other purposes, we have for many years given special attention to filling orders for *Private Use*, and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to send their orders to us direct, as we employ no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons who require *Pure Liquors and Wines*, in large or small quantities, may rest assured that all orders will receive our best personal attention, and that every article sent from our house will be satisfactory in every respect. Communications by mail will receive prompt attention, with full and complete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS,
87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass.
Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1yr

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

A Cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, General Debility, and all Scrofulus Humors.

THIS COMPOUND has been used with the most complete success by our most celebrated Physicians, for the removal and permanent cure of the above diseases. Hundreds for whom there was no hope before the discovery of this simple yet effectual remedy, have been raised to health and happiness by its timely use. The following case of Mr. J. Williams is sufficient to convince all of its Wonderful effects. He says:—

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for several months. I had used the clear Cod Liver Oil most of the time, but had derived but little benefit from it. I had an attack of Bleeding at the Lungs, which alarmed my friends very much, as they now supposed there was no hope for me. About this time I heard of your Compound Cod Liver Oil and Lime. I immediately commenced using it, and began soon to perceive its benoeficia effects; in two months my cough had entirely left me, and I am now enjoying perfect health. Truly yours, J. Williams."

N. B. This Compound does not nauseate like the Clear Oil.—Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, No. 166 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL COMPANY.

Kerosene, Illuminating, Lubriacating and Binnacle Oils.

THE above Oils, from the manufactory of this Company, constantly on handand for sale by the Agents,

BUSLEY & KING,
March 14, 1861. 36 INDIA STREET.

The French Burr Millstone Shop

Is removed from the foot of WEBSTER ST, East Boston, to

Nos. 17 and 19 Eastern Avenue,
THIRD DOOR FROM COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

CONSTANTLY on hand a choice selection of all kinds of French and American Esopus Burr Millstones. Stones dressed and repaired in Mills at short notice, and by most competent workmen. N. CRILLY.

T. RICKARD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Residence on BENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant Street, on the right.
Woburn, Dec. 4. tf

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.
From S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

Office 36 Bromfield t., Boston.

Rev. N. Day, *President.* Rev. P. Mason, *Vice do* Charles R. Greene, *Treasurer.*

PHYSICIANS:

R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D
MARY HARWOOD, FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

THIS Institution was established to secure greater perfection in the science of Medicine, and a more successful practice in the treatment of the various diseases upon natural or rational principles, discarding the use of poisonous drugs, and using such remedies, and such only, as act in harmony with the laws of life. Invalids, therefore, who wish to employ sensible means in a sensible way, for the recovery of health, will find advantages at this Institution not to be found elsewhere.

The Electro-Chemical Baths, together with Dr. Greene's improved Medication, have been adopted in this Institution, and have greatly aided in the removal of many diseases.

Most Diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Complaint, Female Complaints, and the great variety of diseases with which the human body is afflicted, are successfully treated with medicines which can be sent to any part of the world, with full directions, as a very correct knowledge can be obtained from answers to the questions in the "Indian Arcana," a copy of which will be sent free when requested. Persons wishing to learn more fully the theory and practice of this Institution, will be supplied with a pamphlet by mail, free, on the receipt of four postage stamps.

All persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should avail themselves of the personal attention of the physicians at the Institute, where proper boarding-houses are provided.

Consultations at the office, free of charge, from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M., or by letter on the receipt of a postage stamp.

All communications should be directed to DR. GREENE, 36 *Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.*

HORSE SHOES.

BURDEN'S NEW PATENT MACHINE HORSE SHOES, punched, creased, and ready for fitting, warranted to fit up as easily and wear as long as the best hand-made Swedes Iron Shoe, and sold at the price of good shoe iron. Weight from ten ounces to three pounds, packed in kegs of one hundred pounds, one size or an assortment, as preferred, in each keg. Samples may be seen at the store of LEEDS & TOBEY, 23 BROAD ST., BOSTON. Agents for the sale of Burden's Railroad, Ship and Boat Spikes, Boiler Rivets, Horse Shoes, and Merchant Iron.

The Place to Purchase Everything in the Sewing Machine Department.

C. PATCH & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Sewing Machine Shuttles, Bobbins, Needles, Hemmers, Screw-drivers, Oilers and Oil, Silk, Cotton and Linen Thread, and every variety of Sewing Machine Trimmings, at the *lowest prices.* Also, every variety of First Class Sewing Machines at the Manufacturer's LOWEST CASH PRICES. Persons wishing to purchase Sewing Machines will do well to call at

191 Washington street, - - Boston.

ATTRACTIVE MUSIC BOOKS.

HOME CIRCLE,—Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Marches, &c., for Piano, $1.50. *Shower of Pearls*, Vocal Duets, $2.00. *Operatic Bouquet*, Duets, Quartetts, Choruses, &c., from the best Operas, $2.00. *Home Melodist*, Words and Music of about 100 Favorite Songs, 25 cts. *Shilling Song Book*, Words of 175 Popular Songs, 12 cts. 100 Scotch Songs, 100 Irish Songs, 100 Comic Songs, each 50 cts.

Sent post paid, on receipt of price. Pianos and Melodeons for sale and to let at very low prices, by DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

PURE PICKLES,

DELICIOUS SAUCES,
FINE MUSTARD, and
GENUINE KETCHUPS,
FROM CROSSE & BLACKWELL,
LONDON.

CHOW-CHOW, Piccalilli, Mixed and other Pickles; Sultana's, Harvey, John Bull, Anchovey, &c., Sauces; Durham Mustard, India Soy, Curry, Walnut, and Mushroom Ketchups, Chutney, &c., are adapted to hot and cold

Meats, Fish, Soups, Gravies. &c.

They should be furnished for every table, and supplied to every cook.

C. & B.'s goods have gained great renown for their purity and quality, not only in England but in other countries. They are sold nearly as low as inferior goods, and purchasers wishing their preparations, should see that the name of Crosse & Blackwell, London, is oneach Bottle or parcel purchased.

Importers and Agents, BRAY & HAYES, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

ROMAN CEMENT,

Imported by
Bray & Hayes, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

Roman and Portland Cement, for brick or stone work, hydraulics, gas and water pipe joints, &c.,

$1200 A YEAR AND EXPENSES GUARANTEED AGENTS FOR FULLAM'S $10 Patent Stencil Tools.

THE WHOLE OUTFIT IN A NEAT TRUNK FOR $10.

TWO hours' practice enables any one to use those tools with facility. The outfit contains Chisels and Gouges for LARGE WORK, and stock enough to retail for $150. Circulars and samples sent free.

Address A.J. FULLAM, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston; 212 Broadway, New York; or Springfield, Vt.

JULIAN A. FOGG,

MANUFACTURER of every description of Polished ENGRAVED METAL SIGNS, for Store Windows, Office Doors, Door Posts, &c. Silver Door Plates neatly engraved to order. No. 221 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. Machine, Carriage, and Coffin Plates, furnished and engraved to order. Silver Letters and Numbers, Pew Figures, &c., &c. Orders sent from a distance will receive prompt attention. Diploma awarded at the late Mechanics' Fair, for Engraved Metal Signs.

Rubber Coats,	$1.50 to	$8.00
Rub'r Horse Covers,	2.50 "	5.00
Rubber Foot Balls,	.60 "	1.60

All Goods at the Manufacturers' Lowest Prices.

ALFRED HALE & CO.,
India-Rubber Manuf'rs, 23 School Street, BOSTON.

ANDREW J. MORSE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Soda and Mineral Water Apparatus,

49 Congress Street, Boston.

Catalogues containing prices and description of the various articles will be sent upon application.

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL FOR $30.

CALLING AT CORK.

THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steam ships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin, $75. Third Class, $30. Third Class, *from Liverpool*, $40. Third Class, *from Cork to New York*, $30. Third Class, *from Cork to Boston*, $32.50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents 99 State Street and Constitution Wharf, Boston, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

REMITTANCES:—Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britian or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN.

CRANE'S PATENT RUBBER BAND Carpet Sweeper.

THIS is the only article fit to sweep a Carpet. They save all the labor and dust, and the Carpets will last twice as long. They are one of the most important articles in house-keeping, which no one will be without after once using it. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

PRICE $2.50.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE

RUBBER BAND CARPET SWEEPER CO.
No. 55 Cornhill, Boston.

O. H. WEED & CO., Agents.

P. S. We solicit orders from all Traders and Pedlers, to whom we will forward a sample, or any quantity of the above Sweepers, at the lowest wholesale price, viz:—$21 per dozen.

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☞ Silk Hats Warranted Waterproof

HATS and CAPS, made to order at short notice Old Hats renovated and made to look as good as new.

IT CAN BE DONE.

OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.
March 13th, 1861.—3m

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From S. M. Pettengill & Co., Boston.

F. R. ROBINSON'S INDEXIBLE SOAP.

TWO SILVER MEDALS AWARDED.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Brittanna, and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c., warranted to contain nothing that *can possibly* injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use.

Many of our largest dealers in Silver Ware have given it their unqualified approval. ☞ See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other Soap for cleaning fine House Paint, the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the pain which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as when new.

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HONEY SOAP, PURE.—Competent and disinterested judges pronounce this Soap equal to the best imported and far superior to most that claims the name, Honey. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin, and fragrant as a flower garden.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest metals, and agreeable to the taste. Physicians and other scientific men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth and Gums of all are infested with Animal Parasites. Careful and repeated experiments have proved that Soap is the only agent that will destroy them without injury to the organs

It effectually rids the mouth of the fœtid matter and tartar which renders the breath so impure and disagreeable—it gives tone and strength to the gums, and a clear, pearly whiteness to the teeth, preventing their premature decay.

Manufactured only by the BOSTON INDEXICAL SOAP COMPANY.

GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents,
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Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

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IS THE DEMAND FOR

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SHERRY WINE BITTERS,

The celebrated New England Remedy for HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE FEVER and AGUE, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all DISEASES arising from a DISORDERED STOMACH, LIVER, OR BOWELS.

THEY are used and recommended by leading Physicians of the country, and all who try them pronounce them invaluable.

Dr. JAMES L. LEEPERE writes from Navarre, Stark County, Ohio: "The Bitters are praised by those suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint."

E. S. DAVIS, Postmaster at Williamsport, Ohio, says: "They give great satisfaction. I used them myself, having taken cold, become prostrate and lost my appetite. It relieved me and I can recommend it with great assurance of its merits."

Dr. WM. M. KERR of Rogersville, Indiana, writes us that they are the most valuable medicine offered. He has recommended them with great success, and with them made several cures of palpitation of the heart and general debility.

THOMAS STANFORD, Esq, Blountville, Henry Co., Indiana, writes us a long letter under date of May 4, 1860. He was much reduced, having been afflicted for three years with great nervous debility, palpitation of the heart of the most severe and prostrating character, "after using a few bottles I was completely restored, and am now in robust health."

GEORGE W. HOFFMAN says he was afflicted with rheumatism for 20 years in all its various forms, and at the date of his letter he had been two years; the bitters effecting the cure, when several physicians attending him could do him no good.

He says, "for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney affection or dropsey, it is a specific and certain remedy."

J. W. HUNT writes from Delphos, Allen County, Ohio, (a section where Fever and Ague prevails,) that he most cheerfully recommends them of decided merit in all cases of Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia and General Debility.

D. K. GALLESHERS, M. D. writes from Van Wert, Ohio. "I most respectfully recommend the Sherry Wine Bitters to the notice of dyspeptic persons, and all who require a stimulating medicine."

Such News we are receiving Daily.

FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE.
Sold by dealers in medicine generally.

THE FREEMASONS' MONITOR,

BY THOMAS SMITH WEBB.

A new and beautifully illustrated pocket edition, containing, in addition to the Manual of Webb, (carefully collated with the original,) a Manual for the Degrees of Royal and Select Master, full Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, and Installation, in Council and Encampment, a historical sketch of the Lectures of Masonry, a correct Likeness of Webb, (with a fac-similie autograph,) and a complete Burial Service for the Orders of Knighthood, by George W. Chase Editor of the Masonic Journal. This is the only *complete* Masonic Monitor ever published, as it is the only one containing complete Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, Installation, in Lodge, Chapter, Council and Encampment, or the above named Burial Service. The MONITOR contains 352 pages, is splendidly illustrated, bound in best Morocco, tucks, gilt, and is sold at $. per copy. The same bound in Muslin, 75 cts. per copy.

Also, the THREE FIRST DEGREES of the same work, in muslin, price 37 cents, at retail. (postpaid to any part of the United States.) A liberal discount made to the trade.

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Birds and Animals preserved to order. When sent from other places they will be safely packed.

Trusses, Supporters, and Shoulder Braces.

DR. J. W. PHELPS, celebrated throughout New England and the West, as the inventor of various kinds of apparatus for the cure and correction of all kinds of deformities, keeps constantly on hand at his establishment, *No. 68 Tremont Street Boston*, a full assortment, such as Patent Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Knee Caps, Elastic Stockings, &c., &c.

Dr. Phelps' Apparatus are used and recommended by the faculty at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

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And various other kinds of Merchandise. Also, *Real Estate* bought and sold. Money loaned on Personal Property. Always ready to buy, sell, or exchange property.

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Ale, Porter, Cider, Mineral water,

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From S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston.

COLDS! COUGHS!!

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

BROWN'S BRONCHICAL TROCHES CURE *Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, clear and give strength to the voice of*

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

FEW are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "slight cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are the most valuable article, especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarsness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at 25 cents a box.

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Also, for sale by us, at wholesale and retail, Dr. MOWE'S Celebrated COUGH BALSAM and VEGETABLE BITTERS, the best medicines in use. Upwards of 60,000 bottles of these Bitters have been sold by us in the last year. Every family should get a dozen, as spring is coming, to cleanse and purify the blood, also as an appetizer.

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TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE,

PROPRIETORS OF HOTELS, AND KEEPERS OF SALOONS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

YOUR attention is called to the following notice of *Dr. Wheeler's Celebrated Sherry Wine Tonic Bitters*, prepared entirely of roots and herbs, compounded with Sherry Wine. This invaluable tonic is peculiarly beneficial when any tonic impression is needed to give tone and action to the stomach, strength to the digestive organs, and reinstates, in all cases of general debility and loss of appetite, without infringing by its use any conventional forms, neither violating by its companionship the statutes of the land, nor deviating from the most fastidious observances of temperance, whilst enjoying its vivifying influence, makes it the most healthy, and appropriate tonic for Hotels, Steamboats, and Saloons, (as well as the family circle,) that has ever been offered to the public; and by partaking of it unmixed from a wine glass, its medicinal effects will be more highly appreciated. Prepared only by LEWIS WHEELER & CO., DRUGGISTS, *No. 3 Custom House Street, Boston.*

Fold Leaf & Foil, Dentist's Plate, WIRE AND SOLDER.

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Gold and Silver Assayed and Melted.

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$40 EUREKA LOCK-STITCH $40 SEWING MACHINES,

FOR Family use and manufacturing purposes. The Eureka Machines make the *beautiful* Lock-Stitch ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, and will stitch, hem, fell, cord, gather, quilt, bind and tuck. They are what everybody is inquiring for—a perfect Family Sewing Machine; being equally well adapted to sew the most flimsy muslin and the heaviest woollen fabrics. The Eureka Machines use all kinds of thread, and the same thread is used for the under as well as the upper thread. They are warranted m re durable. They are warranted to give the most perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Address THOMAS DERMOTT, Agent, 260 Washington Street.

N. B.—The above Machines are licensed under Howe's Patent.

To THOMAS DERMOTT, Esq., No. 260 Washington Street, Boston.

Dear Sir:—The "Eureka Sewing Machine" which I purchased of you last October works to a charm, and has given, thus far, *perfect satisfaction.* We find it a matter of great convenience that it makes a stitch alike on both sides. We cheerfully recommend the "Eureka" to any who desire to get the best Family Machine.

REV. T. WILLARD LEWIS.
HOPKINTON, Jan. 8, 1851.

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Gentlemen's and Boy's

Ready-Made Clothing

of the latest style, fine material and faithful workmanship, designed for the NEW ENGLAND RETAIL TRADE. Great care has been taken to get up articles that will favor the eye and do good service. Also, a large assortment of Gentlemen's

FURNISHING GOODS, &C.

☞ Attention invited, believing that purchasers will find something to please.

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OAK HALL,
32 & 33 North Street, Boston, Mass.

Day & Martin, London.

REAL JAPAN BLACKING,

From DAY & MARTIN, 97 High Holborn, London, for polishing and preserving Leather, celebrated throughout the civilized world as the best composition for Boots and Shoes. Sold by the principal dealers in Family Stores, Boots, Shoes, &c. Each bottle of the genuine bears the name of the Agents,

BRAY & HAYES, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

Metcalf's Superior Indelible Ink,

FOR STENCIL PLATES, Tin Brass, Zinc Frames, Brushes, Steel Dies, &c. The best of STENCIL ALPHABETS. Also Type and Stamps with Indelible Ink, cheap at wholesale. Letters of inquiry with postage stamp enclosed and orders, promptly attended to. Direct to

M. J. METCALF, 45½ Salem St., Boston.

Miscellaneous.

Volunteered.

I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,
And Summer sends kisses by beautiful May—
Oh! to recall the treasures the Spring is bestowing,
And think—my boy Willie enlisted to-day!

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming,
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,
While Robby, the four-year old, watched for the coming
Of Father, adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed,
To come back no more in the twilight or dawn;
And Robby grew weary of watching, and started
Alone, on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year—and this afternoon sitting
At Robby's old window, I heard the band play,
And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting
To recollect Willie is twenty to-day;

And that, standing beside him this soft May-day morning.
The sun making gold of his wreathed cigar smoke
I saw in his sweet eyes and lips a faint warning,
And choked down the tears when he eagerly spoke:

"Dear mother, you know how those traitors are crowing,
They trample the folds of our flag in the dust;
The boys are all fire; and wish I were going—"
He stopped, but his eyes said, "Oh say if I must!"

I smiled on the boy though my heart it seemed breaking:
My eyes filled with tears, so I turned them away,
And answered him, "Willie, 'tis well you are waking—
Go act as your father would bid you, to-day!"

I sit in the window and see the flags flying,
And dreamily list to the roll of the drum,
And smother the pain in my heart that is lying,
And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

I shall sit in the window when Summer is lying
Out over the fields, and the honey-bees' hum
Lulls the rose at the porch from her tremulous sighing,
And watch for the face of my darling to come.

And if he should fall....his young life he has given
For Freedom's sweet sake....and for me, I will pray
Once more with my Harry and Robby in heaven
To meet the dear boy that enlisted to-day.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Concluded from First Page.

up the business of manufacturing suspenders, that he would use a room in the house for that purpose. That the good people of sense had strange thoughts about the matter, and as no one wished to interfere they looked upon Harlow and Juliette as a wonderful couple, and told me to find out if possible before I should leave the cause of their trouble. I as any brother would do, went about the work. I first learned that a man and his wife, and two maiden sisters, were at work with Juliette; that the man was very rich, as was his two sisters, and that they had found Harlow to be a good fellow, and that Juliette's religious notions kept all hands from enjoying themselves as they would, if she would become a convert to their faith. They were it seems followers of that old, notorious Matthias, who with his big gold "Key of Heaven." as he called it, flourished in New York some years ago. All who remember him will remember he taught that where all were agreed, all were as one family; where there was natural feelings no sin could abound. In short I saw at once the case; saw where the shoe pinched, and went to a friend, who said he was always conscious of the wrong Juliette was suffering, and he being a lawyer, I left the case with him.

Harlow took his family (and I advised Juliette to follow him) and went about four miles out upon "Thatcher's Plains." In a month I found all the neighbors there loved Harlow; but all, except one or two intelligent persons, kept up a loud talk about Mrs. Harlow. The help spoke against her—old women who had been in the family for years talked loudly of her being cross and did not like her at all. She was crazy, made herself crazy, and oh how they pitied poor Harlow.

But the scene changes. My friend, the lawyer, found that Harlow lived in a double house; that a family of good character and friends to Juliette, lived in the one part with Harlow. The cellars were, as well as the house, all separate—save a little door Mrs. Leeds, the lady of the house, had cut through the partition that she could visit Juliette without going round the house upon the street. Of this door, my friend, the lawyer, availed himself, and could go from cellar to cellar, and hear all that was done or said in Juliette's kitchen, sitting-room and Harlow's shop. Secrecy being entered into with Mrs. Leeds, the lawyer, taking a friend, went for two days and nights to the cellar, remaining all through the day and until the families retired at night. So the truth of the trouble was soon set right. Each day the rich man, his sisters and wife, would ride out upon the plains. Each one in turn would take my sister and lecture her upon the importance of receiving their new ideas of religious faith, and getting a partial promise that she would give away and with them share their wealth; share their home and be free and untrammeled by sectarian influences. He owned a little part of a village which was called "Love Lake," where they were to remain to enjoy life and be free from poverty and care. Such was the females' talk; but when the man talked with Juliette, it was of a different turn, altogether; it was of his undying affection, his regard for her and her children, his more than fatherly love for her. But soon the lawyer found out the affection was not returned, and Juliette would only sit mute and if she answered at all it only caused the man to act the more earnest in his entreaties. If my sister used the visitors well and appeared happy, Harlow would come in from the shop and caress her and act overjoyed himself. But if she let the visitors depart with the assurance that she still retained her old notions of matters and things, then Harlow would commence and carouse with the girls in his shop, and the house would ring with revelry. He would hoot after his wife, whistle to her as she went from room to room,—get to dancing with the girls, and get the hair dye and set the girls to work over his beard,—get cake and milk, have a lunch, and everything which would tend to make a wife and mother feel indignant. The lawyer told me he had to bite his lips with rage, and, unless he had left the cellar, he should have gone up into Harlow's shop and had a struggle with him. This was enough. Harlow was soon waited upon, and after the lawyer and his witness to the confusion had told their tale, I took him in hand, and let me say to all who listen to such scoundrels, such despicable, small men, that if you search out the truth of such reports, you will find such men to be deliberate scoundrels.

Juliette is now in the same old church with myself, at L., and is as she ever was, from a child, devout, childlike, and truly good. I put Harlow on board a ship I was sending out to the west coast of Africa, and I think his lame shoulder did not interfere with his working the ropes.

Now I am an old man, and have had much experience, let me tell you, reader, where a man or woman holds on to God and right, all will be well; and when a man talks about a woman that is always at war at home, turn from him and know that "there is something rotten in Denmark." Spurn him when he whines about home cares and trials; put him into the service of his country; ship him; do something with him and give his wife a chance to breath free one year before she dies. I never saw a woman more happy than the one I have described, when she was free; and when Harlow returned—old Matthias' doctrine by that time had been sunk into the sea—he embraced his early faith, and lived a good man with his family.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY THEY CAN DO.—We ain't very big, and can't do much against the enemy abroad, but we can worry 'em dreadfully at home, if we find any. We can keep 'em awake nights, we can put dead cats in their front yards, we can ring their door bells, we can throw mud on their windows, we can daub their paint, we can send all the hand organs to play round their houses, we can tell folks they have got the small pox, and make up faces at their babies if they look out doors.

A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop and viewed critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out and addressed them: 'What do you stand there gazing at my office for; do you think it is a church?' 'Faix,' answered one of them, 'I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy!'

WHAT IS A PHENOMENON.—A Scotch lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon. "Maybe, ma freen's, ye dinna ken what a phenomenon may be. Weel, then, a'll tell 'ee. Ye've seen a coo (cow), nae doot. Weel, a coo's nae a phenomenon. Ye've a, seen an aipple-tree Weel, an aipple-tree's nae a phenomenon. But gin you see the coo gang up the aipple tree, tail foremost, to pu' aipples, that would be a phenomenon."

☞ "Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother." "Why not?" "Because every time she drinks it she blows us up!" "Go to bed, sir, immediately!"

☞ "Are dose bells ringing for fire!" inquired Simon of Tiberious. "No, indeed," answered Tibe; "dey ab got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water."

☞ "Except God keeps the minds of men." Bishop Butler asked, "what is to prevent a nation from going crazy any more than an individual?"

EPIGRAM ON SOUTH CAROLINA.

O, Carolina, sister, pray come back,
Scorn not our Flag, nor nightly talk of wars,
Lest Uncle Sam, once fairly on your track,
Should make you *feel* the stripes and *see* the stars.

☞ Jeemes says, the quickest way to reach the "seat of war" is to sit down on a "hornets' nest."

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASMATIC & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medicine will be needed.*

Sold in Woburn, at the WOBURN BOOK STORE B. W. CONANT'S and ELBRIDGE TRULL'S, and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co., Tremont street, Carter, Colend & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carny, and Weeks & Porter, Washington street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

T. A. SWEETSER,
Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.

January 25th, 1860.—1y

BININGER'S OLD KENTUCKY BOURBON "1849 RESERVE"

THE established popularity of this CHOICE OLD BOURBON as a medicinal agent, renders it superfluous to mention in detail the characteristics which distinguish it from the ordinary grade of Kentucky Whiskeys.

Being distilled in 1848, and manufactured expressly for us with great care, it can be relied upon as a strictly pure stimulant, and peculiarly effective for the treatment of Lung Complaints, Dyspepsia, derangement of the Stomach, Nervousness, &c

As a curative agent it has a tendenency to recreate and strengthen; while age having contributed its genial charm and enriched it with a delicous flavor and an oily body, it affords a pleasant incentive to the preservaton or recovery of health, through the agreeable medium of a well pleased palate.

Put up in a variety of attractive forms, in iron bound, of one and two dozen bottles each, and sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

A. M. BININGER & CO.
Established (1778.)
Sole proprietors, No. 19 Broad St. N.Y.

For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO. Nos. 11 and 12, Marshall st., WEEKS & POTTER SETH E. PECKER, D. GOODNOW & CO., REED CUTLER & CO., M. S. BURR & CO, STEPHEN WEEKS, T. I. SMITH, S. PIERCE & CO., C. S. DAVIS & CO., and JAS. MACKINTIRE.

24—1y

BININGER'S GENUINE Cognac Brandy

THE infamous practice of adulterating Brandies having become so common that a genuine article is the exception; it is of *vital importance* to those requiring it for Family use and invalids, that it should be of undoubted purity and efficacy.

With a view to meeting the popular demand for a reliable Brandy in its natural state, free from alcholic flavor and impurities, and fully appreciating the fact that it is often recommended by the Medical Faculty, as a *sustaining stimulant*, when all other remedies fail, we are now bottling and selling at reasonable rates, a Brandy of our own importation from one of the most responsible houses in France, and known as

"Bininger's Genuine Cognac Brandy."

It is mild, delicate and fruity, and is designed to be always uniform in quality and character. Put up in pint and quart bottles, in cases containing two dozen pints and one dozen quarts, and is sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

The above is also for sale in original packages, viz.: Eights and Quarter Casks.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established 1778.)
Sole Importers, No. 19 Broad Street, N. Y.

For sale in Boston by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co. Nos. 11 and 12 Marshall Street, M. S. Burr & Co.; Weeks & Potter; Seth E. Pecker; D. Goodnow & Co.; Reed, Cutler & Co.; T. L. Smith; S. Pierce & Co.; Stephen Weeks; C. S. Davis & Co.; Jas. Mackintire.

23—1y

HORACE WATERS,

AGENT,

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Publisher of Music and Music Books and Dealer in

Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Organ Accordeons, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Viols, Violincellos, Accordeons, Flutinas, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionets, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Bass Instruments for Bands, Piano Stools and covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

SHEET MU SI

FROM all the publishers in the U. S., Bertini's Huntins, and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments, Church Music Books; Music elegantly Bound; Music paper, and all kind of Music Merchandise,

At the Lowest Prices.

NEW PIANOS,

At $175, $200, $225, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $160; New Melodions, $45, $60, $75, $100, and up to $200; Second Hand Melodeons, from $30 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $160; nine stops, $185 and $225; thirteen stops, $250, $275 and $300; fifteen stops, $320 and $375. A liberal discount to Clergymen Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

Testimonials of the Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons.

John Hewitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:—

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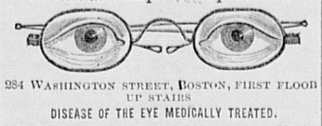

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THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

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PETER LAWSON—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,

L. STRATTON,
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PETER LAWSON, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficancy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.

I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly.

T. FOSTER FARMER.

Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.

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J. B. EATON.
Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

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WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

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21—1y.

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DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

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The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

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Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering, and disease. While in this condition, oppressed by the derangements, take Ayer's Pills, and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint, is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly, and many of them surely, cured by the same means. None who know the virtues of these Pills, will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure.

Statements from leading physicians in some of the principal cities, and from other well known public persons.

From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried our Pills, and they have cured her.

ASA MORGRIDGE.

As a Family Physic.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, New Orleans.

Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.

DEAR BRO. AYER: I cannot answer you *what* complaints I have *cured* with your Pills better than to say *all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine.* I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1855.

DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst *headache* any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once.

Yours with great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

Billious Disorders—Liver Complaints.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.

Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *bilious complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., 7th Feb., 1856.

SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them. Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.

From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.

Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses for *bilious dysentery and diarrhœa.* Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends.

Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and *purify the fountains of the blood.*

JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, etc.

From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.

Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of *costiveness.* If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are worse. I believe *costiveness* to originate in the liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.

I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the *natural secretion* when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to *cleanse* the *stomach* and *expel worms.* They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

PULASKI HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.

HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating *neuralgic pains*, which ended in *chronic rheumatism.* Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SENATE CHAMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.

DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured, by your Pills, of *Rheumatic Gout*—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years.

VINCENT SLIDELL.

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The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of "The Northern Independent," Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. E. H. Cressey, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. B. I. Ives, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison; the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, Rector, New-Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. Allen Steele, New-York Conference; the Rev. Samuel Nichols, East-Genesee Conference, N. Y.; the Rev. P. S. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; the Rev. John E. Roble, Buffalo; A. C. Hart, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; the Hon. Neal Dow, Portland, Me.; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, South-Bend, Ind.; the Hon. George Humphreys, N. Y.; Henry D. Cook, Esq., Editor of The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio; the Hon. R. H. Graham, Moline, Ill.; the Hon. Thomas J. Chase, Monticello, Fla.; the Hon. Joseph Benedict, Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bristol, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; A. S. Pond, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; James Plunkett, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

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No. 5.—For Colic, Gripings, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.
No. 6.—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.
No. 7.—For Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throat.
No. 8.—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache, and Neuralgia.
No. 9.—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.
No. 10.—DYSPEPSIA PILLS—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Constipation, and Liver Complaint.
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No. 12.—For Leucorrhea, Profuse Menses, and Bearing Down of Females.
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is prepared by Dr. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

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VOL. X : : No. 34. WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Army-Hymn.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Old Hundred."

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillard flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Select Literature.

WINIFRED NOWEL.

A Story of the Puritans.

CONCLUDED.

It was near ten o'clock at night when they began to ascend a wooded hill, that stretched away and up till it seemed to be pinned to the clouds. The long branches met overhead, and out of the depths of the gloom and silence came the occasional cries of strange birds and wild animals.

The moon was full and cloudless, and patches of light and shadows alternated as the branches swayed, or the road wound from wooded to more open spaces.

As they travelled slowly along, Aunt Polly who had been so full of life during the early part of the journey, began to talk fitfully and absently, till, finally, the reins dropping in her lap, she sat quite still, and apparently forgetful of everything about her.

Winifred quietly took up the reins, and, forbearing to disturb her by word or observation, they pursued their way, for some time in absolute silence.

As they approached the summit of the hill, the woods became thin, and, sparkling in the shining fall of the moonlight, appeared the gray stone wall of a meeting house, and a little further on, cross-roads and a guide-board. The horse, that till now had guided himself straightly forward, drew resolutely aside, and close against the rough stone fence beside the meeting-house, stood stock still, and looked backward almost intelligently.

"There under that hemlock," said Aunt Polly, rousing herself, and brushing her hand across her eyes, "is where your Uncle John is buried."

The horse had simply stopped where he was used to stop, beside the burial-ground.

As they looked, a wild bird fluttered up from among the leaves of the hemlock to the topmost twig, and, in the clear moonlight, set up a loud, cheerful song.

"Are you not of more value than many sparrows!" Aunt Polly said, cheerfully, and taking the reins again, she kept softly along the way-side grass till the burial-ground was passed, when turning into the wide and travelled track they rattled along in quite lively style. Across a short level, down a hollow, and over a one arched bridge they went, then they ascended another long hill, and the shining of a dozen lights, a mile distant, came in view.

"Is that a light moving among the trees, at the right hand, and seemingly coming toward us?" asked Winifred; and before Aunt Polly had time to answer, a gate at the roadside swung open, and a hearty, good-humored voice called out: "So ho! home at last!"

"Who is that?" asked Winifred, speaking in a very earnest undertone, for Aunt Polly had never once mentioned that any one lived with her; and instead, of replying to her question now, she responded to the exclamation of the young man with,

"Why, Lem, is that really you? How in the world did you happen to be looking for me at this time o' night?"

He replied with some gay jest, but the next moment added, more seriously, "Truth is, I was in bed, but, hearing the little wagon (I know the sound of it) come over the bridge some fifteen minutes ago, I got up."

Winifred seemed not to stir a hand's breadth after her hurried interrogation, but kept her eyes fixed upon the young man called "Lem," with a straight, stony stare.

Meantime, as Aunt Polly asked a dozen questions, without waiting for a single reply, the horse walked carefully through the gate, and down a dusty path between grassy borders, for, perhaps, some fifty yards, when, to the sonorous "Whoa" of "Lem," who was walking close at hand, he stood still.

Winifred now became aware of the small, rude, but still comfortably-appearing house in the shadow of which they were standing. From the side-porch, came forth, a great, spotted dog, barking, leaping, and biting himself for very joy.

"You good-for-nothing calf, you!" cried his mistress, as if it were easier to say calf than dog, "I do believe you have run right through my morning-glory vines;" and stooping, she boxed his big ears so softly that the reproof was taken for a caress. And away she hurried toward the porch, along which, from ground to roof, hundreds of strings were stretched, around which, the young morning-glories were expected hereafter to climb.

From their roost, in the trees, the hens made a stir and cackle; the pigs aroused themselves, climbed up the sides of their stye, and looked out; and the tired horse neighed, and shaking loose his harness, twisted his neck against the shoulder of "Lem," who answered his caress by patting his ears and coaxingly repeating his pet name.

Meantime, Aunt Polly, who, doubtless, had her own private reasons for so hurrying away to inspect the morning-glory vines, returned, and taking "Lem's" shoulders, shook him by the whole person, finding it quite impossible to express her emotion in the customary method.

"Bless your heart," she cried, between laughing and crying, "I don't believe you are a bit glad to see me!"

"Glad?" he replied, putting as much impetuous pleasure in the little word as some men could have got into the whole dictionary. "Well, I should rather think I was glad! Why, I've been as lonesome as the man in the moon. What, in the name of the old May Flower, kept you so long in the town of Boston?"

"Why, you see," replied Aunt Polly, lowering her tone and speaking confidentially, "I found her right sick—much more so than we thought—and I waited and waited for—"

"For her to die," joined in Lem, "or would she not be sufficiently obliging? If you had told her how forlorn and wretched I was without you, I think she would have been more accommodating."

"Why, Lem, how you do go on!" said Aunt Polly, turning to help Winifred out of the wagon, for she had not yet moved a jot.

"What have you got there, good Mistress Davis? anything about which I can be of service?"

And Lem peered curiously over Aunt Polly's shoulder, as if for the first time aware of another person's proximity.

"What have I got here? why my niece, to be sure, who thought it better to get well and come home with me, than take the journey you recommend. Come, dear, give me your hand."

"Good mistress, allow me," interposed Lem; and putting Aunt Polly aside, he offered his assistance.

Winifred was probably a little bewildered, and at the same time too intent upon the young man called Lem, to make sure of her footing—at any rate, she slipped and fell to the ground.

"Oh, mercy! are you hurt?" cried Aunt Polly, in great alarm.

The big dog sprang forward with a growl, "Down, Cropear," cried the young man; and pushing dog and mistress both aside, he lifted Winifred in his arms, ran with her down the walk, and seated her in the arm chair before the kitchen fire, where he left her, scarcely, in her surprise and terror, knowing whether to laugh or cry.

The wagon had stopped in the shadow of some trees, which prevented her from fairly seeing the face of the young man which was, in the first place, partly hidden under the the broad brim of a straw hat, so that she was by no means sure, save from an instinctive apprehension, that she did not see him for the first time.

"My poor child!" cried Aunt Polly, hurrying in, out of breath. "Are you killed? Can you walk? O dear, O dear!"

A gay laugh was the first response; and having thus given expression, in some sort, to her confused feelings of shame, wonder, and delight, Winifred replied: "I don't know whether or not I can walk—that strange knight-errant of yours did not allow me to try."

"He is my hired man!" quickly emended Aunt Polly. "I do not have him do errands of nights; indeed, I can't tell the time he has had a chore to do after sundown, till to-night.

"Never mind, my dear," she went on, seeing Winifred look abashed, as a footstep was heard approaching, "I dare say he would have taken up a dumb critter or a stick of wood, just the same as he did you."

Winifred's face assumed a less luminous expression on hearing this, and her eyes became suddenly attracted by the great, blue stones of the hearth.

"Sleepy, aint you, my dear?" said Aunt Polly, seating herself between the cat and the steaming tea-kettle; "don't care to look about any to-night; haven't any interest in anything nor anybody, have you?"

Winifred assumed an indifference of tone that was contradicted by her blushing cheek, and replied that she was both tired and sleepy, and cared for nothing so much as her bed.

At this moment the "hired man" appeared at the door, and made some inquiry as to the disposition of the luggage, but though her emotion betrayed itself by an involuntary start, she did not even glance toward him.

"Just leave it on the porch till morning; it's getting late—high time for you to go home, isn't it?" Aunt Polly answered.

The flush in Winifred's cheek gave place to a sudden pallor, and her foot, that had been tapping on the hearthstone, was still.

"I will do what you wish, high time or not," he answered; and turning away, he busied himself about the porch longer than Aunt Polly thought necessary.

"What *are* you doing, Lemuel?" she asked at length.

He replied by inquiring if she would not give him her assistance for a moment.

What they said did not reach Winifred, though the suppressed tones in which they conversed seemed to indicate reference to her. She was confirmed in this inference by the elaborate explanation which Aunt Polly entered into on her return, as to what the subject of conversation had been.

She would fain have made some inquiry concerning the young man, but dare not, lest she should betray the conflicting emotions of her heart; and when he again appeared at the door, to consult with Mistress Davis about the garden, she did not even dare to look toward him.

Aunt Polly asked if all had gone well in her absence.

"Excellently well," he replied, tossing his straw hat over his hand with gay good humor; "and my conduct, personally, has been exemplary in the highest degree. I doubt, indeed, if the most rigid Puritan could find anything in it worthy of stripes, and it requires but a small offence to incur that light penalty."

Aunt Polly sighed, and replied, gravely, that she wished he was good enough to be a Puritan.

"But I am not!" he rejoined, with mocking seriousness; "they are much too good for me."

Still Winifred did not glance toward him, but she believed, in her heart, that he was none other than Lemuel Coleburn, that he recognized her, and that his satirical allusion to the Puritans had special significance. Under pretence of drowsiness, she buried her face in her arms, and fell into a mood half-petulant and half-pouting.

"Give old sorrel an extra portion of water," called Aunt Polly after Lemuel, who had turned away from the door.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

"I am sorry, Mistress Davis, to slight your orders, but really on this occasion, I shall be obliged to do so," he answered.

"What, sir, do you mean to say my horse can't have as much water as he wants?"

"Precisely that, mistress. You must permit me to judge of my own affairs."

"Water won't hurt him," reiterated Aunt Polly, with true womanish pertinacity, "and you will either give him all he wants, or displease me."

"I regret to displease you, but there are certain points beyond which even a woman's will has no power over me;" and he proved his assertion by withdrawing before there was time to reply.

"I might just as well never speak a word to that fellow," said Aunt Polly fretfully; "he never regards what I say, if it happens to contradict his notions."

"A provoking fellow, I should think," said Winifred. "Why do you employ him?"

"Now, if I could get such a young man as Benjamin, who hasn't any will of his own," Aunt Polly went on; "but I don't know where he is to be found."

Winifred winced; and taking up the candle, the good woman betook herself to the adjoining room, and, in a tone of pleased surprise, almost immediately called Winifred to join her. She obeyed, and found her standing by a neatly-spread table. Bread, honey, sliced meat, and other things, were arranged with tempting nicety.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed, passing the candle along the table admiringly, "Lem was quite right about old Sorrel, I dare say, and I am very foolish ever to be vexed with him."

"Has he been with you long?" Winifred ventured to ask, turning her face aside, and returning to the kitchen fire.

"These heavy dews make a body feel chilly," said Aunt Polly, replying to her action, and not to her words.

Winifred repeated the question.

"Oh! talking of Lem, are you? Well, not so very long;" and she glided into a eulogy upon him, with special reference to his thoughtfulness in the preparation of supper.

"Do you mean to say that he prepared the supper?" asked Winifred.

"Why, it's all one; he brought it all from the other house."

"The other house!" interrogated Winifred, "where is that?"

"Just across the hill;" and Aunt Polly fell to making the tea, after which she went to the door and called to Lemuel, sharply accenting the last syllable of his name, and drawing it out a long way. No answer being returned, she said, with a sigh, she supposed he had gone home. So the two women sat down to supper alone, and artfully, or artlessly, Aunt Polly led the conversation persistently away from the subjeet of Winifred's thoughts, and she was forced at last to go to bed, without having received any satisfaction.

She was tired, and the bed soft and dainty as it could be; yet it was a long time before sleep would come to her—she was so far from Aunt Dorcas, she said to herself—so far from Benjamin; but her heart was not much deceived, and, in spite of her attempts to banish him from her thoughts, the face of Lemuel smiled upon her all the time. He had seemed so handsome! but that might be owing to the effect of the moonlight, and the very imperfect view she had had of him: perhaps sunshine would dispel the illusion. Of course he was married—how else could he have a home? She hoped indeed he was—it would be so painful, under the circumstances, to have any revival of old sentiments. And having thus quieted her conscience, she would return with an exquisite sense of pleasure to the memory of her fall, and the mingled audacity and tenderness with which he had taken her in his arms, and carried her into the house. Then she would fall to wondering whether he were indeed married, and when she should see him again, and under what circumstances; and it would appear quite possible that she might never see him, notwithstanding the probabilities were against such a conclusion.

The quick steps of Aunt Polly were going up and down the porch when she awoke, the chickens were noisy below her window, and the birds making merry in the trees.

She blushed and trembled when she remembered that her dream had been of Lemuel: how it came about she could not remember, but he had been carrying her in his arms all night.

She opened the window, and looked out almost timidly, half-expecting to see him. But no; she saw only the dewy grass, from which the mist was rising; a few cattle and sheep penned near a hay-stack, and beyond, the heavily-wooded hills.

The breakfast neither brought him nor any allusion to him; and, after the morning work was concluded, Aunt Polly brought forth some sewing-work, which she gave to Winifred, saying: "It will keep you busy while I am in the garden, where I am going for a while."

Winifred preferred to go with her, but, remembering that Lemuel was to be there, she resolved on the sewing, but was careful to seat herself by the window overlooking the garden. She had not been there many minutes when he passed by, but without any recognition of her—apparently without seeing her. Her heart fell to beating with strange and sudden violence; it had not deceived her at first;—Aunt Polly's hired man was no other than Lemuel Coleburn.

But could he possibly have forgotten her, for by neither word nor sign did he appear to remember her; and was Aunt Polly, or was she not, aware of their old acquaintance? These questions she proposed again and again, but without obtaining any satisfactory answer.

The sewing-work fell idly in her lap, and her eyes followed him and rested upon him as he stood in the garden-walk, coquettishly repelling and alluring "Cropear," as he talked with Aunt Polly. His rural dress became him well, and Winifred thought no elaborate toilet could approach the effectiveness of his simple straw hat and full shirt sleeves. "He shall not see me looking at him," she mused, and haughtily withdrew from the window, but not so far as to prevent her from seeing him. He might, in truth, have attracted eyes less prepossessed in his favor, for he was in the vigor of manhood's prime—tall, with features not perfectly regular, but perfectly harmonious—eyes sparkling with intelligence—and that firm expression of mouth which seems only the more decided for the smile it wears.

Sewing-work was never so distateful, and Winifred made crooked seams that day, as she pondered over their last unfortunate interview.

Sometimes she almost resolved to run into the garden, and accost him with all the cordiality she felt; then, abashed at herself, she would fall back on her pride, and strive with all her energy to appear as indifferent as he. The sun at length straightened up the shadows, and Aunt Polly, coming to the door with her hands stiffened with moist earth, turned round and asked Lemuel if he would not come in and rest a little while.

"No, Mistress Davis, thank you," he replied, "I am expected at home;" and, with hat in hand, and coat swung over his arm, he again passed by where Winifred sat, and went, whistling, out of sight, while the tears forced themselves through the fingers pressed against her eyes.

"Still thinking of Benjamin!" exclaimed Aunt Polly, and, turning away, she washed her hands in the wooden bowl that was kept on the head of the meal barrel beside the door, and afterward complacently poured the water along the bed of morning-glory vines at the porch-side.

Nearly a week went by, during which Lemuel did not appear, and no mention was made of him. Then came a long letter from Benjamin, over which Winifred shed some tears—tears which, doubtless, were ready to flow at any rate.

"I suppose, now," said Aunt Polly, with a merry twinkle about her mouth, "you will write that you are ready to go home and be married at once? Well, I guess Lem will be going to visit his sweetheart pretty soon, and you can send your letter by him."

"I thought you said he was married!" exclaimed Winifred, querulously; "it seems to me you make a great mystery about him." And the flash of red in her cheek, and of light in her eye, together with the earnestness of her tone, betrayed the deep interest she felt.

"So you thought I said Lem was married? Well, my dear, that is accounted for by the fact of your preoccupation; truth is, you don't know what I say, except when I talk of Benjamin." And Aunt Polly went calmly about her work, as if she had not perceived how Winifred was ruffled and confused.

It happened that Winifred did not immediately reply to the letter, as she at first proposed, when she did write, it was rather an evasion than an answer. She enlarged upon the pleasant journey she had had with Aunt Polly, lingered over the beauty of the landscape, and dilated with much humor on the curious costume—half English, half Indian—of two squaws they happened to meet. She sent many loving messages to Aunt Dorcas, who, she hoped, remembered her in her prayers; begged that Benjamin would write often, and impart to her such things as seemed wise and convenient. He must not expect an equivalent for his letters, in hers, inasmuch as she was limited in her acquaintances, and opportunities of observation; and she concluded by saying that she was pretty well contented, and daily improving in health.

One of the brightest of bright days had brought the sum to the western slope, as, with the letter in her hand, she set out to the neighboring village, from which there was occasional communication with Boston. The path across the meadow was pleasant, and would not lead her much out of the way, and she took it.

Having reached the summit of the slope, she saw on the next hill a small house, constructed of logs, and closely neighbored by pens for pigs and sheep. A patch of corn and some bean vines ran up almost to the very door, beside which a woman, with two or three small children playing in the dirt close by, stood at the washing-tub.

Her attention was so completely absorbed by the reflection that it was perhaps, after all, Lemuel's wife whom she saw before her, as to prevent her hearing the footstep that approached from behind, until it brushed the stubble almost at her elbow, and, turning round, she stood face to face with Lemuel himself. He held one hand within the other, and through the fingers of both the blood was profusely streaming.

"Oh! what has happened?" she cried, the momentary flush of her cheek giving place to an expression of terror.

"It is nothing," he answered, composedly; "I was cutting briers yonder, when a slip of the knife gave me a slight wound in the left hand;" and—a significant smile playing over his face—he added: "I have suffered a much more serious wound, Miss Nowell."

As he spoke, he attempted to stanch the blood with his handkerchief. Winifred immediately assisted, offering her own handkerchief, which was so thin and small as to be of little use, betraying, meantime, a tenderer solicitude than she was aware of.

"That is done with excellent skill," he said surveying the bandaged hand, and adding, with gay politeness: "I can hardly regret an accident that has brought me so good a nurse."

He bowed as he spoke, and passed on toward the house Winifred had noticed, leaving her in a bewildered maze of contradictory emotions.

A tremor seized her limbs, blindness obscured her sight, and, sick and fainting, she sunk to the ground. Aunt Polly, who was working in the garden, saw her fall, and hurried to her assistance.

"I think it was the sight of blood that so affected me," said Winifred.

"Oh, of course!" replied Aunt Polly; "what else could it possibly have been?"

Toward the evening of that day, Aunt Polly returned from a visit to Lemuel, in unusual elevation of spirits. The wound was not serious, she said, but would probably disable him from work for a week or two—long enough to allow him to visit his sweetheart.

"I pity the woman he is to marry!" said Winifred, speaking with an angry excitement that betrayed a deep interest in the matter.

"Yes, you well may pity her, poor soul!" replied Aunt Polly; "she will not find a Benjamin in him, by any means!"

Vexed and disappointed, Winifred colored deeply. She had not expected Aunt Polly to agree with her, nor was she satisfied that she did. A day or two after that, wearied out with the long eulogy Aunt Polly was pronouncing upon Benjamin, Winifred retired to the porch, where, making answers of only "yes" and "no," she watched the sun go down, with a heart anxious and troubled about many things. One point of doubt was settled. Lemuel knew her, as was proven by his addressing her as Miss Nowell; but this only involved a deeper wonder: Why should he not have recognized her at first, and why did he still retain the manner of a stranger? Was he indeed so changed, and was the past, as connected with her, all lost in the future of another?

The shadows deepened, and the moon came and looked down upon her, and still she sat, trying vainly to interpret the conduct of the man toward whom she felt that she ought to be wholly indifferent.

It was a long time since they used to meet at Patience Goff's house, and sickness and sorrow had changed her; but had they changed her so sadly as to make him thus utterly indifferent? It must be so. She sighed and changed her position, so as to be out of the range of Aunt Polly's vision. Cropear crept, whining, to her feet, and the roses brushed against her face; but June might as well have been December as for all she felt of its sweet influence.

Suddenly she felt the moonlight wrapping her in its soft mantle of wavy gold, and the breath of the roses making the touches of the air an ecstasy. Lemuel joined her, saying he feared he had but imperfectly expressed his thanks for her late kindness, and came to do so now.

"It was but an act of common civility," she replied, "and deserved no thanks."

Lemuel was slightly offended by her tone and manner, for both verged closely upon haughtiness, and answered with polite bitterness: "Though it was but an act of charity, Miss Nowell, it deserves my warmest thanks, and especially in view of the errand it interrupted is my obligation deepened." As he spoke he presented the letter she had written to Benjamin.

Glancing at the superscription, she blushed with angry confusion, and inquired, as she crushed it together, and concealed it beneath her shawl, how it came in his possession.

"Honestly, I hope," he replied with dignity, adding directly: "I trust Miss Nowell does not accuse me of designedly intercepting a communication which is doubtless of a tender nature, or of disturbing in any way her relations with Mr. Benjamin Craddock, however much he is to be envied."

"You have certainly accomplished yourself in concise and direct expression," she retorted; "but, as I have not had your advantages of training (she alluded to his banishment among the Indians), I must beg that you will address to me only the language of civilized life."

Her voice faltered a little, and, stooping to caress Cropear, a rose-vine fell between them.

He brushed it aside, saying, half sorrowfully, half bitterly: "It is not the first time, Miss Nowel, that a rose-bush has stood between us."

Her heart softened at the memory of their last interview, and she replied: "Was a rose-bush sufficient to prevent my voice from reaching you, Lemuel? for you know that I called you back."

"It was not sufficient," he replied, "to prevent me from hearing, and understanding with too painful a certainty that I had thenceforth nothing to hope for at the hand of Miss Nowell."

It was her turn to be offended now. She had conceded enough, she felt, in asking the question, and in calling him Lemuel, in the old familiar way; and, without making any reply, turned slightly away, and busied herself by tearing roses to pieces, and sowing them on the winds.

After one or two fruitless attempts to win her from her mood of sullen abstraction, he took up his hat from the ground where it lay, and, begging pardon for having so long intruded upon her, inquired for Mistress Davis, and at once joined her, as if his visit had really been intended for her from the first.

Winifred remained seated where he left her, the tears which she was too proud to wipe away running down her cheeks, and dropping silently in her lap; while he, joining Aunt Polly within doors, laughed and jested with more than his usual sprightliness.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Aunt Polly, after he was gone, as she came to the door and bade Winifred come in, "how thoughtless of Lem to stop here, and disturb your pleasant dreams about Benjamin!"

Winifred complained of headache, and directly retired to her room, and Aunt Polly mused over the embers a long time.

For more than a fortnight the young people did not meet. Lemuel did not seek her, and Winifred avoided all chance interviews. Meanwhile she learned, what may as well be stated here, that he divided his labor between the farm of Mistress Davis and that of a seafaring man who lived on the adjoining hill, and that his board and lodging alternated from one house to the other. In his second letter Benjamin more than intimated his willingness that Winifred should remain away as long as it seemed to her good. There was also a wonderful diminution of the tender epithets with which the first was interlarded. But Winifred, instead of weeping over it, as she did over the first became exceedingly merry. One day there came news of Indian depredations in the outskirts of the settlement, and, with his hand still bandaged, and a musket on his shoulder, Lemuel, in company with a few hardy neighbors, set out in search of the offenders.

There was a struggle in the heart of Winifred when she saw him depart. If he had manifested any tenderness or regret in parting from her, she would have besought him to remain, or at least to guard himself from danger as much as duty would allow; but he made no sign that she was anything to him, and, with a voice steadied up by pride, she took brief and formal leave of him, though he was no sooner gone than her courage gave way, and she passed the day in fasting, tears, and prayer.

It was the nightfall of the second day of his absence that a messenger came for Mistress Davis. The sailor's wife was suddenly ill, and alone with only her little children. Winifred would remain at home, she said; she was not afraid; and, in truth, her fears were all gone with Lemuel. Cropear was stationed at the door, and, lighting a fire, more for the sake of cheerfulness than warmth, she resolved to spend the evening as duty dictated, in writing a letter home to Benjamin.

Pausing between every sentence, to think —not of Benjamin—she had nearly reached the bottom of the third page, when a growl from Cropear arrested her hand, and the next moment Lemuel, safe and sound, stood before her. Forgetting all else in the joy of seeing him alive and well, she ran forward with an exclamation of delight, and he (could he have done less?) put his arm about her, and drew her close to his bosom.

Suddenly remembering that such conduct was not seemly in a Puritan maiden, much less one whose hand was betrothed to another, she drew herself away with an affectation of displeasure that had, doubtless, very little foundation in reality.

"As you disdain my poor sentiment," he said, seating himself at her writing-table, and pointing to the letter before him, "pray tell me about your own."

She answered lightly that she had nothing to tell.

"You can't deny," he replied seriously, and snapping the letter farther from him with his finger and thumb, "that this is addressed to your lover."

"I only wish it were!" she answered, implying a falsehood, as the best young women will, in like circumstances.

"Then it is not," he replied quickly, and with an eager willingness to believe her; and, as he spoke, he drew his chair to her side.

Still evading the truth, she said, ingeniously, "You may see for yourself," and presented the letter. Instead of taking the letter, he took the hand that held it, saying he was quite satisfied with her assurance.

Her relation with Benjamin had never appeared so false to the sanctions of her better judgement—so averse to the instincts of her heart—so wrong and degrading—as at that moment. She felt humilited—outraged, as it were—and, taking up the letters, proceeded to read aloud—breaking off, after some friendly commonplaces, with the exclamation: "There! does that seem like a love letter?"

"Not such a one as I should like to receive," he said, tenderly pressing the hand which he had not yet resigned.

"From the sweetheart of whom Aunt Polly has told me?" she inquired, with affected misapprehension, and somewhat of that artfulness with which women are prone to elicit those momentous trifles of which they are so fond.

If such were her purpose, it failed signally.

"Then you have heard of my little Martha," he replied, composedly. "Well, so much the better."

"Then, it is true that you really love her?"

Winifred's tone was almost reproachful, and she withdrew her hand as she spoke.

He made no attempt to detain it, but replied, gayly, that he loved all women, and added as he arose: "That reminds me that it is time I should go and fetch home Misstress Davis."

Winifred was offended, as she had some cause to be, for no woman likes to be told that she is only one in a thousand. She was vexed with herself, too, for having descended from her customary demeanor, and replied that she was glad to know that he admired the sex; "but," she added, with a desperate determination to subdue him, "you must not allow my frivolity, which is by no means representative of women generally, to depreciate them in your estimation."

"Certainly not," he answered with provoking coolness.

"Your little Martha," she rejoined, with a slight tone of sarcasm, "is, doubtless, a happy contrast."

He smiled as he answered: "She is certainly very unlike Mistress Nowell;" and wishing her the happiest dreams, he took formal leave for the night, and it might have been for all time to come, as to any indication to the contrary.

Poor Winifred! In vain she passed in review every circumstance of the evening—nothing satisfactory could be educed; and, with tears in her eyes, and an aching in her heart, as if its happiness had been emptied out once for all, and she sought to forget all things in the oblivion of sleep.

In spite of opposing circumstances, she had instinctively recognized her mate, and felt that her claim upon him was highest and first, and therefore it was that occasional impulse was stronger than conventional propriety, and breaking through it discovered the truth to him when it was too late. The heart of neither one had gone with the plighted hand, and neither knew the extent of the falsehood until it was revealed by the light of true love. A terrible awaking for any soul.

Conscience sprang up and demanded of both, "What hast thou done?"

Mistress Davis was startled from her morning sleep by Winifred, who, pale and haggard, appeared at her bedside, and expressed her determination to go home immediately.

By some subterfuge her good relative made shift to detain her; and all that day she shut the sunshine from her room, and sought by fasting, penance, and prayer, to warp back her heart to its hateful shackles; and, when her white and hopeless face again pressed the pillow, she had, at least, subdued herself to the level of calm despair. A footstep passed beneath her window. Perhaps it was that of some lurking Indian, disposed to evil. Stealing to the window, she put the curtain softly aside. The clouds parted, and the moonlight fell full on the handsome face of Lemuel, turned upward toward her chamber.

Here melted and fell to pieces all her icy resolutions. Judgement, reason—the past and future—all were suffused with that light which never was on sea or land.

Sleep came to her sweetly. She awoke at early morning with the birds, and went about the house singing snatches of love-songs, and speaking never a word about going home.

At sunset she went into the garden to tie up some raspberry vines, and was presently joined by Lemuel. Between lovers every little incident is momentous, and a brier in Winifred's finger was sufficient to awaken the tenderest solicitude on the part of Lemuel. With gentle authority he took her hand in his, and the next moment, with an exclamation of delight, held up the offending brier on the point of his penknife.

One drop of blood oozed from the slight incision he had made, and, having kissed the hand that was trembling, not from pain, he covered it softly from the night air—called Winifred a brave little heroine, and petted and praised her as though she had suffered an amputation.

Under the circumstances, such meetings were dangerous. Doubtless they both knew it, and, to quiet their consciences, and fortify themselves, each made to the other a full and free confession of pre-engagement; and it was resolved that they should be friends—very dear friends—and nothing more! As if they were not already something more; for such resolves are never made until the mischief has been done.

At harvest-time Lemuel came to board and lodge with Mistress Davis, so that he and Winifred were necessarily thrown much together, to say nothing of the interviews both were but too willing to seek.

She raked hay for him in the meadows, and he assisted her in the garden, and, though it was all under the guise of friendship—why, a rose by that name will smell as sweet, and it may be supposed that not unfrequently the real sentiment broke through the thin semblance.

One day, as she was picking berries, he suddenly approached, his smile saying unutterable things, She was thinking of him, and, naturally feeling as if he read her thoughts, was confused at their betrayal, and upset her bowl of berries.

"Never mind," he said, "it was all my fault, and I will help you to fill the bowl again."

"Your fault? Oh, no! how could that be?" she replied, turning from him, and picking the berries from the grass.

"You know how it could be, Mistress Nowel," he answered in a tone of displeasure, "and you know I dislike affectations of all sorts. It was my fault, I repeat, and this time, pray, do not contradict me."

She did not contradict him, but kept her face steadily from him, refused his assistance, and picked persistently till the last berry was taken up from the grass, and at once returned sullenly to the house.

On the table was a basket of fine berries, and Aunt Polly, pointing to them, said: "See what a nice present Lem has brought us. Wasn't it good of him?"

"I make no pretensions to goodness," he answered in an ungracious tone; "on the contrary, I suppose I am very bad—at any rate, some folks think I am."

"Why, what in the world ails the boy?" cried Aunt Polly, staring at him in a maze of wonder and surprise.

Winifred wrote with her finger on the window-pane, and remained silent.

"Ah!" said Aunt Polly, "I see how it is. Instead of making yourselves agreeable to one another, while you happen to be together, you do nothing but think of Martha and Benjamin! But I have got something that will bring you to yourself;" and she patted the cheek of Winifred, and went on: "Guess what it is."

"I am sure I cannot tell; I have no skill at guessing," was the somewhat discouraging reply.

Aunt Polly made pretence of a little cough to heighten the effect of her assumed sincerity, and, approaching the dresser, and removing the lid from a broken sugar-bow l, she brought forth a letter, and proceeded to tell how young Mr. Bradley had just come from Boston, bringing letters and direct verbal news, among which was intelligence that Benjamin would be with them that night or on the morrow. And she added with a satire that she could not quite conceal: "Won't you two be glad to be separated!"

Winifred's fingers, that had been tapping restlessly on the pane for some minutes, were still now, and she sunk down in the nearest chair without uttering a word.

Aunt Polly appeared quite unconscious of the anguish she had inflicted, and, with a smile of peculiar significance playing round her mouth, she went on to tell that Mr. Bradley had brought some tidings that were alike remarkable and interesting. Neither of the young people, however, observered any special significance of tone or manner. How indeed should they, under the sad circumstances? Scarcely did they raise their eyes toward one

(Concluded on Last Page.)

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861

The publication of the correspondence between Gen. Butler and Gov. Andrew in relation to the offer made to Maryland by the former—at a time when that State was hostile to the Government—to quell any slave insurrections that might occur within her precincts, has elicited considerable feeling and free expression of opinion both from the press and the public. It is doubtless a mystery to our people why their troops, who were sent to defend the nation's capital, should be placed in a position to crush out slave insurrections in a State which did all that was within its power to prevent the passage of these same troops through her territory. As Gov. Andrew intimated, such an offer depended wholly upon the relations which the community to which it was tendered, held toward the national Government. If a people are loyal to the Union, they should be upheld and protected in the enjoyment of all their constitutional rights against every foe, either domestic or foreign. But on the other hand, if a community has done and is doing everything it could to thwart the designs of Government, it should be compelled to defend itself both internally and externally against all enemies. It is not policy, nor yet is it just, in every instance to lick the hand that smites you. We do not think that it was altogether judicious for Gen. Butler to offer his services, and that of the troops under him, to quell slave insurrections in a State which was at the time opposed to the government, and which only changed her position when compelled to at the point of the bayonet, and not from any conscientious scruples which she held. We believe that a majority of the people of Maryland do, to-day, as heartily detest the Government, as they did six weeks ago, and that nothing but the glitter of steel and smell of gunpowder keeps them in subjection. This we believe would be demonstrated if this awe-inspiring and peace-making element was removed, and will be if ever a rebel force enters her borders, and gives her people an opportunity to act and do as they please. And under these circumstances, and at the time above mentioned, the question would naturally arise in the minds of our citizens whether or not Gen. Butler was justified in offering his services for the purposes before stated. We think he was a little hasty, as a few hours delay would have made this act more acceptable to the people of Massachusetts, and set it in the true light which he, doubtless, intended it should assume—that of fostering a union feeling. We do not suppose that this single act of the General's would have attracted so much attention, had it not been for the probability that a similar act might occur again, and that the people wished to have their sentiments known upon the subject. The people of Massachusetts do not wish to become the instruments through which the chains of the negro are to be tightened, so long as they can earn their bread honestly and manfully in the sight of heaven and of the world. The old puritan love of freedom still burns in their veins, and they are as ready to-day to unloose the manacles of the bondsman as their fathers were in times gone by. No matter how low they may sink party jealousies in the present crisis, their detestation of human slavery will remain unabated. Their love of freedom is born and bred in them, and they might as well try to throw off their very nature as to try to free themselves from its control. It will show itself on all and every suitable occasion, whether it be for the benefit of the white or black race—at home or abroad. They fought against the cause which has brought about the present troubles, and which has proved the ruin both financially and morally of every nation that has in the world's history been saddled with its possession, with a pertinacity that has proved the honesty of their intentions and the good-will which they hold toward all whose birthright has been stolen by the remorseless hands of their fellow creatures. And in doing this, they have been subject to gibes and sneers from all quarters. They have been told by many that they worshipped at the shrine of a negro, and sought to place the black man on a level with the white man, and take to their bosoms and homes those who were only fit to wallow in the mire and drudge along through a lifetime to the monotony of the plantation whip and curses of inhuman overseers. But amidst all this they felt that their cause was just and sacred before heaven, and that the day would come when men's eyes would be opened, and the film which prevented them from seeing things as they actually were, be removed. They knew that those souls which lived within a black skin were capable of expansion, and would some day be freed, even if it was not until the gates of death had been reached, and that all they needed to make them intelligent and capable beings in this world was the benign influence which freedom would shed upon them in their infancy; for as the "twig is bent the tree's inclined." If a band of white children were taken in their infancy and placed upon a Southern plantation, and treated precisely as the black children are, would they not be just as rude and uncouth in their manners, and as unintelligent when they reached maturer years, as the slaves are? Illustrations of this we can see in our midst every day, in the child that is brought up by christian parents and made to tread the proper paths of life, and he who has his own way and whose passions are allowed to run rampant for the want of parental solicitude.

It has become the settled opinion of the people of the North, that the root of our grievance must be dug out and be destroyed now. It is useless to hug longer to our breast the serpent that stings us, and which is poisoning our vitality more and more every day we harbor it. Now or never is the time to burst from its slimy folds and proclaim ourselves to the world a nation of freemen without a blemish. We hope the time is not far distant, when the striking of the midnight hour, as was the case in the British West Indies, will proclaim to millions of Afric's sable sons in this land, the dawning day of their emancipation. Then, and not till then, will our glorious Declaration of Independence be true to the very letter,—"All men are born free and equal."

SAD AND AFFLICTING DEATH.—That grim messenger, which sooner or later knocks at all our doors, has, during the present week, entered the dwelling of one of our citizens, and snatched therefrom one of its brightest and purest lights. On Tuesday forenoon, Eliza S., youngest daughter of Mr. George W. Reed, was in her usual health and spirits. During the evening she ate heartily of some artichokes, and at 11 o'clock, was seized with vomiting, and showed evident signs of being severely ill. Physicians were soon in attendance, and everything that human aid could do was done, but of no avail. She rallied during Wednesday for a short time, but soon relapsed, and died that night. Thus suddenly did the smiling countenance of that little one change from the light of life into the rigid and pallid features of the sleep that knows no waking. She was a child whom none knew but to love; her simplicity drew all hearts in endearing and binding affection toward her. The great loss which her parents have to endure no one can tell, and the depth of their grief no one can fathom. She was the fourth child whose death they have been called upon to mourn, and her demise came upon them when everything looked auspicious and bright for the future, and when they felt assured that she would be the support of their declining years and that her hand would gently lead them down to the portals of everlasting life. But, alas, their fondly cherished hopes are blighted, and they have become poor indeed, for they have lost that which riches cannot restore, or earth give back. Yet as they travel o'er the weary highway of earth, little angel hands will beckon them upward and onward to the christian's goal, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day,
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me."

The funeral was attended yesterday afternoon at the Baptist Church, by a large concourse of sympathising friends. The children of the Grammar School, of which she was a member, were in attendance, and the occasion was one that will not soon be effaced from the memory of even the youngest child present. The following is the address delivered by Rev. Mr. Bronson:—

Familiar as we think ourselves with death we are always surprised by its coming, especially if it be sudden.

During the present week the funeral procession has thrice halted at this sanctuary. First we bore hence and buried one who had passed the bound of three score years and ten. Next we offered prayers and sung funeral hymns over the wasted form of one who had entered upon middle life. And now the tolling bell announces our progress as we bear to the tomb the lifeless form of one who was passing through the upper stage of rejoicing childhood.

The lateness of the hour, the time needed for looking on the face of the dear departed, and for the slow march to the body's sleeping place, forbid extended remarks. Besides, if there were time, many words would be superfluous and my own feeling of surprise and bereavement would prevent full utterance.

No words can be so affecting as the simple statement that our young friend, Eliza Reed is dead! The lively, lovly child, the pleasant school-mate, the attentive, earnest Sabbath School scholar, the darling sister, the daughter loving and beloved, has left her place in the day school, in the Sabbath school and in her father's house, to return no more! This vast audience cannot all be dreaming that we are at her funeral. She has left her dearest friends without bidding them adieu; her soul has quit the mortal habitation and "returned to God who gave it." We must give up her companionship; we must no more see her enlivening smile and bounding footsteps; must no more hear the music of her voice that sounded sweet and clear as the tones of a bugle on the morning air. We must give up all but her memory; all but our love for her and her love for us; all but the lessons of joy and wisdom taught in her short life and her sudden death. The best part of all and the largest part is yet left us.

You know that she was habitually cheerful and pleasant. From her happy heart she gave spontaneous smiles and thus lighted them upon our own countenances. Now we pour tears upon her face serene but cold, and all faces give involuntary expression of the sadness of all hearts.

She was obedient at home and at school and was manifestly happy to obey. Her teacher says of her, that she was never reproved in school and that the only censure recorded came from her own lips in acknowledgment of having made slight communication with some school-mate by her side." Parental caution and restraint were seldom needed, and then as a check to arder, not as a curb to willfulness, nor an admonition to waywardness. Her parents knew that she was a lovely child, but express pleasure and surprise to learn that others knew this so widely and so well. They are thankful for the gift of such a child, though they must now restore her to the Giver.

We can readily see that, looking forward, they must have counted much upon her capability, her affection and her dutifulness for comfort in the evening of their declining years. The blow that cuts off these hopes makes their hearts bleed. But I am glad to tell you that they already find comfort and consolation in God beyond what they dared to hope. He who sustained them when, years ago, several buds of promise were blighted, sustains them now that this flower in full bloom is withered and dead.

Here is one who could hardly tell whether she more enjoyed sporting with her pet and only sister, or her more anxious care on her behalf. Both were a delight. How then can she give her up without a struggle, and without help from above?

Our young friend was an attentive, studious Sabbath School scholar; serious minded when religious topics were the theme, and fond of attending religious services. In this let her associates be like her. So yield yourselves to "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," that the good shepherd will know you as lambs of his flock.

Let Sabbath School teachers be incited to more fervent prayer and more direct efforts that the children under their care may, like the soldiers all around, be prepared to go forth at a moment's notice.

Let me enjoin upon the young friends of the deceased that it is not enough that their heads be bowed in sorrow and their voices choked with tears. Remember all that was amiable in her character and commendable in her deportment, and if possible excel her in all. Thus will you best praise her. While I would not, because she is gone, say anything extravagant respecting her, it is doubtless true that there are few if any children of her age who would be more missed than she will be. Now, while all who knew her are mourning because the beautiful forward spring of her life has suddenly ended in the cold, dark winter of the grave, you should carefully enquire what it was that made her a general favorite and that causes so much sorrow in her removal? Had she been only intelligent, active, musical, without being affectionate, obedient, obliging and serious respecting religious things, could we all have felt as now? It would have been impossible.

It is a remarkable fact that to our large Grammar School this mourning is new experience. The Principal informs me that since his connection with the school no other member has died. By reason of this event we hope that you will all be more than ever mindful of the transcendant importance of moral and religious character and of the great affairs of the world to come.

One week from this day you have your annual floral holiday. How little did you imagine that instead of having Eliza's pleasant company, you would go, and upon her new made grave, cast your fairest, sweetest flowers intertwined with the sad and mournful cypress! She had great love for the flowers that God made and Jesus bade us contemplate religiously. There stands in her father's house a vase of flowers which she brought from her last ramble with several of you. The night before her sickness, with her own hands she removed a bed of forget-me-nots and set them out in semi-circles near the gate, where you can now never pass without seeing them. Of these and of the bouquet before alluded to, some are placed within her hand and on her breast, and will lie with her beneath the sod. But the forget-me-nots which she has planted in all our hearts will grow and bloom in beauty and fragrance when the flowers buried with her, will, like her own loved form, have mouldered back to dust, and when those she planted in the garden will, like the hands that planted them, be covered by the deep snows of mid-winter. Young friends, you may well, as she did, delight in flowers and present joy, but remember ever that all earthly beauty is a *fading* flower.

"Then let us seek the beauty
That God alone can give;
For when this life is over
That will forever live."

By the side of your dear friend's open grave, to-day rejoice in the soul as superior to the body and in Christ as the Soul's Redeemer!

W. M. PHALANX.—This company have ceased drilling daily, and now meet but once a week. On Saturday they voted to discontinue drawing pay from the town until they were called into active service.

There have been reports in circulation to the effect that this company did not wish to go into active service. These reports are false, and slander most grossly the men against whom they have been hurled. We believe there is not a man in the company, from the captain downward, but that is willing to do whatever the goverment may require of him. The croakers who got up these reports, evidently care little for veracity or for the honor of the town, and do not wish to know, openly, much about facts, for any one whose eyes are not willfully blinded cannot but see that there are thousands of men in this State similarly situated as the Phalanx—unable to get a call for active service. We hope, for the standing of our town abroad, that the reports now current will be allowed to die at once, as they have no foundation in truth, and are calculated to do much harm, and show a great amount of disrespect toward men who are held in the greatest esteem by all good citizens of our town.

HOME GUARD.—This company met again for drill on Tuesday evening. There was a good number present, and they had the use of the Phalanx old guns. We understand that the Lexington company, hearing that a lot of guns were here, made application for them at headquarters, and received the necessary papers for their possession. On Thursday they called for and received them, just when our citizens had given them a good scouring. This is certainly not very encouraging to our home guard, but we hope they will soon have something to go through the manual with, without troubling the ladies for their broomsticks.

CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA.—The first drama of the present campaign was enacted yesterday morning, in the capture of Alexandria, by the Federal troops, with the loss of but one life—Col. Ellsworth of the New York Zouaves. This noble young officer was assassinated, by some miserable scoundrel, while in the act of pulling down a secession flag from the Marshall Hotel. The assassin was immediately put to death by the Zouaves who are greatly excited by the cold-blooded deed, and the death of their Colonel will be revenged with terrible severity. The loss of their gallant officer to the Zouaves is irreparable, as few men in this country, if any, were his equals in military knowledge and tactics.

It is reported that the Confederate troops fled at the approach of the government forces. If this is true, what has become of Old Virginia courage! Jefferson Davis and Beauregard, are said to be on their way to Virginia with 10,000 troops. The transactions of the next few days will be looked forward to with the greatest anxiety. As far as known no Massachusetts troops were engaged in the capture of Alexandria.

DUST.—Where is the water cart that was so efficacious last year in allaying the dust in our streets? From appearance of things we think it is about time for it to begin its daily rounds.

☞ The ladies of Woburn will find some neat patriotic envelopes, suited to them, at the Woburn Bookstore.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR,—Last fall I called the attention of the town to the dilapidated appearance of that part of our Cemetery fronting on Salem street. At that time it was somewhat in keeping with the season, but now when everything is putting on a new dress and appearing fine and beautiful to the eye, it is sadly uncouth-looking. We want a new fence, together with a renovation of the grounds in the part mentioned. Any person who attended the Concecration of the Stoneham Cemetery, on Wednesday, and wended their way homeward by Salem street, could not but be struck with the very, very great contrast between our burial place and that of Stoneham. Of course the latter is new, but still, that is no reason why ours should not be able to bear comparison to some extent. I think, while all who own lots are striving to make them beautiful and appropriate, the town should take care of their part and at once remove everything that mars its appearance. CITIZEN.

Woburn, May 23, 1861.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE RIGHT OF MAN TO ABOLISH SLAVERY.—Some of our readers will remember that Dr. Stebbins stated in his recent discourse that slavery could be abolished by "*the laws of war*," and should be since the South had chosen to fight. It may satisfy some of our readers of the soundness of the Dr.'s views to see the opinion o the ablest publicist America has produced, given in Congress in 1842:—

"I believe that so long as the slave States are able to sustain their institutions without going abroad or calling upon other parts of the Union to aid them or act on the subject, so long I will consent never to interfere. I have said this, and I repeat it; but if they come to the free States, and say to them, you must help us to keep down our slaves, you must aid us in an insurrection and a civil war, then I say that with that call comes a full and plenary power to this House and to the Senate over the whole subject. It is a war power. I say it is a war power, and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and must carry it on according to the laws of war; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institution swept by the board, and martial law takes the place of them.

This power in Congress has, perhaps, never been called into exercise under the present Constitution of the United States. But when the laws of war are in force, what, I ask, is one of these laws? It is this: That when a country is invaded, and two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory. Nor is this a mere theoretic statement. The history of South America shows that the doctrine has been carried into practical execution within the last thirty years. Slavery was abolished in Columbia, first, by the Spanish General Morillo, and secondly, by the American General Bolivar. It was abolished by virtue of a military command given at the head of the army, and its abolition continues to be law to this day. It was abolished by the laws of war, and not by municipal enactments; the power was exercised by military commanders, unders, under instructious, of course, from their respective Governments. And here I recur again to the example of Gen. Jackson. What are you now about in Congress? You are about passing a grant to refund to Gen. Jackson the amount of a certain fine imposed upon him by a Judge under the laws of the State of Louisiana. You are going to refund him the money, with interest; and this you are going to do because the imposition of the fine was unjust. And why was it unjust? Because Gen. Jackson was acting under the laws of war, and because the moment you place a military commander in a district which is the theatre of war, the laws of war apply to that district. * * *

I might furnish a thousand proofs to show that the pretensions of gentlemen to the sanctity of their municipal institutions, under a state of actual invasion and of actual war, whether servile, civil or foreign, is wholly unfounded, and that the laws of war do, in all such cases take the precedence. I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and Slavery among the rest; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the President of the United States, but the Commander of the Army, has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves. I have given here more in detail a principle which I have asserted on this floor before now, and of which I have no more doubt, than that you, sir, occupy that chair. I give it in its development, in order that any gentleman from any part of the Union may, if he thinks proper, deny the truth of the position, and may maintain his denial; not by indignation, not by passion and fury, but by sound and sober reasoning from the laws of war. And if my position can be answered and refuted, I shall receive the refutation with pleasure; I shall be glad to listen to reason, aside, as I say, from indignation and passion. And if, by the force of reasoning, my understanding can be convinced, I here pledge myself to recant what I have asserted."

"AN ACT IN AID OF THE FAMILIES OF VOLUNTEERS, AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES.—*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows*:—

SECT. 1. Any town or city may raise money by taxation, and, if necessary, apply the same, under the direction of their selectmen or mayor and aldermen, or city council, for the aid of the wife and of the children under sixteen years of age, of any one of their inhabitants, who, as a member of the volunteer militia of this state, may have been mustered into or enlisted in the service of the United States, and for each parent, brother or sister, or child, who at the time of his enlistment, was dependent on him for support.

SECT. 2. Any city or town may by vote raise money to defray any expense already incurred, or to carry out and fulfil any contract heretofore made with or in behalf of any of its inhabitants who may have enlisted as members of the volunteer militia, or who have been, or may be called into the service of the United States; but all contracts now subsisting between any town or city and any member of the volunteer militia, as such, shall terminate in ninety days from the date of such contract, or the date of enlistment if subsequent to such contract, and previous to the passage of this act.

SECT. 3. No compensation, in addition to the regular pay of the army or navy of the United States, other than mentioned in this act, shall be given by any town or city to any of their inhabitants, who, as volunteers, or otherwise, shall enlist in the service of the United States; but all contracts made with any members of the volunteer militia, who have been mustered into the service of the United States for the term of three months, shall be valid during such term, and no pay shall hereafter be allowed by any town or city for the expense of drilling.

SECT. 4. Any city or town, when danger from attack from the sea is apprehended, is authorized to organize an armed police to guard against such an attack, and may provide, by taxation, to maintain the same. Such force may, for this purpose, act in any part of the county within which such city or town may be situated.

SECT. 5. Of the sum so paid or applied by any city or town for the support of the family of any inhabitant, who may be actually engaged in the service of the United States, as provided in the first section, there shall be annually reimbursed from the state treasury, to such town or city, a sum not exceeding one dollar per week for the wife, and one dollar per week for each child or parent, of such inhabitant, who, at the time of his being called into the service of the United States, was dependent upon him for support; *provided*, that the whole sum so reimbursed shall not exceed twelve dollars per month for all the persons named in this section so dependent upon any such inhabitant.

SECT. 6. No reimbursement shall be allowed from the state treasury to any town or city, as provided in the previous section, until a full report, certified and sworn to by a majority of the board of selectmen of any town, or of the mayor and a majority of the aldermen of any city, containing a statement of the inhabitants of such town or city, whose families have been assisted, as provided in the first section, and of the persons who have been assisted, and the relations which such persons severally bear to such inhabitants, and the sums paid to each person, has been made to the auditor of the Commonwealth, and carefully examined and approved by him.

SECT. 7. A statement certified and sworn to by a majority of the board of selectmen of any town, or of the mayor and a majority of the aldermen of any city, shall be made to the auditor of the Commonwealth, on or before the fifth day of January in each year, of the full amount due such city or town, for aid furnished in accordance with this act.

SECT. 8. This act shall take effect from its passage.

The Cabinet of President Lincoln.

There seems to be a hearty concurrence of opinion and action between the constitutional advisers of President Lincoln. They have fully come up alike to the public peril and to the public expectation. Mr. Seward long since appreciated his position, and anticipated the future in which we now live. He admonished foreign governments that under no circumstances would the present Administration maintain relations with any nation recognizing the Southern Confederacy, and his published letter to Mr. Dayton, our new Minister to France, is a chart by which none can be led astray. Secretary Chase has brought to the Treasury, that came to him after the spoliation of Cobb dishonored and discredited, a genius and a courage that have elevated it in the confidence of our people and the world. Mr. Cameron has taken the War Department, left to him by Floyd a reeking corpse of corruption, and breathed into it a life and energy that recall the best recollections of the War Ministers of the great nations of the world. Comprehensive, clear, bold, and vigilant, he preserves his equanimity and good nature in the midst of the tempest.

The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, sensible of the great truth expressed by Mr. Everett in his last speech, "that no nation can ever wage war without a navy," is at his post directing the vast preparations for increasing our navy, so as to make it equal to the demands upon it in our own waters and in distant seas. The Postmaster General, Mr. Blair, and the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Smith, having less to do with the immediate War operations of the administration, vigorously direct the vast internal affairs in their hands, so as to render the policy of the administration efficient to back the friends and damage the foes of the republic. The Attorney General, Mr. Bates, has already shown his zeal in the good cause, and his judgment and experience as a thorough constitutional lawyer.

Thus, it will be seen, that the President is well and willingly maintained by his Cabinet. The crisis has developed the best qualities of his advisers. It has extinguished all divisions and rivalries, and the course of the country has clothed them with the panoply of the country's confidence and the elevated hope of inevitable triumph.—*Sunday Morning Chronicle.*

Vice President Stevens.

Alexander H. Stevens, "Vice President" of the rebels, has made another speech at Atlanta, Ga., which abounds in fiery passages. He is reported in the Atlanta *Confederacy* as having uttered these expressions:

HIRELINGS AND MERCENARIES

What is to take place before the end I know not. A threatening war is upon us, made by those who have no regard for right! We fight for our homes, our fathers and mothers, our wives, brothers, sisters, sons, and daughters, and neighbors! They for money! The hirelings and mercenaries of the North are all hand in hand against you.

THE SOUTH WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

As I told you when I addressed you a few days since, Lincoln may bring his seventy-five thousand men against us; but seven times seventy-five thousand men can never conquer us. We have now Maryland and Virginia, and all the border States with us. We have ten millions of people with us, heart and hand to defend us to the death. We can call out a million of people if need be; and when they are cut down, we can call out another, and still another, until the last man of the South finds a bloody grave, rather than submit to their foul dictation. But a triumphant victory and independence, with an unparalleled career of glory, prosperity and progress, awaits us in the future. God is on our side, and who shall be against us! None but His omnipotent hand can defeat us in this struggle.

THE ATTACK UPON WASHINGTON.

A general opinion prevails that Washington City is soon to be attacked. On this subject I can only say, our object is peace. We wish no aggressions on any one's rights, and will make none. But if Maryland secedes, the District of Columbia falls to her by reversionary right—the same as Sumter to South Carolina, Pulaski to Georgia and Pickens to Alabama. When we have the right we will demand the surrender of Washington, just as we did in the other cases, and will enforce our demands at every hazard and at whatever cost. And here let me say that our policy and conduct from the first has been right, and shall be to the last. I glory in this consciousness of our rectitude.

There was much more to the same effect.—Mr. Stevens has studied his part faithfully, and actually outdoes Jeff. Davis in the violence of his treason. He has heard of the occupation of the capital by federal troops, and descants thereupon as follows:

"Troops are quartered in the Capitol, who are defacing its walls and ornaments with grease and filth like a set of Vandal hordes.—The new Senate Chamber has been converted into a kitchen and quarters—cooking and sleeping apparatus having actually been erected and placed in that elegant apartment. The Patent Office is converted into soldiers' barracks and is ruined with their filth. The Postoffice Department is made a storehouse for barrels of flour and bacon. All the departments are appropriated to base uses and despoiled of their beauty by those treacherous and destructive enemies of our country. Their filthy spoilations of the public buildings and works of art at the Capital, and their preparations to destroy them, are strong evidence to my mind that they do not intend to hold or defend the place, but to abandon it after having despoiled and laid it in ruins. Let them destroy it—savage like—if they will. We will rebuild it. *We will make the structure more glorious.* Phœnix like, new and more substantial structures will rise from its ashes. Planted anew, under the auspices of our superior institutions, it will live and flourish throughout all ages."

CURIOSITIES OF EVIDENCE.—The question whether any one was killed by the firing from Sumter has become important, from the persistent hardihood and pertinacity with which some of the Northern journals adhere to statements of great slaughter with apparently satisfactory references to names and particulars. Slaughter, or even utter extermination of the attacking force was desired by the North, and we doubt not was fervently prayed for, as such incarnate demons pray.

With reference to the authors and original reporters of these tales, we must in charity say that there is some slight excuse for their first statements, and that we need not conclude that they were wilfully fabricated.

Some frightened non-combatants and fugitives who fled from the neighborhood of Fort Moultrie after the first few rounds, brought fearfully harrassing tales of slaughter. The rumors of course grew, and before the first message had arrived from the fort, rumor had killed more men than were in the fort.

Some persons who heard these rumors, in all probability left the city before the truth was ascertained.

Whatever explanation may be given, however, of the first thick, flying and unfounded rumors which always go abroad from an action of this kind, there is no excuse for the editors. It is their duty and privilege to investigate and inquire, and they have for some weeks now enjoyed full opportunities for ascertaining the truth.

The truth is that no one was killed and no one seriously wounded in or near any of the forts or batteries which opened against Fort Sumter, and the only loss of life that attended the bombardment and surrender of Sumter was that caused by Major Anderson's ill-timed and ill-omened salute.—*Charleston Courier.*

FROM THE OLD GRANITE STATE.—Some of the Maine papers claim that Gen. B. F. Butler is a native of that State. This is an error as Mr. Butler was born in Deerfield, N. H., Nov. 5, 1818. He was educated at Waterville College, in Maine, and was first elected to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1853. The telegraph reports that Mr. Butler has been commissioned as a Major General in the United States Army. It need not be said in Massachusetts that this is a capital appointment. Mr. Butler has already proved himself worthy of any command which may be conferred upon him. Generals John A. Dix and B. F. Butler will represent the "Sons of New Hampshire" in the army of 1861, as gallantly and honorably as Major McClary and Gen. Stark did in the Revolution.—*Transcript.*

SPADES ARE TRUMPS.—An impromptu meeting of the Home Guard of East Medford was organized on Monday afternoon, and the members proceeded well armed with spades, hoes, rakes, seeds, &c., to the gardens of those of their neighbors now serving the country in the Federal army. They soon prepared the soil and planted the beds in good style, much to the joy of the female relatives of the absent troops. This example is worthy of imitation. Middlesex seems to be first in the field and garden in this war. The action of the Home Guard of East Medford was the first response given to the following passage in the noble message of Gov. Andrew:

I exhort them therefore to cultivate their resources, to devote themselves with increased assiduity to all the useful pursuits and arts of peaceful skill and labor; and especially to devote the utmost effort to increase the agricultural products of the year. Let every man not set apart for present military duty, devote himself, as not less a patriot than his more martial neighbors, to the patient and quiet pursuits which increase the wealth and and security of all,—remembering that a noble purpose "makes drudgerie divine."

THE MINIE BALL.—The destructive properties of the conical ball, or slug, fired from Minie rifles, was made apparent at St. Louis during the recent disturbances at that place. The *News* says that some of the slugs in striking the walls tore bricks for a space of three or four inches in diameter, and, when they struck perpendicularly, penetrated to the depth of six inches into the solid wall. One shot, fired at an angle to the wall, tore away the corner of a brick next the door frame, struck the edge of the frame, penetrating through it at least six inches, and went through the door into the building, lodging in the opposite walls. Many of the balls struck the walls as high as the second story.

THE "PET LAMBS" TRY THEIR HANDS AT PLANTING CORN.—The other day some of Col. Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves, on taking a stroll through the country, some distance from their camp, into Prince George's county, came across a farmer who was busily engaged in planting corn; and as he expressed some concern that he should not be able to get the crop into the ground in season, they determined to help him out; so, pulling off their jackets, they pitched in with a hearty good will, and did the job up in short order. They then marched back to camp, as tickled as a cat with two tails.—*Washington Star.*

FORM A LINE!—Dr. Bellingham's "Stimulating Onguant," so Famous in London, Paris, and other European cities, seems to be gaining a similar reputation in this country. We find that it has become an indispensible article for the toilet in all our large cities. Messrs. Horace L. Hegeman & Co., of New York, now have the entire American market confided to them, and we give their advertisement a place in another column. As a sure and safe promoter of the growth of beard or whiskers, this article seems to stand about A 1. All our young men will be glad to learn that this celebrated preparation is now placed within their reach at a wonderfully low price.

☞ We have received a copy of the *Pine and Palm*, devoted to the interests of the colored race. It is especially devoted to the fostering of the present emigration movement to Hayti, and shows signs of much ability in its management.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. BUTLER.—We have received a copy of the above from the publisher, C. D. Andrews, 116 Washington St., Boston. It is a very fine likeness of this distinguished officer. Copies are for sale at the Woburn Bookstore, price 25 cents.

☞ Where are our watchmen when alarms are given for fires that are a dozen miles off?

☞ Several communications are left over for next week.

☞ The public schools will have a holiday next Friday.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal

On the occasion of the closing services of Mr. Lowell, of the Grammar School, on the 17th inst., some of the School Committee, and parents and friends to the number of about 25, happened in, not so much to examine the school, as to enjoy a social season in hearing recitations in their regular order, singing, declamations, compositions, &c., &c. Four hours were occupied in this way without much fatigue, except to the pupils themselves. It was a very pleasant interview and apparently enjoyed by all. During the six weeks of the present term, Mr. Lowell endeared himself to his pupils, who, after the visitors had dispersed, in connection with the class recently promoted from the Grammar to the High School, presented him with their daguerreotypes, taken in several groupes. This was none the less agreeable because it was a surprise to him. By the earnest solicitation of the pupils, Mr. L. changed his purpose to leave town the next morning, and remained until afternoon to attend a picnic in Green's Grove, got up by the children. Mr. Lowell carries with him to his new home, (Gorham, Me.,) the best wishes of this community.

The children are determined not to be behind their parents in devotion to the flag of our country. On Saturday afternoon the scholars at Woodville raised their banner, of the real bunting, upon a pole attached to their School House. Their teacher, Miss Lydia A. Hutchinson, is entitled to credit for her direction in the matter, and the interest she manifested to encourage the glow of patriotism in the children of her charge. A. F. Hutchinson, Esq., father of the teacher, was master of ceremonies, and performed his part to much acceptance. After appropriate remarks by himself, and singing by the children, he called upon Messrs. B. B. Wiley, Daniel S. Oliver, Enos Wiley, Stillman Putney and —— Harley, of the citizens, and Messrs. P. H. Sweetser, Lilley Eaton and Edward Mansfield, of the School Committee, all of whom responded. At the close of each of the addresses by the Committee, a bouquet of flowers was presented by some little girls, accompanied by a sentiment. Altogether the affair was very pleasant, and the little fellows appeared as happy as though the whole world were as peaceable as their district. From the School house the assembly moved to the Almshouse, a short distance Southward, in front of which, on a high staff, another flag was raised, under the direction of Mr. J. W. Dean, the keeper. After remarks from several gentlemen, the company separated, feeling happier for the pleasant gathering.

Two of the members of the Richardson Light Guard, returned from the war last week, viz: 1st Lieut. Degen, who, once before, came on as far as New York, on account of illness, but returned to Washington before his health and strength were recovered; and John Quincy Parker, who, last winter, was sometime disabled by a broken ancle bone. But notwithstanding this physical weakness, his desire to do his share of duty in the impending crisis, urged him forward with the company, until a recent accident to the same ancle rendered it improper for him to do soldiers duty.

Miss Robbins, teacher of the school at Greenwood, has been suddenly called home by the sickness of a sister at Carlisle. This is the second interruption of the kind since the commencement of the school on the 15th of April. Miss Marian Sweetser, daughter of Hon. P. H. Sweetser, supplies the vacancy during the absence of Miss Robbins.

One day last week, Thos. Bleakney, a labor er around in the Greenwood district, went to the premises of Mrs. Tasker, and deliberately shot a pet dog belonging to the family, but did not succeed in killing him. The crime of the dog was, that he refused to let said Bleakney go into the barn when he pleased, and carry off articles without liberty. On complaint, Chief of Police Skinner, took him before Justice Upton, when the fellow plead guilty, and was so penitent about it, and made such strong promises for the future, that he was let off easily, and the complainant and the officers had compassion on him and assisted him in paying the costs.

It has been thought and frequently expressed in town, that Charles S. Mallet, who left here several weeks ago under a high pressure of Northern feeling against him, was still in Boston, rendering a greater service to the South than when teaching music in Georgia. The matter is set entirely at rest by a letter just received from him in Loudon, by his friends in South Reading.

Rev. Dr. Cushman has been invited to give an address in the Baptist meeting-house, on some evening which he may designate, to detail some of the incidents of his seven months' journey to Europe, from which he has just returned. Dr. C. preached for Mr. Phillips last Sabbath afternoon.

Of the numerous flags which wave so gracefully over the public and private buildings in town, no one presents a handsomer appearance than that recently raised by Wm. L. Brown, Esq., from the cupola of his newly erected dwelling.

The Selectmen have appointed Jacob Townsend, Jr., one of the board of Engineers, in place of Henry B. Dunn, resigned in order to retain his position as Captain of the Engine Company. M.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Consecration of the Lindenwood Cemetery took place on Wednesday afternoon. The services were performed by Rev. Mr. Andrews, of the Methodist church, Rev. Mr. Squires of the Universalist, and Rev. Mr. Barrett of the Unitarian. The procession was formed at the Town Hall, at two o'clock in the afternoon. It was composed of the citizens, together with all the schools. It was escorted by Gould's Rifle Company. Music was furnished by the Stoneham Brass Band, and the Glee Club under the directions of Mr. Pierce. After the services were performed, the choice of lots was sold at auction. This cemetery will soon become one of the handsomest in our vicinity. It contains twenty-three acres and was laid out by Mr. Amasa Farrier.

FALSE ALARM.—On Saturday evening last our Fire Department was called out by an alarm of fire. It only proceeded as far as the line. The alarm was caused by the ringing of the bell in East Woburn. This is the first alarm that has been given for a long time and the boys seemed pleased to have a little run.

We doubt not that the following extracts from a letter from one of our friends, in the Stoneham Light Infantry, will be interesting

to many of your readers. It is dated Elbridge Landing, May, 17th.

"My health and the health of all the others is good, except Lieut. Lyndes'. He is in Washington. I broke my finger since I wrote to you, it is now getting along very well. The sixth regiment went through Baltimore last Monday, only ten of our company was there. The rest went within seven miles of Harpers Ferry. What they went for I have not yet learned. We got those things the ladies made us, last night, and I can say we were pleased with them. * * * * The eighth regiment of N. Y., and the eighth regiment of Massachusetts, and the Boston Light Artillery are with us. Troops go through here for Washington every day. * * * * There was a man here yesterday from So. Carolina. He say the folks out there, are as afraid of the Mass. troops as they are of the devil. I hear this regiment is going to have the post of honor. There was a Baltimore company out here the other day, called the Scott Guards, and presented this regiment with a nice silk flag. There was one of the Plug Uglies here last Sunday. He wanted me to tell the people North that the Plug Uglies were Union men, and would fight for the Union. We have got a first rate place for a camp, right on the top of a big hill. We can see a great distance from it. The river runs along the side of the hill. There is any quantity of fish, and game in abundance. * * I think I shall enlist again when I return but not under Col. Jones. There is not a man in the whole regiment that likes him. We have been living like hogs, but we are doing better now. We have singing, fiddling, preaching, and all. We have got that Steam gun on the top of the hill."

SPECTATOR.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR ITEMS—Of the non-commissioned officers of the Lexington Volunteers, Messrs Lorell Gove and Oliver P. Rogers are Sergeants, and Edward H Davis, Corporal, from this town. The Companies are not as yet provided with arms or uniforms. The commissioned officers have received their commissions. Some difference of opinion has arisen in the Lexington Committee in regard to the distribution of the funds appropriated by the town. A Town Meeting will be held Saturday (this day) to take action upon the matter. A committee of three will be chosen probably in place of the present one consisting of ten members which has proved too large to render efficient service. A meeting of Committees from the various towns represented in the Company, will be held on the following Monday evening, for consultation and to adopt such a uniform plan of operations as shall best promote the object for which they are appointed. It is to be hoped that matters will be arranged speedily and in a satisfactory manner to all concerned, and that the citizens of our own and neighboring towns who have enlisted in this Company and are willing to sacrifice so much in defence of their country shall have the opportunity; that they shall be uniformed and equipped at once, be constantly drilling and preparing themselves by the usual routine, for active service in the camp or field. If they do not progress faster than they have since their organization, the war will be over before they are ready to go to it.

Last Sabbath morning, the Pastor of the Congregational Church preached, taking as his text, Isaiah 37. — 14. She subject was Prayer and its efficacy in seasons of great National calamities. After some general remarks upon the duty of all to pray, he proceeded to show its efficacy in times of peril in the history of nations. He cited several illustrations in addition to the one recorded in the chapter from which the text was taken, from Ecclesiastical and Modern History showing its power in behalf of the truth and the right. In the present state of our National affairs it was fitting that christians should pray for their rulers, the head of the army of the United States, the success of our arms, those who go forth in defence of their Country that they may be saved from the demoralizing influences of War. If it was a war of conquest or for aggrandizement no true christian could pray for its success. But it is a question of government or no government—peace or anarchy—we should thunder it from the cannon's mouth, "the powers that be ordained of God."

I regret that I cannot do justice to this excellent sermon, which expressed in such clear and forcible language the duty of professing christians at the present time. He said that they should not rest satisfied with praying, but it should be accompanied by action. Faith and works must go together. We must be ready to do our part in the great struggle, feeling assured that "God will defend the right."

As the printer made an important alteration in the insertion of the following article, I give it again:

The Sahib says, that if the road between Woburn and Winchester, should be *crowned* up an inch or two higher, the attraction of cohesion would be dreadfully strained.

FIRE.—As the account of the fire on Friday evening of last week given in last week's *Journal*, was somewhat brief, I subjoin some further particulars. The house was situated on Grove street adjoining the estate of Peter C. Brooks and near the line of the town. It was 2½ stories in height and had been unoccupied for some weeks, save by an Irishman who slept there at night for its protection. While he was absent from the house some one went in and set fire in the attic. When discovered it was bursting through the roof, and made rapid headway, there being quite a high wind prevailing. Excelsior Engine Co. were soon on the spot, but the only water at hand was that in the cistern attached to the house, which was soon exhausted. It was then necessary to draft water from the pond, but on account of the distance not much was accomplished until the arrival of other engines from Woburn, East Woburn and West Cambridge. The L part was saved, together with most of the doors and windows which were taken out at an early stage of the fire. The rest of the building was totally destroyed. It was partially covered by insurance. It was owned by Mr. John Bacon of Boston and valued at some $4000. Had the wind been blowing in the direction of the other houses in the vicinity, they would have probably been burnt.

WILDWOOD CEMETERY.—Some time since I gave a general description of this "garden of graves," and a recent visit induces me to continue my sketch of it in a brief statement of the lots that have been purchased since its dedication to sacred purposes, which have been beautified and adorned by their owners. On Central Avenue, the first lot which strikes the attention of the visitor is that belonging to Henry Cutter, Nos. 184 and 185. It contains a beautiful marble monument some twelve feet high, with carved flowers on the corners. Next is that of Stephen Cutter's, Nos. 182 and 183, having a marble monument as high as the preceeding one, of a different pattern, surmounted by an urn. The four sides of the obelisk are ornamented as follows:—Front, an open bible, with a hand and finger extended upward over the book; on the left side a harp; right, a broken shaft; the rear, a wreath, all finely carved. On the right of the enclosure is the figure of a white dove resting on an ornamented marble slab; on the left is a little boy asleep, a beautiful specimen of workmanship. This latter piece of sculpture should be covered with a glass case as the weather will be likely to mar its beauty. Both of these pieces of sculpture are in memory of departed children. No. 181, B F. Thompson, plain granite shaft in the centre and two small marble slabs at the sides. On the opposite side of the Avenue J. Walker and C. M. Cram have a lot together, with a plain marble monument in the centre. No. 113, S. G. Grafton—Broken marble column encircled with flowers, in memory of his wife. Motto, "Earth's strongest ties are broken," No. 114, A. D. Weld, Marble monument. This and the preceeding lot are enclosed by wrought iron fences of a rustic pattern. Near by, F. W. Baker has a lot enclosed by an iron rod fence. On Hope Path, J. H. Prince, marble scroll with rose bud on top, in memory of "Little Minnie." On Highland Avenue, No. 237, T. P. Tenney has a lot laid out quite prettily, enclosed with a handsome iron fence. No. 336, S. E. Brown and L. Holton have a lot together. Marble slab ornamented with a child asleep, in memory of the little boy of the last named who has gone above. On Canal Path No. 67, S. S. Wyman; W. W. Lindley, No. 1, marble monument, Motto, "Thy will be done." The afore-mentioned lots are all that are enclosed by iron fences. Joel Whitney has a pretty lot surrounded by a hedge. W. M. Rand has a lot prettily arranged. Marble slab ornamented with the figure of a lamb; motto.

"This little pet lamb of our number,
Has gone to the Heavenly Fold."

As I have before remarked it seems passing strange that so many should neglect the burial places of those they have loved and lost; that they should not remove all rubbish, plant flowers and shade trees and make them pleasant and attractive to look upon.

EXCELSIOR.

Special Notices.

Schools.

The Schools will have May 31st, as a Holiday.
By order of Committee,
B. F. BRONSON, Sec'ry.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg,
Kings County, New York

Married.

WESTON—SMITH—In Reading, 15th inst., by Rev. Mr. Davey, Mr. Clifford P. Weston, of Reading, to Miss. Emma C. Smith, of Freedom, Me.

Died.

REED—In Woburn, 22nd.inst., Eliza S., youngest daughter of Mr. George Reed, aged 12 years, 10 mos.
HOLT—In Woburn, 17th, inst., Mr. Joel Holt, aged 73 years.
CHAMBERLIN—In Woburn 18th, inst., Arthur F. Chamberlin aged 1 year, 6 months, 18 days.
COFFIN—In Woburn, 17th, inst., Sarah J. Coffin, aged 33 years.
KITTREDGE—In Billerica, May 21st, Mrs. Jane Kittredge, aged 28 years.
DALE—In Woburn, 22nd, inst., Mrs. Hannah Dale, aged 83 years, 5 months.

BARGAINS!

BOOTS AND SHOES will be sold for a few weeks at very low rates. Prices range as follows:

Gents Boots	from $2.75	to 4.00.
" Shoes	" 1.00	" 2.50.
Ladies'	" .40	" 1.50.
Misses'	" .40	" 1.00.
Boy's	" .50	" 1.25.
Child'n's	" .25	" .75.

Also, just received, Two cases fine French Calf Gent's Boots, at A. ROUNDY'S.
Woburn, May 25, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of NANCY D. REED, late of Woburn, in said County, widow, deceased, GREETING.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented for Probate by Edward Simonds, the Executor therein named,—You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the Second Tuesday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be proved and allowed.

And the said Simonds is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Middlesex Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be three days at least before said court.

Witness my hand this twenty-third day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.
WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,
Judge of Probate Court.
A true copy, Attest, J. H. TYLER, Register.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING,
J. F. PICKERING.
Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

An Important Fact!

1
It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!
2
Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.
3
Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.
4
In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.
5
At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

MRS. C. F. PORTER,

HAS taken the Store formerly ocupied by MR. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the

Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of

MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861.—3m

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,
COMPRISING
BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,
Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,
and all articles used in Millinery. Also,
Dress Making attended to,
WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinuance of the same.
April 19.—tf

SOMETHING NEW!

I AM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of

LIGHT AND DARK GOODS
—FOR—
SPRNIG CLOTHING.
G. R. GAGE.

To owners and keepers of DOGS WITHIN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

NOTICE is hereby given that all Licenses for Dogs will expire on the 30th day of April, 1861. Persons wishing to renew their Licenses can retain their original number by applying to me pevious to the 7th day of May.
N. WYMAN, Town Clerk of Woburn.
Woburn, April 27th, 1861.—tf

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE
Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without injury

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of
MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN,
148 Hanover Street, Boston.

TO LET.

THE subscriber has several PLEASANT ROOMS in his new building on Union street, which he is desirous of letting for some light business. Particulars will be given on application.
L. W. COOPER.
Woburn, Dec. 15th, 1860.—tf

A CARD TO GENTLEMEN!

THE Subscriber desires to thank his friends and customers for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him for many years past, and begs to solicit a continuance of their favors. Gentleman in want of

Elegant, Rich & Fashionable Garments,
—AS WELL AS—
Clothing for Common Wear,
are solicited to examine my
New Stock of Cloths, Vestings, Coatings, and Pantaloonery,

the largest ever exhibited in this town, and which has been selected with much care from the latest importations and best domestic manufactures.

These GOODS, many of which are adapted to
FALL AND WINTER WEAR,
are offered to the public at
LOW AND UNIFORM PRICES.

Employing the most skillful workmen for each garment, I guarantee to give those who favor me with their orders, GARMENTS which, for
FIT AND FINISH,
they will at once appreciate, and of such durability as, it is believed, will give perfect satisfaction. I have also a large assortment of appropriate
FABRICS FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.
A select assortment of GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS constantly on hand.
G. R. GAGE.

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Pilling's Factory," for the purpose of

Grinding Corn, Rye, &c.,

is now prepared to wait upon such in that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days.
BENJ. MANSFIELD.
Nov. 12, 1859 tf

FOR SALE

IN Woburn, a COTTAGE HOUSE, BARN and WORKSHOP, within a few minutes walk of Churches, Schools and R. R. Depot. There is never failing well of water upon the premises. Will be sold low for cash. Inquire at this office.

IT CAN BE DONE.

OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.
March 13th, 1861.—3m

CHARLES A. SMITH

DEALER IN
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand.
☞ SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.
Woburn, Feb. 14.

WILLIAM WINN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estat attended to on reasonable term.
Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.
347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.
PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
May 14, 1859.

A. B COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Stree
At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
ALSO, DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.
☞ *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.*
(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).
Nov1, 1858. ytf

H. HARRIMAN,

HARNESS AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER.
Corner of Ockley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass.
Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices
Repairing neatly done.
Nov. 20.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the
ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.
Apply at this Office.
Woburn, January 11, 1861.

CRANE'S PATENT RUBBER BAND, Carpet Sweeper.

THIS is the only article fit to sweep a Carpet. They save all the labor and dust, and the Carpets will last twice as long. They are one of the most important articles in house-keeping, which no one will be without after once using it. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
PRICE $2.50.
MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE
RUBBER BAND CARPET SWEEPER CO.
No. 55 Cornhill, Boston.

Business Cards.

BOSTON AND LOWELL
and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road,
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—
Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.30 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.30 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.30 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.30 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m. 2.30, 5.30, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00 5.16. 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.30, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Saturdays at 10 p. m.
Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.29, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.03 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00, 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m, 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7.55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant
B. L. and N. & L. R. R,
May 1st, 1861.

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,
KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures
March 5, 1858. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.
OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed. Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN
Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,
School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.
LYCEUM HALL, ... WINCHESTER
Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.
OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
Woburn Centre
Jan. 21, 1860. tf

HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,
PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by leaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.*
East Woburn, Sept. ytf

A. E. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN
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Woburn, April, 1854.

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Oct 8, 1859. tf

DR. C. T. LANG

SURGEON DENTIST,
Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.,
WOBURN CENTR, MASS

E. D. HAYDEN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW
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Feb. 13. ytf

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Winchester, Sept. 1. tf

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Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1yr

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From S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston.

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Office 33 Bromfield t., Boston.
Rev. N. Day, *President.* Rev. P. Mason, *Vice do*
Charles R. Greene, *Treasurer.*
PHYSICIANS:
R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D
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REV. T. WILLARD LEWIS.
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M. J. METCALF, 454 Salem St., Boston.

Miscellaneous.

Morning and Evening.

Boy! why seek'st thou with such care,
Those bubbles of the sea?
Thy touch but frees the prisoned air—
"I'm gathering hopes!" saith he.

Old man! why in that shattered bark,
Dost tempt this troubled sea,
Without a compass, rudder—mark?
"I'm following hope!" saith he.

(Concluded from First Page.)

another, but there was evidently the humblest relenting in the hearts of both.

Aunt Polly bustled about the preparation of supper with unusual alacrity and spirit, but, notwithstanding her gay demeanor, the young people became more and more troubled and oppressed.

At sunset, by a tacit understanding that the little quarrel was all over, they walked together in the meadow, where they had seen so many happy hours. At first they were silent, and, when at length they did exchange words, they did not exchange thoughts. They talked of the landscape, of the darkening clouds, of the seeds and flowers by the way—in short of whatever was outward and foreign to the great interests of both. A few stars lit up their golden candles far to the north, but the gathering storm soon put them out, and presently the rain-drops began to patter on the broad leaves of the grape-vines that overran a low chestnut by the meadow-side and formed a rude arbor. Lemuel put his arm about the waist of Winifred, and drew her within this shelter, where some tangled roots and withered leaves afforded them a seat.

It was not the rain-drops glistening in her hair that made him lay his hand so tenderly, so almost reverently, upon her head, and it was not the chill night that made such tremors shake and confuse her.

The winds in the leaves above them, and the slow dropping of the rain, made a gentle and melancholy music that was in harmony with all they did not, as yet, speak. But could words have said half so eloquently what looks and sighs, and silences said for them?

How precious those moments were! how fond the endearments that had uttered themselves no less certainly before a word had been spoken, or a kiss exchanged! Gladly would they have had that night last forever—gladly would they have escaped from the future at almost any cost; but both, under the pressure of circumstances, and of what to them seemed to be a duty, thought it better to break their hearts than their promises, though to keep them was to sacrifice the purest and best feelings of their natures.

Winifred repeated the accusations against Lemuel that had been continually forced upon her, and dwelt on her promises to her dying father, as some extenuation of her strange and contradictory behavior, for through all, and in spite of all, he had been very dear to her, and when she had seemed cold or careless, she had more offended herself than him; and he, on his part, explained that, sick at heart, and caring little in what way he sought diversion, he had chanced to meet with the little Martha of whom she had been told—how her gentle and affectionate nature had at length won the sanction of his judgment, if not of his heart—and so, he hardly knew how or why, it came about that they were betrothed.

It was Winifred herself who had driven him on to the last step which must seal his fate; and would she not now, on the brink of their final separation, forgive him as he never could forgive himself. He dwelt briefly on his transient alienation, and lingered pathetically on the devotion of his renewed affection. Were it only possible for Winifred to become his wife, with what tender and never-wearied solicitude he would guard his treasure from the shadow of harm! And of course she believed it all, and put her arms about his neck, and called him her poor, dear Lemuel, and smoothed away his hair, and bemoaned his fate as though of all men he had been the most cruelly wronged, and, as women always do, she blamed herself more, after all, than she blamed him, and steadying up her weakness, and crushing down her own emotions, she soothed, and comforted, and encouraged him.

"Well, did I ever!" exclaimed Aunt Polly, meeting them at the door, as they returned after their melancholy interview, and, throwing the light of the candle she held, full upon their tell-tale faces—"things have turned out better than any made-up story!"

And, drawing the young people toward the fire, and turning her face, all aglow with delight, away from them, she said: "Benjamin has come!"

Winifred involuntarily drew closer to Lemuel.

"But you are not the only one for whom I have good news," she went on, "Martha has come, too!"

Lemuel made a desperate effort to put to route the trembling weakness that oppressed him, and with a voice almost choking, inquired where they were.

"Upstairs," replied Aunt Polly, promptly, and trying to look grave; but her kindly heart would not suffer her to protract the torture, and, laughing outright, she added—"both in one bed!"

"What do you mean?" cried the young folks, both in one breath.

"I mean," she replied, "that Martha and Benjamin have been riding on one horse for some time, and, to make a short story, are married, and have come to ask your pardons. Sorry, ain't you? my poor forsaken darlings!"

Winifred hastily broke the seal of the letter which till now had remained unbroken, and affirmed, between crying and laughing, that Aunt Polly had told only the truth. "But," she added, "Benjamin has not come so much to seek forgiveness, as to secure the undisputed possession of the worldly treasure he so affects to despise."

"Give him all he claims!" cried Lemuel, with enthusiasm, "you are treasure enough for me!" and, in spite of Aunt Polly's presence, he threw his arms around her, and kissed her again and again.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE JUDGE WRIGHT.—There is an old and true story about the late Judge Wright's beauty, which was none of the finest. Davy Crockett was in a menagerie at Washington, and approaching a baboon, remarked:

"If that fellow had spectacles on, he'd look just like Wright."

Wright himself stood close by, and touched his shoulder in a friendly way.

"Oh!" said Crockett, "I owe an apology; but I don't know just which to apologize to you or the monkey."

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASMATIC & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medicine will be needed.*

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T. A. SWEETSER,
Druggist South Danvers, Mass.

January 25th, 1860.—1ly

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THE established popularity of this CHOICE OLD BOURBON as a medicinal agent, renders it superfluous to mention in detail the characteristics which distinguish it from the ordinary grade of Kentucky Whiskeys.

Being distilled in 1848, and manufactured expressly for us with great care, it can be relied upon as a strictly pure stimulant, and peculiarly effective for the treatment of Lung Complaints, Dyspepsia, derangement of the Stomach, Nervousness, &c

As a curative agent it has a tendency to recreate and strengthen; while age having contributed its genial charm and enriched it with a delicious flavor and an oily body, it affords a pleasant incentive to the preservation or recovery of health, through the agreeable medium of a well pleased palate.

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24—1y

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GIN AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

THIS DELICIOUS TONIC STIMULANT,

ESPECIALLY designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, has all of those *intrinsic* medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic) which belong to the *old* and *pure* Gin. It has received the personal endorsement of *over seven thousand physicians* who have recommended it in the treatment of Gravel, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Obstruction or suppression of the Menses, Affections of the Kidneys, etc.

Put up in quart and pint bottles, and sold by all druggists and Town Agents.

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March 1, 1861,—1y.

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14—3m

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Feb 7th—3m.

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1861! 1861!!

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WILLIAM ELLARD.

Woburn, April 13th. 1m.

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B. V. FRENCH, *Treasurer.*

Dec. 8, 1860.—1y.

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John Hewitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:—

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New York, Nov, 26 '59.—tf.

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Nov. 1860.—1y

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ALL who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

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It cures Consumption.
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It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds.
It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and impurities of the Blood.

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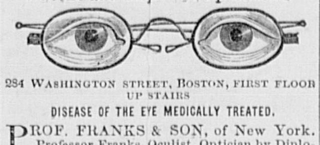

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13—1y.

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In cases of *General Debility*, whether the result of acute diseases, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render creditable. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

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No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effects. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.

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LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increase on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them A FAIR TRIAL.

Address all orders to

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P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and *take none but Dr. M'Lane's, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.* To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post paid, to any part of the United States; one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

Sold by all respectable Druggists, and Country Store keepers generally.

Sold Woburn by Benjamin W. Connat, Elbridge Trull, also by dealers in Medicine everywhere.

LAWSON'S NEURALGIC AND RHEUMATIC

Curative and Nerve Tonic:

For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.

THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

WILMINGTON DEPOT, May 16th, 1859.

PETER LAWSON—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station-agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,

L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.

PETER LAWSON, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.

I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,

T. FOSTER FARMER.

Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly, J. B. EATON.

Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

DRACUT, Nov. 19, 1860.

HON. PETER LAWSON:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you, that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it vry often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me, and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it, and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, thrt I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,

WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

PETER LAWSON, Lowell, Mass, proprietor.

M. S. BURR & CO., No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston General Agents for the United States.

The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W. CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD; in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY.

21—1y.

TO FARMERS, 80,000 BARRELS POUDRETTE, made by Lodi Manufacturing Co., for sale in lots to suit purchasers. This is the CHEAPEST FERTILIZER in market. $3 worth will manure an acre of corn, will increase the crop from one third to one-half, and will ripen the crop two weeks earlier. Price over seven Barrels $1,50 per barrel. A pamphlet, with satisfactory evidence and fullparticulars will be sent gratis to any one sending address to

LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
125 Commercial St Boston, Mass

Boston Feb. 7th—3m.

BOOKS BOOKS.

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book sellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

Lyceum Building, Winchester. June 7.

BOOTS AND SHOES

THE subscriber will dispose of his present stock of LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SHOES at greatly reduced prices, corresponding with the times. Those in want are invited to call at the Shoe Store OPPOSITE THE NEW CHURCH.

May 5—3m. AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

MOFFAT'S

LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS.

THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the Globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES

are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freezing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of Gravel.

Also *WORMS*, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.

SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone

FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS, —General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds. Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.

Prepared and sold by W. B. MOFFAT,
10—1y. 335 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

And for the speedy cure of the subjoined varieties of Disease:

Scrofula and Scrofulous Affections, such as Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Blains, and all Skin Diseases.

OAKLAND, Ind., 6th June, 1859.

J. C. AYER & Co. Gents: I feel it my duty to acknowledge what your Sarsaparilla has done for me. Having inherited a Scrofulous infection, I have suffered from it in various ways for years. Sometimes it burst out in Ulcers on my hands and arms; sometimes it turned inward and distressed me at the stomach. Two years ago it broke out on my head and covered my scalp and ears with one sore, which was painful and loathsome beyond description. I tried many medicines and several physicians, but without much relief from any thing. In fact, the disorder grew worse. At length I was rejoiced to read in the Gospel Messenger that you had prepared an alterative (Sarsaparilla), for I knew from your reputation that any thing you made must be good. I sent to Cincinnati and got it, and used it till it cured me. I took it, as you advise, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a month, and used almost three bottles. New and healthy skin soon began to form under the scab, which after a while fell off. My skin is now clear, and I know by my feelings that the disease has gone from my system. You can well believe that I feel what I am saying when I tell you, that I hold you to be one of the apostles of the age, and remain ever gratefully. Yours,

ALFRED B. TALLEY.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.

Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Eruptions* by it constantly.

Bronchocele, Goitre or Swelled Neck.

Zebulon Sloan of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bottles of your Sarsaparilla cured me from a *Goitre*—a hideous swelling on the neck, which I had suffered from over two years."

Leucorrhœa or Whites, Ovarian Tumor, Uterine Ulceration, Female Diseases.

Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York City, writes; "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alterative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in *Female Diseases* of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhœa by it, and some where the complaint was caused by *ulceration of the uterus.* The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for these female derangements."

Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dangerous *ovarian tumor* on one of the females in my family, which had defied all the remedies we could employ, has at length been completely cured by your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Our physician thought nothing but extirpation could afford relief, but he advised the trial of your Sarsaparilla as the last resort before cutting, and it proved effectual. After taking your remedy eight weeks no symptom of the disease remains."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

NEW ORLEANS, 25th August, 1859.

DR. J. C. AYER: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the request of your agent, and report to you some of the effects I have realized with your Sarsaparilla.

I have cured with it, in my practice, most of the complaints for which it is recommended, and have found its effects truly wonderful in the cure of *Venereal and Mercurial Disease.* One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers in his throat, which were consuming his palate and the top of his mouth. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken, cured him in five weeks. Another was attacked by secondary symptoms in his nose, and the ulceration had eaten away a considerable part of it, so that I believe the disorder would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it yielded to my administration of your Sarsaparilla; the ulcers healed, and he is well again, not of course without some disfiguration to his face. A woman who had been treated for the same disorder by mercury was suffering from this poison in her bones. They had become so sensitive to the weather that on a damp day she suffered excruciating pain in her joints and bones. She, too, was cured entirely by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I know from its formula, which your agent gave me, that this Preparation from your laboratory must be a great remedy; consequently, these truly remarkable results with it have not surprised me.

Fraternally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint.

INDEPENDENCE, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859.

DR. J. C. AYER: Sir, I have been afflicted with a painful chronic *Rheumatism* for a long time, which baffled the skill of physicians, and stuck to me in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One bottle cured me in two weeks, and restored my general health so much that I am far better than before I was attacked. I think it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.

Jules Y. Getchell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been afflicted for years with an *affection of the Liver*, which destroyed my health. I tried every thing, and every thing failed to relieve me; and I have been a broken-down man for some years from no other cause than *derangement of the Liver.* My beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Espy, advised me to try your Sarsaparilla, because he said he knew you, and any thing you made was worth trying. By the blessing of God it has cured me, and has so purified my blood as to make a new man of me. I feel young again. The best that can be said of you is not half good enough."

Schirrus, Cancer Tumors, Enlargement, Ulceration, Caries and Exfoliation of the Bones.

A great variety of cases have been reported to us where cures of these formidable complaints have resulted from the use of this remedy, but our space here will not admit them. Some of them may be found in our American Almanac, which the agents below named are pleased to furnish gratis to all who call for them.

Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Melancholy, Neuralgia

Many remarkable cures of these affections have been made by the alterative power of this medicine. It stimulates the vital functions into vigorous action, and thus overcomes disorders which would be supposed beyond its reach. Such a remedy has long been required by the necessities of the people, and we are confident that this will do for them all that medicine can do.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the Relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced Stages of the Disease.

This is a remedy so universally known to surpass any other for the cure of throat and lung complaints, that it is useless here to publish the evidence of its virtues. Its unrivalled excellence for coughs and colds, and its truly wonderful cures of pulmonary disease, have made it known throughout the civilized nations of the earth. Few are the communities, or even families, among them who have not some personal experience of its effects—some living trophy in their midst of its victory over the subtle and dangerous disorders of the throat and lungs. As all know the dreadful fatality of these disorders, and as they know, too, the effects of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them that it has now all the virtues that it did have when making the cures which have won so strongly upon the confidence of mankind.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass

Sold by Druggists and Medicine dealers.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific Remedies for the People

HEAR WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

The undersigned having used Professor HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES in our families with the most satisfactory results, and having full confidence in their genuineness, purity, and efficacy, cheerfully recommend them to all persons who wish to have safe, reliable, and efficacious remedies at hand for private or domestic use.

The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of "The Northern Independent," Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. E. H. Cressey, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. B. I. Ives, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison; the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, Rector, New-Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. Allen Steele, New-York Conference; the Rev. Samuel Nichols, East-Genesee Conference, N. Y.; the Rev. P. S. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; the Rev. John E. Roble, Buffalo; A. C. Hart, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; the Hon. Neal Dow, Portland, Me.; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, South-Bend, Ind.; the Hon. George Humphreys, N. Y.; Henry D. Cook, Esq., Editor of The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio; the Hon. R. H. Graham, Moline, Ill.; the Hon. Thomas J. Chase, Monticello, Fla.; the Hon. Joseph Benedict, Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bristol, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; A. S. Pond, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; James Plunkett, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1.—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.
No. 2.—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, Wetting the Bed.
No. 3.—For Colic, Crying, Teething, and Wakefulness of Infants.
No. 4.—For Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum, and Summer Complaints.
No. 5.—For Colic, Gripings, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.
No. 6.—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.
No. 7.—For Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throat.
No. 8.—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache, and Neuralgia.
No. 9.—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.
No. 10.—DYSPEPSIA PILLS—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Constipation, and Liver Complaint.
No. 11.—FOR FEMALE IRREGULARITIES, Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Periods.
No. 12.—For Leucorrhea, Profuse Menses, and Bearing Down of Females.
No. 13.—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.
No. 14.—SALT RHEUM PILLS—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.
No. 15.—RHEUMATIC PILLS.—For Pain, Lameness, or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins, or Limbs.
A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Old Mismanaged Agues.
P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.
O.—For Sore, Weak, or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.
C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In all acute diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas, the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened, and rendered less dangerous.

Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach Constipation, Liver Complaints, Piles, Female Debility, and Irregularities, old Headaches, Sore or Weak Eyes, Catarrh Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles or Catarrh, Headache or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

PRICE.

Case of 20 vials complete, in morocco, and Book .... $[illegible]
Case of 20 vials, and Book, plain.......... [illegible]
Case of 15 numbered boxes, and Book.......... [illegible]
Case of 6 boxes, numbered, and Book.......... [illegible]
Single numbered boxes, with directions.......... 25 cents
Single lettered boxes, with directions.......... 50 cents
Large case of 2 oz. vials, for planters and physicians....$[illegible]

ALSO SPECIFICS.

FOR ASTHMA OR PHTHISIC.—Oppressed, Difficult, Labored Breathing, attended with Cough and Expectoration. Price 50 cents per box.

FOR EAR DISCHARGES AND DEAFNESS.—Discharges from the Ear, the result of Scarlet Fever, Measles, or Mercurials For Noises in the Head, Hardness of Hearing, and Ringing in the Ears, and Ear-ache. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR SCROFULA.—Enlarged Glands, Enlarged and Indurated Tonsils, Swellings and Old Ulcers, Scrofulous Cachexy of Children. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.—Physical or Nervous Weakness Either the result of Sickness, Excessive Medication, or Exhausting Discharges. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR DROPSY.—Fluid Accumulations, Tumid Swellings, with Scanty Secretions. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—Deathly Sickness, Vertigo, Nausea, Vomiting. Sickness from riding or motion. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR URINARY DISEASES.—For Gravel, Renal Calculi, Difficult, Painful Urination, Diseases of the Kidneys. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR SEMINAL EMISSIONS.—Involuntary Discharges and Consequent Prostration and Debility, Bad Results of Evil Habits. The most successful and efficient remedy known and may be relied upon as a cure. Price, with full directions, $1 per box.

Persons who wish to place themselves under the professional care, or to seek advice of Prof. HUMPHREYS, can do so, at his office 562 Broadway, daily from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. or by letter.

OUR REMEDIES BY MAIL.

Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and inclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New-York and the medicine will be duly returned by mail or express free of charge.

AGENTS WANTED.—We desire an active, efficient Agent for the sale of our Remedies in every town or community in the United States. Address Dr. F. HUMPHREYS & Co. No. 562 BROADWAY NEW-YORK

Miss M. Flint, Agent, Main Street Woburn.

Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Manufacturers at Augusta, Me., would respectfully inform their former customers and the public generally, that they have opened on

CHARLESTOWN STREET, NO. 24,

(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles (mostly from St. John lumber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.

☞ Particular attention paid to orders by mail or express. E. K. ROBINSON & CO.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

Bellingham's Celebrated

STIMULATING UNGUENT,

For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

The Stimulating Unguent

is prepared by Dr. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair If applied to the scalp, it will cure BALDNESS, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn RED or towy hair DARK, and restore gray hair to its original color leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Unguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price One Dollar a box—for sale by all Druggists and Dealers; or a box of the "Unguent" (warranted to have the desired effect) will be sent to any who desire it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1.18. Apply to or address HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO.,
DRUGGISTS, &c.,

21—6m. 24 William Street, New York.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES!!

PENNSYLVANIA

SALT MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S

Saponifier.

THE READY FAMILY SOAP MAKER, AND UNIVERSAL CLEANSER.

WILL make hard water soft, clean Paint, remove Ink from Type, Grease from Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.

One Box costs..............................	.25 cents
4 to 4½ lbs. refuse grease, usually given away, at about ½ cent per lb., say..............	.20
	45 cents

Forty-five cents, therefore, is the cost of a barrel of FIRST RATE SOFT SOAP.

Recipe for making different kinds of Soap, SENT FREE by addressing depot of Company.

LEWIS, JAMES & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ The *SAPONIFER* can be had of any respectable store-keeper in the Country.

ASTHMA. For the Instant Relief and Permanent Cure of this distressing complaint use

FENDT'S

BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & Co., 458 Broadway, New-York.

Price, $1 per box; sent free by post.

For sale by all Druggists. 10—1y.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 35. WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

How I Live.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again;
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed;
But forbearing, soothing, serving.
Thus I live—and thus my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contending,
Is of little Christian use;
One soft word of kindly peace
Is worth a torrent of abuse;
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night;
If thou would'st improve thy brother
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter
Human coldness makes the world—
Every bosom round me froze,
Not an eye with pity pearled;
Still my heart with kindness teeming—
Glad when other hearts are glad—
And my eye a teardrop findeth
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret
For our happiness like this;
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,
Blessing ever bringeth bliss;
Lend a helping hand to others—
Smile though all the world should frown.
Man is man, we all are brothers,
Black or white, or red or brown.

Man is man, through all gradation,
Little recks it where he stands,
In whatever walk you find him,
Scattered over many lands;
Man is man by form and feature,
Man by voice and virtue too—
And in all one common nature
Speaks and bids us to be true.

Select Literature.

THE DESERTER.

AN ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

In the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was sergeant in the twelfth regiment of the line, then quartered at Strasburg. He was a native of that half savage, half civilized part of Burgundy known as Morvan, and his comrades ever spoke of him as a "tough customer." Always the first and last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one day our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his Colonel in which he applied for a leave of absence to go and see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, being seventy-eight years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman, and he pledged himself to return as soon as the health of his mother should be restored.

The Colonel's reply to Pierre's application was. "that as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field, no leave of absence could be obtained."

Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed, and then a second letter was received by the Colonel, in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying "he could not state his reason for this request; it was a family secret," but earnestly imploring the Colonel not to deny him this favor.

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's Captain merely said:—

"Pierre, the Colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require as the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow."

"Ah! The regiment leaves Strasburg; and for what place, may I ask you?" said Pierre.

"For Austria," replied his officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois; we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you? You will be in your element, my fine fellow."

Pierre Pitois made no reply; he seemed lost in deep thought. The Captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily, said:—

"Why do you not speak, man? Are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that in less than a week you are to have the pleasure of a set-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news; nay, I verily believe you have not heard me,"

"Indeed, Captain, I have heard every word; and I thank you, with all my heart, for your news, which I consider very good."

"I thought that you would," said the officer.

"But, Captain, is there no chance of obtaining the leave of absence?"

"Are you mad?" was the reply. "Leave of absence the very day before taking the field?"

"I never thought of that," said Pierre. "We are, then, on the point of taking the field, and at such a time, I suppose, leave is never given?"

"It is never even asked."

"It is quite right; it isnever even asked. It would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try to get on without it."

"And will do well," replied the Captain.

The next day the twelfth regiment entered Germany, and the next—Pierre Pitois deserted!

Three month after, when the twelfth regiment, having reaped in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was making its triumphal entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of *gens d' armes*. A court martial is immediately called. Pierre Pitois is accused of having deserted at the moment when his regiment was to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser, who cried:—

"Pierre Pitois! you, are one of the bravest men in the army; you, on whose breast the star of honor yet glitters; you, who never incurred either punishment or even censure from your officers; you could not have quitted your regiment—almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive to impel you! This motive the court demands of you; for it would gladly have in its power, if not to acquit you—which it ought not, perhaps, either to do or to desire—at least to recommend you to the Emperor's mercy."

On the other side the accused, who answered:—

"I have deserted without any motive; I do not repent, If it were to do again, I would do it again. I deserve death—pass sentence."

And then came some witnesses who deposed:

"Pierre Pitois is a deserter. We know it is a fact, but we do not believe it."

And others averred:—

"Pierre Pitois is mad; the court cannot condemn a madman. He must be sentenced then, not to death, but to the Lunatic Asylum."

This alternative had very nearly been adopted, for there was not one person in the court who did not consider the desertion of Pierre Pitois as one of those singular occurrences, beyond the range of human possibilities, which while every one is forced to admit is a fact, no one can account for or comprehend. The accused, however, pleaded guilty most positively, and was most pertinacious in his demand for the just penalty of the law to be inflicted upon him. He so boldly and fearlessly avowed his crime, continually repeating that he did not regret it, that at length his firmness assumed the character of a bravado, and left no room for clemency. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced.

Pierre Pitois heard his sentence read with the most unflinching gaze. They warmly urged him to plead for mercy, but he refused, As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed.

He was carried back to his military prison, and it was announced to him that, as a mark of special favor, he had three days given him to press for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

In the middle of the night which was to dawn for the day fixed for the execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the side of the camp-bed in which the condemned was tranquilly sleeping, and after gazing on him some time in silence, awoke him.

Pierre opened his eyes, and staring about him said:—

"The hour, then, is at last come."

"No, Pierre," replied the officer, "it is not yet the hour, but it will soon come."

"And what do you want with me, until then?"

"Dost thou know me, Pierre? No matter; I knew thee at Austerlitz, and bravely didst thou bear thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had for thee a regard no less warm than sincere.—Yesterday, on my arrival at Strasburg, I learned thy crime and condemnation. I have prevailed on the jailor, who is a relation of mine, to permit me to see thee. And now that I have come, I would say to thee, Pierre it is often a sad thought, for a man about to die, that he has not a friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and intrust with some sacred commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I will be to thee that friend."

"I thank you, comrade," replied Pierre.

"Why! hast thou nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"What! not one word of adieu to thy sweet-heart?—to thy sister?"

"A sweet-heart! a sister! I never had either."

"To thy father?"

"He is no more. Two months ago he died in my arms."

"To thy mother, then?"

"My mother!"—said Pierre, whose voice suddenly and totally changed. He repeated—"my mother! Ah, comrade, do not utter that name, for I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart—without feeling melted like a child; and even now, methinks, if I were to speak of her—"

"What then?"

"Tears would come—and tears do not become a man. * * * Tears!" continued he, "tears! when I have but a few hours to live.—Ah! there would not be much courage in that!"

"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God! as much courage as other people; and yet I would not be ashamed of weeping, were I to speak of my mother."

"Are you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand. "You a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?"

"When speaking of my mother? Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind. She loves me much, and I, too, love her dearly."

"She loves you, and you love her! Oh! then I may, indeed, tell you all. My heart is full—it must have vent; and however strange my feelings appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen, then; for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad, when about to die, to have a heart into which he can pour out his own. Will you listen and not laugh at me?"

"Surely I will listen, Pierre. A dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy."

"You must know that since I came into this world I never loved but one being;—that being was my mother. But her I loved as none loved—with all that was in me of life and energy. While yet a babe, I used to read her eyes, as she read mine. I guessed her thoughts, and she knew mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweet-heart nor wife; I never had a friend; my mother was everything to me. Well, I was summoned to take up arms; and when they told me I must leave her, in a paroxysm of despair I declared they might drag me limb from limb, but never should they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose."

"Pierre," said she, "you must go; it is my wish."

"I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will go, mother.'"

"Pierre," she added, "thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfil. Every citizen owes himself to his country; it calls thee; obey! Thou art going to be a soldier. From this moment thy life is no longer thine own; it is thy country's. If it be the will of God that thou shouldst die before me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears; but I would say, 'He gave and he has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' Go now, and if thou love thy mother, do thy duty."

Oh how precious those holy words! I have never forgotten them. "Do thy duty," she said. Now the duty of a soldier was always and in all things to obey, and always I obeyed. It was to go straight foward—to face danger without hesitation—without a second thought; and I went straight forward—faced danger without hesitation—without a second thought. Those who saw me thus, as it were seek to meet the bullets, said, 'There is a brave fellow! They might have better said, 'There is a man who loves his mother.'

"One day a letter brought me the tidings that she was ill—my own poor mother! I longed to go to her. I asked leave of absence; it was not granted. I remembered her last words, 'If thou love thy mother do thy duty.' I submitted. A little after I heard that she was dead. Oh! then my senses forsook me; at any risk I determined to go to the country. Whence proceeded so impetuous a desire to see once more the place where my mother had just died? I will tell you; and as you have a mother, and as she loves you, and you love her, you will understand me.

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple and confiding race. We have not received the instruction, nor attained the knowledge, that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs which the town's folks call superstitions. What matters the name? But the superstitions and beliefs, we have them, and clever would be the man that could uproot them. Now, one of these beliefs to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower that grows in the grave-mould such a virtue that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. Belief, how dear, how sweet! With it death has no terrors; for death, without forgetting, or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep, but calm repose after a long toil. The flower—I panted to see it bud—I panted to gather it! I abandoned my post and went on my way. After ten days' long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh—no flower appeared. I waited. Six weeks elapsed, and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower—'forget-me-not.' As I plucked it, I shed glad tears, for I thought that little flower was my mother's soul; that she had felt that I was near, and that, under the form of that flower, she had given herself to my heart once more.

"There was nothing now to detain me in the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower; what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—'Do thy duty!' I sought the *gens d' armes*, and I said, 'I am a deserter, arrest me.' * * * And now I am to die; and if, as you assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do for me the only service I require. The flower, which at the risk of my life I plucked from the grave, is here in a little case next to my heart. Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me. It is the link which binds me to my mother; and if I thought it would be broken—oh! I should not have the courage to die. * * * Say, do you promise to do what I ask of you?"

"I promise," said the officer.

"Your hand, dear sir, that I may press it to my heart. You are very kind to me; and if the Almighty God were in his omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."

The friends parted.

The next day dawned. They arrived at the place of execution, and already the fatal sentence had been read, when the low murmur that ran through the ranks changed into almost deafening shouts—

"The Emperor! the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; and then with his short, quick step, walked up to the condemned.

"Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him.—"Pierre," continued the Emperor, "remember your own words of last night—God gives thee life a second time; devote it not to me, but to France! She, too, is a kind mother! Love her as thou didst thy first—thy own."

He then turned to depart, and greeting shouts of admiring love followed him till he was out of sight.

Some years after this, a captain of the Old Guard fell mortally wounded on the field of Waterloo. Amid the din of battle he was heard to shout, in his death pangs:—

"Long live the Emperor! France forever! My mother! My mother!"

It was Pierre Pitois.

A RAT TRAP.—Take a barrel with one head out, put in water of sufficient depth to drown the rats. Fasten over the top some thin elastic covering—a drum head or sheep skin with the wool off will do. When they have got well baited, slit the cover traversely with a thin knife, so that the incision will meet in the center. A brick should be set on its end in the water, or some solid substance of sufficient height to allow one rat only to stand upon it. When all this is rightly prepared, the rats as they go upon the barrel will be let down by the trap door into the water. A struggle will commence to obtain possession of the island. Their cries for help will be heard by other rats about the premises, they will rush upon the top of the barrel and be precipitated into the water together, and a regular Kilkenny fight will ensue.

The Left-Handed Thief.

"How many young men have been injured and perhaps ruined by false suspicion!" remarked my mercantile friend, as we were conversing on the "panic" a few evenings since. Suspicion is like an assassin in the dark. It stabs its victim and he knows not from whence the blow comes. Or it may be more like the keen frost which seizes upon the ears, the cheeks or the nose, freezing the flesh and driving back the life-blood, and yet the poor man is totally ignorant of his situation till he comes in contact with the heat and begins to feel the stinging pain. But I believe I never told you of the only time that suspicion of evil was ever fastened on me. It has nothing particular to do with the subject under consideration, though it serves to show how merchants sometimes lose money.

When a mere youth I was placed in the store of Jacob Wharton, a merchant doing good business. I was frugal, industrious and faithful, and at the age of twenty-one I was advanced to the post of book-keeper, with a good salary. I had charge of the books and the safe, and all the money left over after banking hours was also in my care. I tried to do my duty faithfully, and I think I succeeded. Mr. Wharton was a close, methodical man, with a quick eye and ready understanding of business, and as I fancied he was satisfied, I felt much pleased.

I had been book-keeper a year when I thought my employer's manner toward me began to change. He began to treat me more coolly, and finally I was assured he watched my movements with distrustful glances. I become nervous and uneasy, for I feared I had offended him. But the thing came to a head at length.

One evennig when I was alone in the store engaged in making up my cash account, Mr. Wharton came to me with a troubled look and spoke. His voice was tremulous, and I could see that he was deeply affected.

"George," said he, "I am sorry for the conviction that has been forced upon me; I fear you have not been treating me as you should."

I managed, in spite of my astonishment, to ask what he meant.

"I fear you are not honest!" was his reply.

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon me I could not have been more startled.

Not honest! And there I had been for many years making it my chief aim and study how to serve him most faithfully! I do not remember what I said first—I only know that tears came into my eyes—that my lips trembled—and that my utterance was almost choked. How long had he held such suspicions? I asked him and he told me for more than two months.

"You have suspected me thus and still left me in the dark! After serving you so long—after giving to your interests all my energies—after striving for faith and honor that I might win your love and esteem—to suspect me in secret—to look upon me as a thief, and yet not tell me! Oh, I would not have believed it!"

"Let us talk the matter over calmly," said the merchant, his old kind tone coming back. He was touched by my agony, and I could see he was wavering.

I felt at first like telling him that he should have done this before; but as he seemed ready to reason now, I found no fault.

"You have spent considerable money of late," he began.

"How?" I asked.

"Have you not built a house?"

"Yes, sir, and paid for it too, and have thus given my mother a comfortable home."

Mr. Wharton was staggered for a moment by my frank and feeling reply; but pretty soon he asked—

"What did the house cost you?"

"Just fifteen hundred dollars. My mother owned the land; and I supposed you would know where I got the money. You, sir, learned me how to save it. I have been with you six years; the first year you paid me fifty dollars, and I laid up twenty-five of it; the second and third years you gave me a hundred dollars, and of that I laid up sixty dollars a year; the fourth year you made me a clerk and gave me five hundred. My mother was able to feed me, and as our little cot answered for the time, I got along that year upon an expense of seventy-five dollars. The next year you paid me six hundred, on condition that I would keep your books. I saved five hundred of that. This last year you have paid me one thousand dollars, and I have spent only the interest of what I had previously invested, so that the thousand was not touched. Of course my mother has worked, but she wished to do it. I have paid fifteen hundred dollars for my house, and have five hundred in the savings bank. This is a plain statement of my affairs."

My employer seemed more puzzled than before.

"Now," said I, "I have given you an honest statement, and will you be equally frank and tell me all that has happened to excite this suspicion?"

"I will," he replied, taking a seat near me.

"Within the last year I must have lost more than two thousand dollars! It must have been taken from the store. I know this, for I know the amount of goods which have been sold, and I know how much cash I have received. I began to be watchful four months since. Two months ago a man paid me in the afternoon five hundred dollars. I put it in the drawer, and on the next morning before you came in, I looked at your cash account and found only two hundred of that set down. From that time I have been very watchful, and have detected a dozen similar cases. I have noticed every dollar that came in after the bank account was made up and have also taken note of the amount entered upon the book, and during that time there has been a leaking of over seven hundred dollars! Now who has access to that drawer and to the safe?"

I was astonished. I could only assure my employer that I knew nothing of it; and I saw that he wanted to believe me. I asked him if he had spoken of this to any one else. Not a living soul but me he replied. I pondered a few moments and then said:

"Mr. Wharton, could I be made to believe that even ignorantly I had wronged you to the value of a dollar, I should not feel the perfect consciousness of honor I now feel.—There must be a thief somewhere. Some of the clerks may find access to the money. But are you willing to let the matter rest for a few days? I will strain every nerve to detect the evil-doer."

He finally consented to let me try my hand at detecting the thief. He promised not to lisp a syllable upon the subject to any one else, and also to leave the matter wholly in my hands for one week. He gave me a warm grasp when we separated and said he hoped I would succeed.

On the following morning I entered the store with all my energies of mind centred upon the work before me.

There were four clerks or salesmen, and one boy, in constant attendance besides myself, and all money received had to pass through my hands. Sometimes I made up my cash account at night, and sometimes not till next morning.

In the latter case I generally put the money drawer into the safe and locked it up. The key to this safe was kept in a small drawer, to which there were two keys, one of which I kept, while Mr. Wharton kept the other. The only other person who ever helped us in the store was Henry Wharton, my employer's only son, a youth twenty years of age. He was preparing for college under a private tutor, but found time to help us when business was driving. He was a kind hearted, generous fellow, and a strong mutual attachment had grown up between us, At first I thought of getting him to help me find the thief, but as Wharton had promised to speak to no one else upon the subject, I concluded to keep silent also.

That night I counted my money, but made no entry on the account, There was three hundred and forty odd dollars. I put it in a new calf-skin pocket-book—placed that in the money drawer, and locked the whole up in the safe. On the following morning I found fifty dollars missing. I counted the money over carefully and I was not mistaken. I began to feel very unpleasantly. My suspicions took an unwelcome turn.

During that day I pondered upon the subject and finally hit upon the following expedient; When I had locked up the safe for the night I spread upon the knob of the door and upon the money drawer some pale red lead, being careful not to get enough on to be easily noticed. I had left the cash account open to be closed up in the morning. When I next opened the safe all was as I had left it.

The next night I fixed the knob in the same manner, and on the morning following I found forty dollars gone. Upon the pocket book were finger marks of red lead; and when I came to open my cash book I found the same kind of marks there. So I had learned one thing: the thief knew enough to see whether any account had been made of the money before he took it. I felt more unpleasantly than before, for my unwelcome suspicions were being confirmed, I had gained new light. There was a peculiarity in the red finger marks that told me a sad story. Still I wished to try further.

For two nights after this the safe remained undisturbed, but on the third night I missed seventy-five dollars more, and I had now set my trap more carefully. The red pigment was not only used but I had put a private mark upon every bill in the drawer. The pocket book and the cash book were fingered as before, and the marks were clear and distinct,

When the week was up, Mr. Wharton came and asked me what I had found.

"Ah," said he, as he noticed the sorrowful expression of my countenance, "you have failed to discover anything."

"Alas, I wish I could say so!" I replied. "I have discovered too much. In the first place the money has been taken from the safe, and the key left in its proper drawer and locked up as usual. Also the cash book has been examined each time to see if any entry had been made of the money. There has been one hundred and sixty-five dollars taken in all."

"But how do you know the cash book has been examined?" he asked.

"I will show you," I said, producing both the cash and pocket book. "You see those red marks? I fixed a red pigment upon the door knob of the safe and also upon the edges of the money drawer. You can see these finger marks?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"And now," I continued, "just examine them carefully. See how the leaves of the cash book were turned over and also how the strap of the pocket book was tucked into its place. Do you see anything peculiar about it?"

"Only that the finger marks are very plain."

"But can you not distinguish the thumb-marks from those made by the fingers?"

"Yes—I can."

"Then tell me this," I returned: "*Which hand did the thief use most dexterously to do the work?*"

Wharton gazed upon the marks, and finally gasped—

"*The left!*"

"So he did," I returned, "and all the marks have been the same. The thief is a left-handed one, and he is acquainted with the store and the books, and can gain easy access here. But I have yet another mark. The last bills that were taken were all marked with a small red cross upon the numerical figure in the right hand and upper corner. You can follow those up for I have neither had the courage nor the heart to do it."

The merchant sank back pale as death itself.

"Henry is the only left-handed person on the premises!" he groaned, gazing on me as though he wished that I would deny his statement. But I could not. I knew that his own son was the guilty party.

"Ask me no more," I said with tears in my eyes, for the father's agony deeply moved me. "The secret is locked up in my own breast; and neither to you nor to any living being will I ever call the name of the one whom I suspect."

The stricken man grasped my hand, and with sobs and tears he begged my pardon for the wrong he had done me, and thanked me for the assurance I had given him.

On the following morning he brought me fifty dollars in eight different bills, all marked with the red cross.

"I know all now," he whispered in broken accents. "Be kind to me and let this go not out into the world."

I kept my promise, and lived to see the old man smile again; for when Henry saw the deep agony of his father his heart was touched, and he not only acknowledged all his wild sins and humbly begged for pardon, but became a true and good man, and an honor and ornament to society.

The charge of Murat at Eylau.

It is at Eylau that Murat always appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in mid winter, in 1807, was the most important and bloody one that had then occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe; Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all, no victory was ever so like a defeat.

The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-one thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the frozen field on which they had slept the night of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Augereau, on the left, was utterly routed in the morning. Advancing through a snow storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russians mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the storm.

Hemmed in and overthrown, the whole division, composed of 16,000 men, with the exception of 1,500, were captured or slain. Just then the snow storm cleaning up, revealed to Napoleon the peril to which he was brought, and he immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was further from Bonapart's wishes or expectation, than the bringing of his reserve into the engagement at this early stage of the battle, but there was no other resource left him.

Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself, for the hundredth time, worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed on him. Nothing could be more imposing than the battle field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Emperor trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. Seventy squadrons, making in all 14,000 well mounted men, began to move over the slope, with the Old Guard marching sternly behind.

Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons plunging down on a trot, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance.

The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the sabres, above the dark and angry mass below, looked like the foam of a sea-wave as it crests on the deep. The rattling of their armor, and the muffled thunder of their tread, drowned all the roar of battle, as with firm, set array, and swift, steady motion, they bore down with terrible front on the foe.

The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost-work before it. Then commenced a protracted fight of hand to hand, and sword to sword, as in the cavalry action at Eckmuel. The clashing of steel was like ringing of countless hammers, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together: the Russian reserve were ordered up, and on Murat fell with his fierce horsemen, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again and again, so that it was no longer cavaly charging on infantry, but squadrons of horse galloping trough broken hosts that, gathering into knots, still disputed, with unparalleled bravery, the red and rent field.

It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was renowned. Excited to the hightest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with tenfold strength, and looked more like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery, and the rattling of musketry, and the falling of sabre-strokes, like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glaring through the smoke of battle, the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted and striking for victory. He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe, and his eyes, always terrible, in battle, burned with increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the turmoil of strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that for a long time had kept up a devouring fire on his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their levelled muskets. A few of his guard that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after him. Without waiting to count his foes he seized his bridle in his teeth, and with his pistol in one hand and drawn sword in the other, burst in head long fury upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will furnish themes for the poet and the painter.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.—I remember a fellow, who sat by me in the lecture-room, who fell under grave rebuke because the lecturer judged by appearances. He had a trick of whittling. One day he fashioned a small keel of a ship, a dainty thing, with a witching figure-head. He finished it just as the lecture was finished. Dr. M—— was a reverend man, with white hair, and a kind heart. But the good man was wounded by the whittler. He was idle and disrespectful; and he summoned him to his study, to administer a wholesome rebuke.

"Young man," said he, "I am obliged to speak to you about the foolish and trifling way in which you spend your time."

Frank W. looked at him in surprise.

"Please take that thing out of your pocket that you made during the lecture."

Frank drew forth the keel. He had made it without thinking, and he was hardly conscious of its existence.

"Your disrespect for me and the students I might pass by," said Dr. M——, "but your irreverence for important subjects I must treat more severely. Can you tell me the subject of the lecture this morning?"

Frank told the subject readily.

"Can you tell me *any* thing about the manner in which it was treated?"

"Think so," said Frank. And he began at the remark of the lecturer, and repeated almost every word of the lecture.

"I did not think you noticed anything that I said, Mr. W.," said the doctor, astonishment and respect struggling for the mastery of his mind.

"I suppose I was whittling," said Frank; "I generally am, but I did not know it, upon my honor. I never was more interested in a lecture in my life."

"Appearances are deceitful," said the doctor. "You will pardon me for judging you wrongfully."

"And I hope you will pardon me for my everlasting whittling," said Frank. "I would give it up, but I am afraid I should lose the thread of my ideas, if I had not something in my hands."

LEARNING TO SPELL.—Bad spelling is discreditable. Every young man should be a master of his native tongue. He that will not learn to spell the language that is on his own tongue and before his eyes every hour, shows no great aptitude for the duties of an intelligent, observing man; a man that cannot see with his eyes open. Accordingly we have known the application of more than one young man made with great display of penmanship and parade of references, rejected for his bad spelling.

Bad spelling is a very bad indication. He who runs may read it. A bright schoolboy, utterly incapable of appreciating your stores of science, art, and literature, can see your blunders. You will find it hard to inspire that boy with any great respect for your attainments. Bad spelling is therefore a mortifying and inconvenient defect. We have known men thrown into very prominent positions so ashamed of their deficiency in this respect that they never ventured to send a letter until it had been revised by a friend. This was, to say the least of it, sufficiently inconvenient.

We say again, learn to spell. Keep your eyes open when you read, and if any word is spelt differently from your mode, ascertain what is right. Keep your dictionary before you, and in writing, whenever you have the least misgiving about the spelling of a word, look at it at once, and remember it. Do not let your laziness get the better of you.

HOW THE JAPANESE RESTORE FADED FLOWERS.—After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by a simple and seemingly most destructive operation. A writer at Nagasaki says:

I had received some days ago a beautiful bunch of flowers from a Japanese acquaintance. They continued to live in their beauty nearly two weeks, when at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away, the same gentleman came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him that though lasting a long time they had now become useless.

"Oh, no," said he; "only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will be as good as before."

I was incredulous; so he took them himself and held the stems' ends in the fire until they were completely charred. This was in the morning; at evening they were again looking fresh and vigorous, and have continued so for another week. What may be the true agent in this reviving process, I am unable to determine fully; whether it be heat driving once more the last juices into the very leaflet and vein, or whether it be the bountiful supply of carbon furnished by the charring. I am inclined, however, to the latter cause, as the full effect was not produced until some eight hours afterward, and it seems that if the heat was the principal agent, it must have been sooner followed by visible changes.

☞ Oh, marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is rich as Crœsus, or as poor as Job in his fall. Pray, do not marry for pelf, girls, 'twill bring your soul into thrall, but marry the man you love girls, if his purse is ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether he's little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you, he knows nothing well but to drawl. But marry a sober man, girls, there are a few left on this ball; and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

☞ P. Green wants to know whether, in these war times, the musical instruments of a *quadrille* band are to be considered as *contraband*.

☞ Why is conscience like the strap on the inside of an omnibus? Because it is an inward check to the outward man.

☞ "I can't undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims; it would be as much as my life is worth." "Oh, sir, that's nothing."

The Middlesex Journal,

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861

OUR NATION.

The position now held by this Government in the eyes of the world cannot but be most intensely interesting. It has been an eye sore to the despotic powers of the old world—a constant example of a free people governing themselves. Still the prediction has been made again and again that our fate would be that of all other Republics, and that at no distant period the historian would speak of us as a nation that once was, but has ceased to be. Shrewd men foresaw, doubtless, the disturbing elements that were at work undermining the fair structure on these western shores, without being able to discover where the power reposed that was to save it. Here was no standing army such as the monarchs of Europe rely upon. The people were all divided into parties, apparently wholly incapable of any thing like united action. The great North and West, intelligent and industrious, were too much absorbed in the pursuit of gain to bestow much thought upon matters pertaining to the welfare of the nation. It seemed indeed as though the time had come when a blow, if struck, could not fail of being successful, and that the downfall of the Government was indeed at hand. Demoniac joy doubtless filled the hearts of eastern despots, while deeper groans burst from the hearts of the down trodden in the old world. Thinking men at the North were filled with anxious forebodings. The ship of State was stealthily directed by traitor hand toward dangerous reefs; and, although the helmsman was warned of the danger and besought to change the course, he seemed as one just awakened from sleep, unwilling to look about him. When the foam and the roar of the breakers at length became apparent, and the fact stared him in the face that peril of untold magnitude was at hand, the helm seemed abandoned and the ship allowed to float where chance and the waves might carry it. Then it was that many a man felt that our experiment had proved a failure—that a Republic could not long exist,—that nothing but a monarchy, sustained by military force, could be permanent. Deep was the grief felt by many hearts in view of what seemed an inevitable fact. How valueless seemed their country—that country they had loved so long and so well. How the sneers and patronizing sympathies of France and England deepened the sorrows that were passing so so heavily. And as State after State withdrew from the Union, "darker and darker still the darkness grew," till, apparently, all was indeed lost. Where was the force that could stem the tide and quell so gigantic a rebellion? Was there a slumbering power in the people that would burst forth when the time for action was fully come, and say to the traitors—"no farther?" Hope was about ready to yield to despair when the cannon aimed at fort Sumter sent its first peal over the land. As the spark to the magazine, so was that thunder tone in its effect upon the people of the North. It brought them to their feet and convinced them in an instant that the South was terribly in earnest in her insane attempts to destroy the Government. Then it was that a power sprung into active existence that can be stayed no more than the ocean, lashed into fury by storm and tempest. Then was exhibited such a spectacle as the monarchs of the old world never saw before. United as one man the North went forth, armed in panoply complete, to fight again the battle for freedom. In a little more than one short month, results have been secured that are the wonder of the world. And still men are anxiously pressing forward, offering themselves to sustain the Government. Does any one doubt the result? Does any one now think this nation is weak? Terrible indeed is its strength—and that its foes already begin to comprehend. It hesitates not to say even to the powers of Europe, hands off, or you too, will feel our power.

When once this monster rebellion is crushed out,—as crushed it surely will be,—how this nation will stand forth before the world. It will have vindicated itself in the eyes of the Universe as the best and strongest Government ever given to man. It will cause a thrill of joy in the hearts of the down trodden everywhere, and be followed by such blows as no manacles can resist, while millions will rise up and set their feet upon the necks of tyranny, proclaiming themselves free.

No, this Government is not to prove a failure. It will rise more resplendently glorious, for all the trials it is called to endure. It may pass through such a baptism in blood as our fathers never saw, but a people like those in the free States of this country can no more be enslaved than the billows of the mighty deep when they lift themselves on high. The destiny of this country is not accomplished. It has a mission to fulfill such as no other nation ever had, in blessing the whole world of men. We are girt around, individually, with responsibilities of momentous import. It is laid upon us to stand for the right, and woe be to him who is found faltering. Out of all this mighty uprising, this array of armed legions a peace will yet arise that will continue to spread till the whole world shall be filled with its glory and excellency. May the time be not far distant when this whole nation shall be, not in name only, but in fact, a few people, doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God.

☞ We received a visit from Mr. John Bowman, brother of Mr. Isaiah Bowman, of this town, during the present week. Mr. B. has been driven out of Virginia, within a short time, for no other reason than his being of Northern birth—the accident of birth being sufficient in the eyes of Secessionists to debar any Northern person from living among them. While in Maryland, he was hurried along by an armed mob quicker than he desired to go. Mr. B. has always held his peace, and in no way has he insulted the feelings or opinions of any Southerner, yet he, with his family had to leave his home and everything behind him, in twenty-four hours from the time he received the notice.' And this notice did not come from men who held any authority, but from self-authorized citizens. He says that Virginia has been arming ever since the John Brown raid, not with the expectation of meeting any such state of affairs as the present, but for the purpose of resisting the repetition of a similar foray. He believes that when Virginia is conquered, the back bone of the rebellion will be broken, and that it has been the design of the leading Secessionists to force the brunt of the fight upon her, as they considered that she was the strongest and the best able for defense. He says it is nonsense to suppose that the negroes are unacquainted with the doings of the past six weeks for the most ignorant negro on the plantation discusses the question as far as he is able. The negroes have supposed that when Lincoln came into power they would be placed upon an equality with their masters as far as freedom was concerned; this he has heard them hint at, at places where he has been visiting. He believes that the slaves will rise, and that speedily; and that if such is the case, the horrors of St. Bartholomew will be re-enacted with ten-fold greater severity. He says he has seen the time when he would sooner be called a thief, a robber, or a murderer, than an abolitionist, as to be called the latter was equal to instant banishment, to say nothing more; for people never stopped in such a case to inquire into the case but acted blindly on the spur of the moment. Mr. Bowman left Virginia so hurriedly that he was unable to bring sufficient funds with him to pay his way here, but by the kindness of friends all along the route he has been able to reach Massachusetts without much inconvenience. While in East Bridgewater, he was prevailed upon to tell his story in public, which was something new to him, still his auditors were much pleased and gratified with the plain, "unvarnished tale." From a short conversation which we held with him, we believe that he would please the citizens of our town by giving a statement of facts and incidents which have occurred to him during a long residence in the South and from extensive travel all over the land.

Since writing the above, we have learned that Mr. Bowman intends addressing our citizens in the Town Hall, on Monday evening next. The admission fee will be but ten cents, and we hope to see every available portion of the Hall filled.

☞ Capt. John H. Dike and Lieut. L. F. Lynde, have both returned to their homes in Stoneham, to recruit their health. Capt. Dike is unable to stir about but very little, as the wound which he received at Baltimore has not healed and needs much care. Lieut. Lynde is suffering from a severe sprain, which may invalid him for some time. The trials and hardships which these two men have gone through, since they left their homes six weeks ago, have in no way lessened their courage but strengthened it in the cause of their country, and they both look forward to a speedy reunion with their brother soldiers. We wish them success and prosperity in all they undertake, and hope that health and honor will be their future rewards for duty well and nobly performed in a trying hour.

☞ Mr. George Jones, otherwise called "Count Johannes," has been awarded, by a jury in Boston, the enormous sum of $00,000,01 (1 cent) as the amount of damage which they considered he sustained from being called by the Boston *Bee*, a "*soi disant* Count." This sum will not go very far toward honoring those trifling notes which certain parties in Boston hold against him.

Verily honors do not sit easy in this Republican country.

☞ John Butterworth, the soldier shot at Alexandria by a sentry, on account of his not giving the countersign, was buried at Thursday. The fire department attended in Lowell, of which place he was a native, on a body, and the scene was very impressive.

W. M. PHALANX.—Some nine or ten members of the Phalanx have been discharged, and have joined other regiments, which are to go into immediate service. The Phalanx have signified their willingness to enlist for three years, and have thus given a flat contradiction to the stories which have been afloat for some time.

ORGAN.—The new organ in Rev. Mr. Marvin's church, Medford, will be exhibited next week. Mr. Whiting of this town has been invited as principal player. The choir of Rev. Mr. March's society have also been invited to sing on the occasion.

☞ We beg leave to ask of all soldiers, the attentive perusel of the report of the sanitary condition of the Massachusetts regiments, at the seat of war, by Dr. S. G. Howe. There are many valuable hints, and much important information contained therein, which, if heeded will be of most essential service to all soldiers on active duty. The report was published in the daily papers of Thursday.

CONCERT.—Mr. George E. Whiting, of this town, gave an Organ Concert, by invitation, at Manchester, N. H., on Wednesday evening.

☞ None of the ministers of this town, filled their respective pulpits last Sunday forenoon—all exchanging with strangers. This is something that does not often happen.

☞ Capt. Bartlet, Seaman's Missionary, will address the congregation in the First Church, next Sunday afternoon.

HOME MONTHLY.—This periodical for June has reached us. It is, like previous numbers, well filled with good things for the home circle.

☞ We call attention to the advertisment of Paper Hangings in another column. The stock is large and varied, and the most fastidious cannot fail to find something to please.

☞ The Selectmen meet next Thursday evening.

W. M. PHALANX.—No little excitement was created in town yesterday, on the arrival of the noon train, from the fact that certain indefinite orders had been received for the immediate reporting of the Phalanx, at Brooklyn, New York, for active service. The order come through Gov. Andrew, but he knew nothing of its origin, nor yet could he inform Capt. Winn where to report himself when he arrived at Brooklyn. Under these circumstances Capt. Winn did not feel justified in moving his command, and Lieut. Grammer proceeded to New York last evening in order to have the matter explained. He will probably be heard from to-day.

"THE SOLDIERS COMPANION: For the use of all Officers, Volunteers, and Militia in the service of the United States, in the Camp, Field, or on the March."—This work contains a large amount of valuable information for the soldiers, and will prove a good "companion" to all who avail themselves of its use. It is published by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price.

THE SAPONIFIER, advertised by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company in another column, we have used in our office for the past six months, and find it everything that the manufacturers claim for it for printers' use, and doubtless it is as good for family use. Any person wishing to try a case, can find it for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

LARGE TOOTH.—The tooth of a Mastodon can be seen at the Woburn Bookstore. It was found in Virginia, imbedded deeply in rock, while building the Railroad from the Blue Ridge to Staunton. The animal that wielded this ponderous masticator, must have lived in the days of yore, when Noah was a small boy, as it was found many feet in the rock.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND THEN ON THAT.—Broadway, New York, presented quite a comforting sight on Monday,—five horse loads of gold coming up the street from the wharf at which the steamship Etna was secured. £329,446, or over $1,627,000,—weight in specie, 10,250 lbs, or 5 tons. The steamship America, telegraphed at Halifax on Thursday, brought over $1,000,000 in specie.

Matters are already in so bad a condition in Mobile that a correspondent of the *Advertiser* proposes that people should send in their silver plate and their jewels, and even their watches for the relief of the treasury.

These two fact need no comment, they are two glaring to be misunderstood.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The Boston Herald reports the arrival from Baltimore (by the "U. G. R. R.") of a fugitive slave. Soon after reaching Boston he was passing through the Doric Hall of the Statehouse, where he recognized one of the soldiers wounded on the 19th of April, at Baltimore, and at once accosted him, inquiring after his health, and asked him if he did not know him. The soldier did not at first remember his face, when the fugitive asked him if he did not remember a colored man bringing him water to drink, and rags to bind up his wounds, while he lay wounded in the street. He replied that he did, and at once recognized his Good Samaritan in the person of the fugitive. The peculiar circumstances of the case made the interview deeply touching. It is added, that when the Massachusetts soldier fell wounded in the streets of Baltimare, the fugitive's wife *tore up her clothes*, to make rags to staunch the flow of blood. These rags she threw out of a window in her master's house, when her husband gathered them up and carried them to the wounded soldier.

COL. ELLSWORTH.—The fall of this young officer has produced a profound grief throughout the land. The hopes and the affections of the people were centered upon him to a wonderful degree. That he was a remarkable man is evident from the fact that he could control and bind to him—with bonds of fraternal affection—such spirits as composed his command. Had he fallen nobly fighting upon the field of conflict, the loss to his country would have been none the less, but to be stricken down by the hand of the vile assassin—renders the dealings of Providence dark and mysterious. Notwithstanding the high position he occupied in the public estimation, he retained to the last, a devoted, filial regard for his parents, that will ever shine a bright jewel in his character. The following letter, the last ever written by him, shows us the inner heart of the man:—

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ZOUAVES,
CAMP LINCOLN, Washington, May 23.

My Dear Father and Mother: The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force have arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner.

Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me.

My darling and ever-loved parents, good bye. God bless, protect and care for you.

ELMER.

"REMEMBER BUENA VISTA."—The Indiana Volunteers have taken for their watchword the motto "Remember Buena Vista." Why it was taken is thus told by the Indianapolis *Journal*:—

"Colonel Wallace took the flags, and holding them up to the regiment, said that the gratitude of himself and his men to the ladies of Terre Haute and Indianapolis had an affinity that could not be expressed. He told the men to remember Buena Vista, and wipe out the disgrace that had been cast on Indiana by the alleged cowardly conduct of our volunteers in that battle. We will adopt for our motto, he continued, 'Remember Buena Vista.' [Shouts from the regiment—"We'll adopt it."]

"Boys, then will you ever desert the banners that have been presented us to-day? [Loud shouts of 'never,' 'never.'] Then 'Remember Buena Vista,' and swear that you will never desert the flag of your country or your regimental colors. *Get down on your knees and swear!*"

"Here the entire regiment kneeled, and with uplifted right arms swore to stand by their country and its flag, and to 'Remember Buena Vista.' This was a most impressive scene, and filled hundreds of manly eyes with tears."

Sketch of the Career of Col. Ellsworth.

The melancholy tidings of the assassination of Colonel Ellsworth, Commander of the regiment of Fire Zouaves of this city, while heading his men in the occupation of the city of Alexandra this morning, causes a general expression of sorrow.

Colonel Ellsworth's name has been prominently before the country for several months. As an inhabitant of the same state and a personal friend of the President, he accompanied him on the tour from his home to the Capital, and was one of the most valuable and efficient aids of the President in relieving him in a great measure from the fatigues and trials to which the enthusiasm and, in some cases, over-curiosity of the crowds assembled at the various points on the route, would have subjected him. All along the line the manly, graceful bearing and polished courtesy of Colonel Ellsworth were the subject of universal comment by the people and the press.

His accomplishments and acquirements as a military officer were urged upon the President as warranting his appointment to a high position in the War Department, and his name was mentioned in connection with the chief clerkship in that bureau of the government. Aided by the influence of such men as General Sumner, and known as he was to the President as an officer thoroughly qualified for a first-class position, Colonel Ellsworth no doubt could have selected any clerkship in the War Department. But with him, a connection in the War Department did not mean peace.

At the first commencement of the difficulties between the rebels and the federal government, Colonel Ellsworth sought and obtained permission to recruit a regiment for active service. With the world (of the North) before him where to choose, he came to this city as the place where he could gather together a body of men who were fitted for active service and earnest duty. He recruited his regiment from the ranks of our firemen, and from that *materiel* he formed a corps which, under his effective drill and discipline, in a few weeks had won a prominent place amongst the regiments gathered for the defence of the Capital. The events of the past few weeks, as connected with the history of this regiment, are too fresh to need recapitulation. Let us go back a few months in his history.

Colonel (then Captain) Ellsworth was first favorably known in this city in July of last year, when he came here with his small company of forty Zouaves and eighteen musicians. He had made a military tour from Chicago stopping at the various cities on the way, and for a week or more the wonderful drill and evolutions of the "Chicago Zouaves" had been a fruitful theme of comment in the press. They arrived in this city July 14th, and were received by a detachment of the 6th regiment, and escroted to the Astor house, where they breakfasted, and were afterwards escorted to the Centre street armory. The Evening Post's account of the reception speaks of the men as all young, fine athletic fellows, and of Colonel Ellsworth as having a youthful, almost boyish appearance. Their reception here was unmistakably enthusiastic.

During their stay they drilled and paraded publicly daily, and just before their departure they gave an exhibition at the Academy of Music, which was witnessed by nearly [illegible] thousand delighted spectators. At Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and in all the other cities visited, they were received with marked favor, and Colonel Ellsworth may be said to have initiated in this country the now almost universal furor in military circles for the Zouave drill, tactics and costume. It is to his exertions solely that the federal army owes the most valuable adjunct to the service. Its popularity is manifest everywhere, not only in the camp and drill-room, but even in the elegant Zouave costumes worn as the every-day dress of many of our city boys.

At the time of his death Colonel Ellsworth was scarcely twenty-seven years of age. His history, therefore, is brief, but it is brilliant. He was a native of New England, and enjoyed for a period the advantages of study and discipline at West Point, where he acquired that knowledge of military matters and tactics which have given the last few months of his life such marked prominence. For the past few years he has lived at Chicago, and has been prominently identified with the military movements of that city. He has distinguished himself mainly (apart from the circumstances of his assassination,) as the founder and father of the Zouave service in the United States.

Of his personal qualities, his winning address and courteous manners all who knew him speak in unqualified praise. His regiment, made up as it is of men whom a few weeks ago he was a stranger in all but reputation, have learned in a brief period to love and almost idolize him. Those who have been nearest to him appreciate and love him best. His brief record is now a part of his country's history.—*N. Y. Eve. Post, 24th.*

What is Martial Law.—At the present crisis the significance of a term so much used and with so little accurate sense of its meaning, becomes unusually important.

Bouvior defines martial law as "a code established for the government of the army and navy of the United States," whose principal rules are to be found in the articles of war, prescribed by an act of Congress. But Chancellor Kent says this definition applies only to *military* law, while martial law is quite a distinct thing, and founded on paramount necessity, and proclaimed by a military chief. Martial law is generally and vaguely held to be a suspension of all ordinary civil rights and processes, and as such approximates closely to military despotism. It is an arbitrary law, originating in emergencies. In times of extreme peril to the State, either from without or from within the public welfare demands extraordinary measures.

And martial law being proclaimed, signifies that the operation of the ordinary legal delays of justice is suspended by the military power, which has for the time become supreme.

It suspends the operation of the writ of *habeas corpus*; enables persons charged with treason to be summarily tried by court-martial instead of grand-jury; justifies searches and seizures of private property, and the taking possession of public highways and other means of communication. Involving the highest exercise of sovereignty, it is, of course, capable of great abuse, and is only to be justified on emergencies of the most imperative and perilous nature.

☞ The Dustin Monument was sent to its abiding place on Thursday last. It is a noble monument and reflects much credit upon the workmanship of Messrs. Pickering & Co.

The American Eagle Flaps His Wings.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AT IT AGAIN.

The irrepressible George Francis Train, of horse railroad notoriety, has made another of his curious speeches in England, on the occasion of the opening of the Exmouth Railway. Among other things he said:

"For fifty years the North was too busy in making factories, launching ships, planting corn and educating her children [cheers], to find time to govern the land. Besides, the Northerners could not afford to accept salaries and wear epaulettes, well knowing that a certainty in life was paralysis to ambition. [Hear, and True.] Therefore we let the South furnish our army officers, our navy officers, our foreign consuls and ministers, and for half a century all our Presidents. [Hear.]

We treated them like spoiled children, and gave way to their unmanly complaints, till at last we found that the ship of state was allowed to go to ruin, that the crew had robbed the cash box and stolen the cabin furniture, [loud laughter and applause] and that the captain was a pirate, and the mates were thieves. [Loud cheers.] We found that the democratic party had sold itself to the South, and demoralized the country, and then the North spoke, and Lincoln is now the General Jackson of our time. [Hear.]

Gentlemen of England, let me assure you that cotton is no longer king [laughter and hear]—in fact it never was, is not now, and never will be king. [Hear.] We grow in the North a product that cattle feed and sleep upon, larger than all the boasted cotton of the South—I mean the hay crop of the free States. [Hear, hear.] It was of greater value last year than all the cotton, tobacco, sugar and rice grown in the slave States in 1860! [Loud cheers.] The corn crop also of the North last year was valued at £100,000,000; the cotton crop was not half that. [Applause.]

As I am speaking to the toast of Agriculture [cheers and hear, hear,] let me tell you that while the cotton crop of the last census was but £28,000,000, the total agricultural products of the country were £540,000,000! and, so for as wealth gives value to a State, little Massachusetts—my own fair State—that has always been first in peace, as she has ever been and will ever be in war [cheers,] is rated in that census as worth £25,000,000 more than all Virginia, including all her negroes and the large sum that her traitor son she loves so well—Floyd—stole from the government coffers.—[Laughter and cheers.] The State of New York alone has more wealth than all the seceding States together. [Hear.]

The contest will be short, sharp and surprising. The South is without mechanics. Their present munitions of war were stolen from our arsenals. Take those from them and what can they do? They cannot clothe their soldiers, nor grow their food—no gold in their banks—no corn in their granaries—and only two millions in the Southern Pirate Confederation against the twenty millions of patriots of the Union Club. [Cheers.] The North commands the sea and the Mississippi; the Federal Government has the fleet, while the South has 5,000 miles of unguarded coast and not a man-of-war. Secession is repudiation—a new way of paying old debts.

Capitalists lending money to the insolvent firm of the seven pirate States should not forget that two of the senior partners were Florida and Mississippi, while the captain of the pirate gang was the chief apostle of repudiation. [Cheers and applause.] Despotism and anarchy are twins. Revolvers and bowie knives, assassination and lynch law were capital raw materials to manufacture into rebels, parricides and traitors. [Applause and hear.]

But these words are too weak to do justice to the subject. These bad men are as much worse than common murderers as the man that stabs his own wife, strangles his own sister, murders his own father and mother and destroys his own children is more vile than the man who only wars against the strangar. [Loud cheers] But wait a little longer, there is a good time coming. Let the cohorts and the legions of the North pour down upon the conspirators and they will scatter like polecats before a prairie fire!" [Laughter and applause.]

BUTLER'S SHREWD MANAGEMENT.—A probably truthful story of one of Ben Butler's shrewd professional freaks is told by a young factory girl, formerly employed in one of the Lowell mills. She had been discharged, and the corporation refused to pay her. She sought legal redress and retained Mr. Butler for her counsel. He listened to her case with much interest, and afterwards consulted the representative of the corporation, who still refused to pay the girl her wages. Butler then issued a writ, and attached the main water-wheel of the establishment, and by bringing the whole manufactory to a stop, the corporation, rather than allow their mills to remain idle and await the law's delay, paid the girl her wages, and resumed operations.

Said John Randolph:—"We do not govern the people of the North by our black slaves, but by their own white slaves. We know what we are doing. We of the South are always united, from the Ohio to Florida—and we can always unite; but you of the North are beginning to divide. We have conquered you once, and we can and we will do it again. Aye, sir, we will drive you to the wall, and when we have you there once more, we mean to keep you there, and nail you down like base money.

MOVING FROM ONE STATE TO ANOTHER, WITH HOUSE AND FAMILY.—A strange spectacle was witnessed on the Illinois river a few days ago. In tow of the Resolute, going north, was a barge, on which reposed a two story frame house. This house is the property of a man who lived in it in St. Louis. Becoming alarmed at the late commotion, he had his house moved as stated, and taken to a free State. His family went along with him. While going up the river the man's dog sat in the door, the cat reclined lazily at a window, and the good wife carried on the household work as usual.

EGOTISM.—We advise writers for the public journals to be somewhat sparing in the use of the pronouns I, my and me. A statement thus egotized is always greatly weakened in the reader's estimation.

A DANGEROUS GENERAL.—A prominent military man, who is supposed to understand the plans of the War Department, remarked yesterday: "We have great fears at present of losing ground through the imprudence of a very important General." "Indeed; who is he?" was the instant demand. "His name is *General Impatience*," was the reply. This remark gave a shrewd hint of the opinions of General Scott and the War Department.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—On the 15th of March, 1697, there occurred in Haverhill, Mass., one of the most striking incidents of our early history. While Thomas Dustin was at work in his field he saw signs of the approach of Indians. To take his gun and spring on his horse was but the work of a moment, and on arriving at the house, he, in a few words, told his family the story. Hannah his wife was confined in bed with a child a few days old. She insisted that he should take the seven older children and leave her with the babe. The nurse, Mary Neff, refusing to leave her mistress, remained also. Mr. Dustin placing himself between his children and the Indians, successfully covered their retreat in safety to the garrison. After the departure of Mr. D. and children, the Indians came to the house and took the babe, which they barbarously murdered by dashing it against a tree. They then compelled Mrs. D. to arise and go with them, after they had burned the house and contents, forcing her in her almost helpless condition, to keep up with them, she was taken to an island called Penacook, in the Merrimack river, now Concord, N. H. While lying on the ground, Hannah communicated to the nurse and the boy—a former captive—her design to escape, and gave them directions. At midnight she arose, and, with the aid of her companions, killed ten of the twelve Savages. Taking their scalps and a gun as trophies of her remarkable exploit, she embarked on the Merrimack and arrived at her home in safety. She was sometime in Haverhill before her husband was aware of her deliverance and return.

The citizens of Haverhill have taken means to erect a monument to commemorate this unpreceeded act of heroism, and have contracted, as many of our citizens know, with R. Pickering & Co., for a noble shaft with a heavy base. It is embellished in an exceedingly appropriate manner, and also with fitting inscriptions. The following are the names of the children of Thomas and Hannah Dustin:—Hannah, Elizabeth, Mary, Thomas, Nathaniel, John, Sarah, Abagail, Jonathan, Timothy, Mehitable, Martha, Lydia.

Woburn, May 25, '61. SPECTATOR.

OUR SOLDIERS.—The proper moral treatment of our volunteers must not be lost sight of. Some of the officers need not be cautioned on this subject. Even in our justly honored Massachusetts regiments there are complaints of petty tyranny and cruelty. Discipline and proper subordination do not require either arrogance or severity on the one side, nor degradation and servility on the other. Our volunteers are not the sort of men to be treated as slaves, though they will willingly endure the severest discipline and the hardships of camp life. There have already been complaints of the despotic antics of some officers, inflated with a sense of authority, who seem to think that the first thing to be done is to impress the men under them with a proper sense of their official authority.

In one instance at Washington a private was slapped in the face in the most insolent way by a strutting lieutenant, who took it into his head that he was not properly respected. The consequence is that the lieutenant now has the ill will of the whole company, and will be the butt of the most annoying practical jokes, if the hostility of the men takes no worse form. The northern volunteers are a class of men who respect themselves, and will insist upon being treated with respect, and no man is fit to hold any command over men in any relation who cannot so combine politeness and dignity with authority as to ensure the respect and ready obedience of those under him. There will be individual cases of insubordination under the best officers; but the officer who gets the contempt and ill-will of his whole command has thereby proved himself unfitted for his position, and to keep such men in authority is to demoralize and weaken the army. In this war the people will demand that their soldiers, in whose welfare and success they have an immense stake and a just pride, shall be kindly and respetfully treated—as men and citizens, and not as mere brute instruments of war.—*Springfield Republican.*

YANKEE DOODLE TRIMMING THE TREE OF LIBERTY.—A physician in Columbus, Ga., a friend to the Union, has written the following poem:

Yankee Doodle took a saw,
With patriot devotion,
To trim the tree of Liberty
According to his "notion."

Yankee Doodle on a limb,
Like another noodle,
Cut *between* the *tree* and *him*,
And down came Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle broke his neck,
Every bone about him,
And then the tree of Liberty
Did very well without him!

JUST IT.—Three negroes, belonging to Col. Mallory, commander of the rebel forces at Hampton, Va., recently sought the protection of the U. S. forces at Fortess Monroe, alleging that they were about to be sent to the far South. Presently an officer bearing a flag of truce, appeared, and demanded a rendition of the slaves under the *fugitive slave law of the United States*. Gen Butler informed the officer that, if Col. Mallory would step over to the Fortress and swear allegiance to the Constitution, obedience to the laws, and the authority of the United States, he would take his joke into consideration; but till then he should consider them contraband of war, and should set them at work upon the fort.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The father of Col. Ellsworth happened to be at the telegraph office in Mechanicsville when the sad news of his son's death was received, and the first intimation he had of it was when he observed the operator weeping. The father's grief was overpowering on learning the purport of the brief message. The brave young man was his only son, a younger brother having died in Chicago about one year ago.

COMFORT FOR REBELLIOUS POSTMASTERS.—A list of seceded Postmasters has been made out at the Post-office Department, to which is appended the amounts for which they are proven delinquent. Duplicate lists will be given the commanding officers of the various divisions moving southward, with acompanying instructions concerning the treatment of the same. It is stated on good authority, that no class of men will meet with more severe punishment, or more summary, than will be visited upon these men.

A BOLD SOLDIER BOY, belonging to the Thirteenth New York Regiment, writes from Washington to his sister—"I have grown two feet in two days, prefer gunpowder to butter on my bread, and have made arrangements to sleep forever hereafter in a cannon."

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Business is no where, and I can find little to write about at the present time.

Last Sunday the Boston *Herald* obtained quite a circulation in this town, in consequence of its containing the particulars of a terrible battle, and when it was ascertained the next day how we had been sold and hoaxed, no little indignation was manifested. Now this trifling with the public, to say nothing of such imposition upon them, has gone about far enough, and it is high time these sensation papers were taught a salutary lesson to no longer presume upon the credulity and patience of men. There is a limit to the exercise of patience in such cases beyond which it ceases to be a virtue. Being minus four cents is a little matter, but its frequent repetition might make a slight difference. Some of the Boston papers have recently raised their price, of which perhaps no one would complain, were it not that they are treated to the same old stale stuff day after day and almost week after week. But enough of this for the present.

Our new Postmaster, Mr. L. E. Gleason, has entered upon the duties pertaining to said office in Lyceum Hall Building, where he will be pleased to furnish all who may desire, with boxes very neatly fitted up which are a great convenience. Everything about the office looks finely, and if it is used only for its legitimate purpose, and not as a theatre for political harrangue, low jesting, smoking, and loafing generally; then our order loving citizens will have been much gratified. Miss A. M. Fletcher, the lady attendant, is very efficient, always on hand, and ever acts with a promptness which is highly gratifying to business men.

Messrs. S. N. Newcomb and D. Creecy, who left here last fall for Galveston, Texas, having spent the winter there, returned home a few days since, and report business dull but not quite so stagnant as it is here, they having got over the first flash of excitement somewhat; that the military spirit is largely in the ascendent, the troops unwilling to be subjected to rigid discipline; on the contrary every one *must* be his own captain. Mr. Creecy says he saw the squad that went down to take Fort Brown, and heard some of them say that they would not have any captain to order them what to do, and if any one assumed to act in that capacity they would plunge him overboard or shoot him.

At the late town meeting, Dr. Dana offered his medical services, free of expense, to families of volunteers, which fact was accidentally forgotten by me in giving some account of its proceedings.

Another town meeting is called which is to take place on Tuesday June 4th. Article 2d reads, "To see how much money the town will raise or appropriate for the aid of the families of volunteers, and for other purposes, under the authority given to towns by chapter 222 of the acts of the Legislature of 1861, approved May 23d, 1861." Article 3d, "To hear and act on the report of the committee on Military Affairs, chosen the 30th day of April last." Articles 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 has reference to merely town affairs, therefore, I will not now copy them; the 8th article, however, relates to to the purchase of a National Flag to be raised on the flag staff which was erected last Friday, and with no more pomp and display than was exhibited by the school children. The staff is 135 feet high.

The accompanying letter from the camp, I think, will be read with interest. It was received by B. M. Boyce, Esq., of this town, who has done much to encourage and make comfortable the volunteers who have gone from this place.

HEAD QUARTERS, 5TH REGT. M. V. M.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17th, '61.

MR. BOYCE—DEAR SIR.—The box that you sent arrived last evening, and I am requested by my companions to return you, and those associated with you, their sincere thanks for your kindness. I assure you that the articles were very acceptable, and, although we hope we shall not have occasion to use all of them, yet as an expression of sympathy from the citizens of Reading, we receive them most gratefully, and if they are not needed by our company when we get a sight at the enemy, we will use our best endeavors to put *them* in such a condition that the lint and bandages will be needed by them. I fear that the people in Massachusetts have received such intelligence from here, as would lead them to suppose that the volunteers from that State had suffered great privations. I wish to correct that impression as far as possible. To be sure, on our journey hither, we were not very comfortable, owing to the haste in which we were sent on, our equipments were not complete and we were somewhat crowded on the steamer, and as a large force (about 9000 men) had been concentrated at Annapolis very unexpectedly, it could not be expected that the arrangements would be perfect, and we were obliged to purchase everything we wanted to eat at exorbitant prices. After arriving at Washington, we were kept rather short for a day or two, but since that time we have been as comfortable as could be expected. The complaints which have been sent home are mostly from men who have never been called on to endure privations, and of course this change from comfortable homes to our rough style of living, seems to them to be wholly unnecessary and arbitrary. We have not yet received our uniforms, but I believe they are in the city and we shall get them soon. The weather is rather warm, and we turn out without coats, as we all have blue shirts the Regiment makes a very fine appearance. We have a cadet from West Point to instruct us an hour each day, and the company is making good progress in drilling. We rise at five each morning and have drill at six; seven, o'clock, breakfast; eight, drill by the company; ten, we go out into the grounds in the rear of the White House and are drilled by the cadet. Twenty-five men are allowed out from ten until one, so we have rather a small company at this drill. At three the whole regiment goes out, generally under the command of Lieut. Col. Greene, and we are exercised in Battalion movements until six, after which we have supper, and at 9½ o'clock the lights are put out. The Battalion drill is a great bugbear to all the lazy ones, as Col. Greene is a thorough soldier, and marches us over all the rough ground he can find at double quick time, and usually winds up by making us charge bayonets up a steep hill, or through some mud hole. Most of the other regiments here do not attempt any such movements, but if we should be brought before the enemy we should soon see the benefit of it, and in fact, the regiment is rapidly acquiring a high reputation for their efficiency in the double quick movements. Several of the U. S. army were present at our drill yesterday, and we got an extra dose in consequence, as we had to charge up a steep gravel bank, and then down again, across a wet marsh, through a brook, up another hill, and run nearly all the way up Pennsylvania Avenue on our way home. We expect to leave here soon, but have no positive knowledge of the time or destination. We think however we shall be sent to Harper's Ferry, and the sentiment seems to be almost unanimous in the regiment in favor of going there. Of course you are as well posted in regard to the movements there as I am, so I will not attempt to give you any news. I can only say that every other man in the street is a soldier, and all to be seen beside the public buildings (which are well worthy of note) 's regiments marching up and down the avenue. We hear all sorts of rumors regarding

the movements of the rebels. Among others, the night before last we got intelligence that the rebels had destroyed the tomb of Washington and carried off his remains. This created an intense excitement, and many were almost crazy, demanding to be allowed to march after them immediately. The report turns out to be false, however.

All the Reading boys send their respects, they are all in good health and spirits. Nathan Parker is orderly in the hospital, and has no military duty to do. He has got acquainted with nearly every man in the regiment, and is called the "Old General," and has liberty to go out or in at his pleasure, which suits him much better than conforming to military discepline, and marching around with a musket on his shoulder.

I trust you will continue writing to us, as it is very pleasant to receive letters from home, and I will agree to keep you posted as to our condition. Again thanking you for your kindness, I remain most truly yours,

JAS. H. GRIGGS.

P. S.—Capt. Locke wishes you to have that supper ready on our return, as he says there is no doubt but we shall bring back Jeff. Davis' head, or some of his men.

GRIGGS.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal

The humbug that was practised on Sunday upon our citizens in common with many other people, probably, will not be soon lost upon us. If the Sunday Herald or any other paper, reporting important news of great battles, with but few losses, and immense gains, finds a ready sale in this place on another Sabbath day, it will prove a remarkably forgiving disposition on the part of the people. To say that it is *too bad* to circulate such unfounded reports, dressed in the garb of truth, is altogether too mild an expression—*it is outrageous*—If laws should be enforced in this country which are said to exist in more heathen lands, to hang every Editor who through his paper circulates falsehoods, including those who originate them, there would be but few Extra Sheets required each day to contradict the statements of the preceeding day. The minds of the Community are suficiently excited in such times as these, with the simple truth, and those who have friends in the army need no false alarms to keep them in the most terrible suspense.

The Adjourned Town Meeting was held on Monday evening. It was not deemed necessary to take any additional action on the subject of aid to the families of volunteers, as by an act of the extra sesssion of the Legislature the rights of the towns are limited, as well as their duties and their authority set forth. It was voted that the Town Military Committee previously chosen, act in concurrence with the Board of Selectmen under section first of the act referred to.

Communications are constanly passing between the Richardson Light Guard and their friends at home. It is likely however they will not find so ready facilities for writing often, since leaving Whasington for their tents. The company are well and as cheerful as they can be under the circumstances. It is evident that they are not properly cared for by the Regimental officers who have their comfort particularly in charge. The time for which they enlisted is rapidly passing, and a new order of things may afterwards prevail.

There was a very heavy shower on Monday afternoon, accompanied by thunder and lightning. This was succeeded by a cold wind, which blew almost a gale during the evening and night and most of the next day. The few blossoms that had made their appearance were effectually scattered.

The number of dogs licensed in town this year, is very small compared with that of last year. If the dogs do not exist, it is all well; but as the law makes it obligatory on the proper officers to see that no unlicensed dogs are allowed to go at large, there is a probability that a fine or the loss of the curs, will be more expensive than a license.

Mr. Hutchinson, former Editor of the South Reading Gazette, has sold his interest in that paper to Mr. Benjamin Johnson, who has heretofore been connected with the Gazette office. Mr. H has established another paper in the city of Roxbury.

A fire occurred about half past 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening entirely consuming an old unoccupied house, known as the "Foster house," in the West ward, near the Reading line. The building was not of much account but a loss of several handred dollars may be calculated on fruit trees in the immediate vicinity, a part of which is sustained by Wm. H. Willis Esq. It must have been the work of an incendiary, as the building had not been occupied for a year or more. M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

This War.

I have thought that the future historian would look back upon the present war, as one of the strangest mentioned in the annals of mankind.

That thirty millions of people, living for many years under a most benignant government, favored with unexampled prosperity, and means of varied enjoyment, till they had become the envy of the nations of the world, should suddenly, in the midst of this prosperity, arrange themselves in two hostile divisions for mutural destruction, with an excitement approaching that of the French revolution of '93, and each division feeling that it has justice and the God of armies on its side; is not the question how such an event could happen, a matchless political problem?

May we not justly exclaim with one of old, "who can understand his errors?"—and again with another,—"Yea also, the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead?"

How plainly it appears that our fallen race have little virture to bear well great prosperity.

Penetrated with this new illustration of human depravity and human ignorance may not even we of the North, who suppose we have reason and righteousness on our side, with great prosperity, invoke divine compassion to heal the madness of this seemingly devoted land? J. E.

South Reading, May 23, 1861.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

STATISTICS.—The basis of apportionement for the State and County taxes as established by the last Legislature during the decade ending 1870, will be as follows, as regards this town. 513 Polls; Valuation of Property $1533514,00; Rate $1.71 on a $1000, including polls at half a mill each. In the amount of its taxable property this town stands No. 20, in the County and 83 in the State, and No. 27 in the number of those who pay poll taxes in the County—State tax levied $513.00, the 25th in the County. From this statement it will be perceived that though small in size, our town yet occupies a prominent position in comparison with others.

TOWN MATTERS.—The Selectmen have received a letter from the Lowell Savings Bank inquiring whether the town intend to repudiate the debt incurred by its late Treasurer for loans from that institution. The subject will come before the town at a special meeting to be held June 10th, and the Bank has been requested to wait for an answer until after that period. It seems to me as I have before stated, that the town had better assume and pay the debt thus illegally incurred in the best manner posible, rather than have a law suit brought against them and finally be obliged to pay the amount in controversy with a large sum in addition, for costs of court, counsel fees &c. I think that a Jury, on hearing the facts in the case, would decide against the town. The Selectmen had better be authorized to consult some eminent lawyer, and if in his opinion the town would be held liable, then let the matter be settled in a fair and honorable manner. It may be a severe lesson to us, but it will be beneficial. Again, our Selectmen must not be cramped for want of money to meet the ordinary expenditures of the town. An additional loan will be required before the taxes are receiveable.

The subject of widening and straightening certain portions of Washington Street which was dismissed at the last town meeting will come up again in a new form, the Country Commissioners having been appealed to by the parties interested. This and similar matters in relation to our highways are the most perplexing questions for our citizens to decide, and generally occupy most of the time at our town meetings.

The location of the Wyman School House requires action by the town on account of the lease of the land upon which the house is placed having expired, and the owner refusing to renew the same. My opinion in reference to this has been expressed, that the School House should be placed in such a locality as to dispense with the Hill School House, thereby saving an expense to the town of some $300 a year and benefitting both schools. Should the town however prefer to have it remain where it is, the land can be taken without the consent of the owner, and he has his remedy provided in the law relating thereto. Whatever action is taken, personal feeling should be disregarded, and such proceedings had, as shall be for the best interests of those concerned, taking into account also the finanical state of the town which requires economy, in its expenditures where it can reasonably be effected.

WAR ITEMS.—The town of Lexington at the special meeting last Saturday referred to in my last, dismissed the article in the Warrant having reference to the payment of volunteers, or those dependant upon them; a certain sum during their term of service. It seems to be a singular course of procedure and one for which no good reason can be given. The former vote passed, authorizing the payment of the volunteers was at a time when it was expected that they would be required for only three months service. When it is found, that they will be required to serve three years, the town refuses to provide for them for so long a period.

In consequence of this action, the members of the Company from this town, as well as those from other places have withdrawn, and the Company will therefore have to be disbanded. Alfred Ansorge, Obed F. Pratt and James H. Wood who had enlisted in this Company, and E.W. Moody have joined the Company in the Webster Regiment under the command of Capt. Shurtleff in which our fellow townsman J. Otis Williams is 2d Lieut.

Others intend joining some of the Companies already formed which are wanting some to make up their full complement of privates, probably the regiment under the command of Col. G.H. Gordon, which will be the best one from this State. Alonzo, youngest son of Mr. John H. Bacon is a member of the Rifle corps now serving at Fort Warren. 32 of our citizens have joined the Home Guard. This project will probably fall through like all other ones started here.

The School Committe have received a circular from Rev. Charles F. Barnard in behalf of the "Union Hall Committee of Relief for the Families of the troops of Massachusetts, now or about to be in arms for General Government," suggesting the "expediency of inviting the older boys, lads and young men, at present or lately belonging to our schools, to cultivate such grounds in their respective neighborhoods, as the town or people many loan them, with a view to the supply of vegetables for our absent brothers in the campaign, or to the families that they have left behind them." It seems to me, that this is one of those projects that city people can theorize upon, but which will amount to very little in any other way. The fact is, that it is too late in the season to attempt anything of the kind, were it practical. Then again, whatever assistance our young people can give in this department of labor will be required by their parents or guardians, to secure for themselves the means of subsistence. There are other objections which might be urged against the proposed plan. The idea is a good one in endeavoring to lead the young to think of those who have gone forth in defence of their country by ministering to their wants in a self sacrificing spirit. It would be well if in this or some other way the young can be led to interest themselves for the good of others. As the Committee say, "how precious in all their after lives will be their memory of this endeavor to serve their country by providing for the well being of its heroic defenders."

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Charles E. Reed of Malden officiated at the Congregational Church last Sabbath. Subject in the morning, Regeneration.

NEW FACTORY.—The wooden building at Baconville formerly occupied by Redfern and Story for finishing Brass works and cut Glass Ware has been taken by Mr. S. M. Allen of Boston, for the purpose of carrying on the manufacture of cloth from cotton and flax. Mr. A has taken up his residence here on Prince Street in the house formerly owned and occupied by N. P. Wiggin.

DOGS.—I would call the attention of our Selectmen to the General Statutes, Chapter 88, Sections 52 to 68 inclusive, and respectfully ask that they require that the laws in respect to the keeping of dogs shall be faithfully and impartially enforced. The law says that each dog shall be licensed on or before the thirtieth of April in each year. A month has passed since that time, and nothing that I am aware of, has been done in relation to it. The law prescribes a penalty in case any officer neglects or refuses to comply with its provisions. Let all unlicensed dogs be killed, no matter to whom they belong. If our lives and those of our children are to be endangered by these animals let us know who are the owners, and thus be enabled to require that we be protected from danger.

CAMP LIFE.—A small party of our young men consisting of Messrs J. Russell, C. E. Sanborn, O. P. Rogers and brother, G. H. Burnham, and others, thought they would try a little of camp life, inure themselves to hardship and breathe for awhile the invigorating air from off the salt water. On Tuesday of last week, they started in a boat from here and proceeded to Apple Island in our harbor where they encamped until Friday, when they returned. They took with them a tent and the appurtenances neccessary thereto for cooking, eating and sleeping. They had a pleasant time and derived much physical benefit from the same. EXCELSIOR.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the MIDDLESEX MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY will be held at the Middlesex Hotel, in Concord, on Monday, the 10th day of June next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the choice of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

N. BROOKS, Sec'ry.

Concord, May 8th, 1861.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York

Married.

CUMMINGS—RING—In Woburn, 26th inst., by Rev. Chas. J. Hill, of Nashua, N. H., Mr. Charles Cummings and Miss Lucinda J. Ring, both of Woburn.

Died.

BARRETT—In Woburn, 26th inst., Mary Jane Barrett, aged 26 years, 5 months.

WOODS—In Fitzwilliam, N. H., 4th, inst., Rev. John Woods, for many years pastor of the Congregational Church in Newport, aged 76 years.

EMERSON—In Woburn, 30th inst., Mrs. Lydia S. Emerson, aged 85 years.

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED. A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF SPRING PATTERNS —OF— ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF— Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers. ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING IN GREAT VARIETY. Curtains and Curtain Paper. PRICE—From 6 Cts. to $1.50 per roll.

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Papers ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles. Purchasers are invited to call and examine samples.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

BARGAINS!

BOOTS AND SHOES will be sold for a few weeks at very low rates. Prices range as follows:

Gents Boots	from	$2.75	to 4.00.
" Shoes	"	1.00	" 2.50.
Ladies'	"	.40	" 1.50.
Misses'	"	.40	" 1.00.
Boy's	"	.50	" 1.25.
Child'n's	"	.25	" .75.

Also, just received, Two cases fine French Calf Gent's Boots, at A. ROUNDY'S. Woburn, May 25, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of NANCY D. REED, late of Woburn, in said County, widow, deceased, GREETING.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented for Probate by Edward Simonds, the Executor therein named,—You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the Second Tuesday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be proved and allowed.

And the said Simonds is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Middlesex Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be three days at least before said court.

Witness my hand this twenty-third day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one. WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of Probate Court.

A true copy, Attest, J. H. TYLER, Register.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING, J. F. PICKERING.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. ly.

An Important Fact!

1
It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!
2
Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.
3
Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.
4
In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.
5
At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

MRS. C. F. PORTER,

HAS taken the Store formerly occupied by MR. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the Ladies of Woburn, and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861.—3m

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL FOR $30. CALLING AT CORK.

THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steamships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin, $75. Third Class, $30. Third Class, *from Liverpool*, $40. Third Class, *from Cork to New York*, $30. Third Class, *from Cork to Boston*, $32,50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents 99 State Street and Constitution Wharf, Boston, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

REMITTANCES:—Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britian or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN.

O. H. WEED & CO., Agents.

P. S. We solicit orders from all Traders and Pedlers, to whom we will forward a sample, or any quantity of the above Sweepers, at the lowest wholesale price, viz:—$21 per dozen. O. H. WEED & CO.

A CARD TO GENTLEMEN!

THE Subscriber desires to thank his friends and customers for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him for many years past, and begs to solicit a continuance of their favors. Gentleman in want of Elegant, Rich & Fashionable Garments, —AS WELL AS— Clothing for Common Wear, are solicited to examine my New Stock of Cloths, Vestings, Coatings, and Pantaloonery, the largest ever exhibited in this town, and which has been selected with much care from the latest importations and best domestic manufactures.

These GOODS, many of which are adapted to FALL AND WINTER WEAR, are offered to the public at LOW AND UNIFORM PRICES.

Employing the most skillful workmen for each garment, I guarantee to give those who favor me with their orders, GARMENTS which, for FIT AND FINISH, they will at once appreciate, and of such durability as, it is believed, will give perfect satisfaction. I have also a large assortment of appropriate FABRICS FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.

A select assortment of GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS constantly on hand. G. R. GAGE.

MILLINERY GOODS!! No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn, COMPRISING BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS, Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, and all articles used in Millinery. Also, Dress Making attended to, WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinuance of the same. April 19.—tf

SOMETHING NEW!

I AM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of LIGHT AND DARK GOODS —FOR— SPRNIG CLOTHING. G. R. GAGE.

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP. WILL REMOVE Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without injury

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN, 148 Hanover Street, Boston.

TO LET.

THE subscriber has several PLEASANT ROOMS in his new building on Union street, which he is desirous of letting for some light business. Particulars will be given on application. L. W. COOPER.

Woburn, Dec. 15th, 1860.—tf

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Pilling's Factory," for the purpose of Grinding Corn, Rye, &c., is now prepared to wait upon such in that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days. BENJ. MANSFIELD.

Nov. 12, 1859 tf

FOR SALE

IN Woburn, a COTTAGE HOUSE, BARN and WORKSHOP, within a few minutes walk of Churches Schools and R. R. Depot. There is never failing well of water upon the premise. Will be sold low for cash. Inquire at this office.

IT CAN BE DONE.

OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building. March 13th, 1861.—3m

CHARLES A. SMITH, DEALER IN AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS, MAIN STREET, WOBURN, Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

JOHN G. COLE, PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand. SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street. Woburn, Feb. 14.

WILLIAM WINN, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

WM. PRATT, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER, And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c. 347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. May 14, 1859.

A B COFFIN, ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Stree. At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

FRANK B. DODGE, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER, ALSO, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware, Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c. *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.* (Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn). Nov1, 1858. ytf

H. HARRIMAN, HARNESS AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER. Corner of Ockley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass. Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices. Repairing neatly done. Nov. 20.

GEORGE E. WHITING, Gives instruction on the ORGAN and PIANOFORTE. Apply at this Office. Woburn, January 11, 1861.

CRANE'S PATENT RUBBER BAND Carpet Sweeper.

THIS is the only article fit to sweep a Carpet. They save all the labor and dust, and the Carpets will last twice as long. They are one of the most important articles in house-keeping, which no one will be without after once using it. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction. PRICE $2.50.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE RUBBER BAND CARPET SWEEPER CO. No. 55 Cornhill, Boston.

BOOKS BOOKS.

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book sellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received. JOSIAH HOVEY. Lyceum Building, Winchester, June 7.

Business Cards.

BOSTON AND LOWELL and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—
Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.30 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.30 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.30 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.30 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00 5.16, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Saturdays at 10 p. m.
Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00, 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m, 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7.55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53, 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1,30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant B. L. and N. & L. R. R. May 1st, 1861.

WYMAN'S AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms, KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures. March 5, 1858. ytf

CONVERSE & CO., WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed. Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY, DEALER IN Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c. LYCEUM HALL,..................WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

HORACE COLLAMORE, DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY. OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK, Woburn Centre. Jan. 21, 1860. tf

HAT MANUFACTORY W. A. HASLAM, PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satsisfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by loaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.* East Woburn, Sept. ytf

A. E. THOMPSON, DEALER IN AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS. West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c. No. 3 Wade's Block. Woburn, April, 1854.

Central Market Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD. Oct 8, 1859. tf

DR. C. T. LANG SURGEON DENTIST, *Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.*, WOBURN CENTRE, MASS

E. D. HAYDEN, ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW No. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN, MASS. Feb. 13. ytf

HARRIS JOHNSON, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, WOBURN, MASS. Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines. New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale. GEORGE ALLEN. Winchester, Sept. 1. tf

PURE LIQUORS AND WINES FOR PRIVATE USE AND MEDICAL PURPOSES.

WE offer the country trade and consumers, a complete assortment of every variety of LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Importers is not only a sufficient guarantee for the *Purity of our Goods*, but that it enables us to offer advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and reliable article of *Liquors and Wines* for medicinal and other purposes, we have for many years given special attention to filling orders for *Private Use*, and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to send their orders to us direct, as we employ no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons who require *Pure Liquors and Wines*, in large or small quantities, may rest assured that all orders will receive our best personal attention, and that every article sent from our house will be satisfactory in every respect. Communications by mail will receive prompt attention, with full and complete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS, 87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass. Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1yr

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS From S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Office 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Rev. N. Day, *President.* Rev. P. Mason, *Vice do* Charles R. Greene, *Treasurer.*

PHYSICIANS: R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D. MARY HARWOOD, FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

THIS Institution was established to secure greater perfection in the science of Medicine, and a more successful practice in the treatment of the various diseases upon natural or rational principles, discarding the use of poisonous drugs, and using such remedies, and such only, as act in harmony with the laws of life. Invalids, therefore, who wish to employ sensible means in a sensible way, for the recovery of health, will find advantages at this Institution not to be found elsewhere. The Electro-Chemical Baths, together with Dr. Greene's improved Medication, have been adopted in this Institution, and have greatly aided in the removal of many diseases.

Most Diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Complaint, Female Complaints, and the great variety of diseases with which the human body is afflicted, are successfully treated with medicines which can be sent to any part of the world, with full directions, as a very correct knowledge can be obtained from answers to the questions in the "Indian Arcana," a copy of which will be sent free when requested. Persons wishing to learn more fully the theory and practice of this Institution, will be supplied with a pamphlet by mail, free, on the receipt of four postage stamps.

All persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should avail themselves of the personal attention of the physicians at the Institute, where proper boarding-houses are provided.

Consultations at the office, free of charge, from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M., or by letter on the receipt of a postage stamp.

All communications should be directed to DR. GREENE, 36 *Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.*

HORSE SHOES.

BURDEN'S NEW PATENT MACHINE HORSE SHOES, punched, creased, and ready for fitting, warranted to fit up as easily and wear as long as the best hand-made Swedes Iron Shoe, and sold at the price of good shoe iron. Weight from ten ounces to three pounds, packed in kegs of one hundred pounds, one size or an assortment, as preferred, in each keg. Samples may be seen at the store of LEEDS & TOBEY, 23 BROAD ST., BOSTON. Agents for the sale of Burden's Railroad, Ship and Boat Spikes, Boiler Rivets, Horse Shoes, and Merchant Iron.

The Place to Purchase Everything in the Sewing Machine Department.

C. PATCH & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Sewing Machine Shuttles, Bobbins, Needles, Hemmers, Screw-drivers, Oilers and Oil, Silk, Cotton and Linen Thread, and every variety of Sewing Machine Trimmings, at the *lowest prices*. Also, every variety of First Class Sewing Machines at the Manufacturer's LOWEST CASH PRICES. Persons wishing to purchase Sewing Machines will do well to call at 191 Washington street, - - Boston.

ATTRACTIVE MUSIC BOOKS.

HOME CIRCLE,—Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Marches, &c., for Piano, $1.50. *Shower of Pearls*, Vocal Duets, $2.00. *Operatic Bouquet*, Duets, Quartetts, Choruses, &c., from the best Operas, $2.00. *Home Melodist*, Words and Music of about 100 Favorite Songs, 25 cts. *Shilling Song Book*, Words of 175 Popular Songs, 12 cts. 100 Scotch Songs, 100 Irish Songs, 100 Comic Songs, each 50 cts.

Sent post paid, on receipt of price. Pianos and Melodeons for sale and to let at very low prices, by DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

PURE PICKLES, DELICIOUS SAUCES, FINE MUSTARD, and GENUINE KETCHUPS, FROM CROSSE & BLACKWELL, *LONDON.*

CHOW-CHOW, Piccalilli, Mixed and other Pickles; Sultana's, Harvey, John Bull, Anchovey, &c., Sauces; Durham Mustard, India Soy, Curry, Walnut, and Mushroom Ketchups, Chutney, &c., are adapted to hot and cold Meats, Fish, Soups, Gravies. &c.

They should be furnished for every table, and supplied to every cook.

C. & B.'s goods have gained great renown for their purity and quality, not only in England but in other countries. They are sold nearly as low as inferior goods, and purchasers wishing their preparations, should see that the name of Crosse & Blackwell, London, is oneach Bottle or parcel purchased.

Importers and Agents, BRAY & HAYES, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

ROMAN CEMENT, Imported by Bray & Hayes, 34 Cornhill, Boston. Roman and Portland Cement, for brick or stone work, hydraulics, gas and water pipe joints, &c.,

$1200 A YEAR AND EXPENSES GUARANTEED AGENTS FOR FULLAM'S $10 Patent Stencil Tools. THE WHOLE OUTFIT IN A NEAT TRUNK FOR $10.

TWO hours' practice enables any one to use those tools with facility. The outfit contains Chisels and Gouges for LARGE WORK, and stock enough to retail for $150. Circulars and samples sent free. Address A. J. FULLAM, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston; 212 Broadway, New York; or Springfield, Vt.

JULIAN A. FOGG,

MANUFACTURER of every description of Polished ENGRAVED METAL SIGNS, for Store Windows, Office Doors, Door Posts, &c. Silver Door Plates neatly engraved to order. No. 221 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. Machine, Carriage, and Coffin Plates, furnished and engraved to order. Silver Letters and Numbers, Pew Figures, &c., &c. Orders sent from a distance will receive prompt attention. Diploma awarded at the late Mechanics' Fair, for Engraved Metal Signs.

Rubber Coats,	-	$1.50	to $8.00
Rub'r Horse Covers,		2.50	" 5.00
Rubber Foot Balls,		.60	" 1.60

All Goods at the Manufacturers' Lowest Prices. ALFRED HALE & CO., India-Rubber Manuf'rs, 23 School Street, BOSTON.

ANDREW J. MORSE, MANUFACTURER OF Soda and Mineral Water Apparatus, 40 Congress Street, Boston. Catalogues containing prices and description of the various articles will be sent upon application.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

A Cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, General Debility, and all Scrofulus Humors.

THIS COMPOUND has been used with the most complete success by our most celebrated Physicians, for the removal and permanent cure of the above diseases. Hundreds for whom there was no hope before the discovery of this simple yet effectual remedy, have been raised to health and happiness by its timely use. The following case of Mr. J. Williams is sufficient to convince all of its Wonderful effects. He says:—

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for several months. I had used the clear Cod Liver Oil most of the time, but had derived but little benefit from it. I had an attack of Bleeding at the Lungs, which alarmed my friends very much, as they now supposed there was no hope for me. About this time I heard of your Compound Cod Liver Oil and Lime. I immediately commenced using it, and began soon to percive its beneficia effects; in two months my cough had entirely left me, and I am now enjoying perfect health. Truly yours, J. Williams."

N. B. This Compound does not nauseate like the Clear Oil.—Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, No. 166 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL COMPANY.

Kerosene, Illuminating, Lubriacating and Binnacle Oils.

THE above Oils, from the manufactory of this Company, constantly on hand and for sale by the Agents, BUSLEY & KING, March 14, 1861. 36 INDIA STREET.

The French Burr Millstone Shop Is removed from the foot of WEBSTER ST., East Boston, to Nos. 17 and 19 Eastern Avenue, THIRD DOOR FROM COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

CONSTANTLY on hand a choice selection of all kinds of French and American Esopus Burr Millstones. Stones dressed and repaired in Mills at short notice, and by most competent workmen. N. CRILLY.

SPRING TRADE ADVERTISEMENT From S. M. Pettengill & Co., Boston.

F. R. ROBINSON'S INDEXIBLE SOAP. TWO SILVER MEDALS AWARDED.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Brittanna, and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c., warranted to contain nothing that *can possibly* injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use.

Many of our largest dealers in Silver Ware have given it their unqualified approval. See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other Soap for cleaning fine House Paint, the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the paint, which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as when new.

PUMICE SOAP instantly removes Ink, Pitch, Varnish, Acid, and other stains from the hands, leaving them soft and white. It is equal to the best French poncine and is sold for less than half the price.

HONEY SOAP, PURE.—Competent and disinterested judges pronounce this Soap equal to the best imported and far superior to most that claims the name, Honey. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin, and fragrant as a flower garden.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest metals, and agreeable to the taste. Physicians and other scientific men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth and Gums of all are infested with Animal Parasites. Careful and repeated experiments have proved that Soap is the only agent that will destroy them without injury to the organs.

It effectually rids the mouth of the fœtid matter and tartar which renders the breath so impure and disagreeable—it gives tone and strength to the gums, and a clear, pearly whiteness to the teeth, preventing their premature decay.

Manufactured only by the BOSTON INDEXICAL SOAP COMPANY.

GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents, 78 Sudbury st., Boston. Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

THE GREAT CURATIVE. PERUVIAN SYRUP TRY IT. Principal Office, 39 Summer Street. JEWETT & COMPANY. For Sale by all Druggists.

DENNISON'S MERCHANDISE TAGS. 163 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON. SHIPPING & TREE LABELS.

TAGS FOR Cloths, Clothing, Dry Goods, Carpetings, Hardware, Fancy G'ds, Jewelry, Furs, Upholstery, Furniture, GasFixtur's

A VOICE FROM THE WEST: COPIED FROM THE CLEVELAND PLAINDEALER.

UNIVERSAL! UNIVERSAL! IS THE DEMAND FOR Dr. S. O. Richardson's SHERRY WINE BITTERS,

The celebrated New England Remedy for HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE FEVER and AGUE, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all DISEASES arising from a DISORDERED STOMACH, LIVER, OR BOWELS.

THEY are used and recommended by leading Physicians of the country, and all who try them pronounce them invaluable.

Dr. JAMES L. LEEPERE writes from Navarre, Stark County, Ohio: "The Bitters are praised by those suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint."

E. S. DAVIS, Postmaster at Williamsport, Ohio, says: "They give great satisfaction. I used them myself, having taken cold, become prostrate and lost my appetite. It relieved me and I can recommend it with great assurance of its merits."

Dr. WM. M. KERR of Rogersville, Indiana, writes us that they are the most valuable medicine offered. He has recommended them with great success, and with them made several cures of palpitation of the heart and general debility.

THOMAS STANFORD, Esq., Blountville, Henry Co., Indiana, writes us a long letter under date of May 4, 1860. He was much reduced, having been afflicted for three years with great nervous debility, palpitation of the heart of the most severe and prostrating character, "after using a few bottles I was completely restored, and am now in robust health."

GEORGE W. HOFFMAN says he was afflicted with rheumatism for 20 years in all its various forms, and at the date of his letter he had been two years; the bitters effecting the cure, when several physicians attending him could do him no good. He says, "for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney affection or dropsey, it is a specific and certain remedy."

J. W. HUNT writes from Delphos, Allen County, Ohio, (a section where Fever and Ague prevails,) that he most cheerfully recommends them of decided merit in all cases of Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia and General Debility.

D. K. GALLESHERS, M. D. writes from Van Wert, Ohio. "I most respectfully recommend the Sherry Wine Bitters to the notice of dyspeptic persens, and all who require a stimulating medicine."

Such News we are receiving Daily. FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE. Sold by dealers in medicine generally.

THE FREEMASONS' MONITOR, BY THOMAS SMITH WEBB.

A new and beautifully illustrated pocket edition, containing, in addition to the Manual of Webb, (carefully collated with the original,) a Manual for the Degrees of Royal and Select Master, full Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, and Installation, in Council and Encampment, a historical sketch of the Lectures of Masonry, a correct Likeness of Webb, (with a fac-simile autograph,) and a complete Burial Service for the Orders of Knighthood, by George W. Chase Editor of the Masonic Journal. This is the only *complete* Masonic Monitor ever published, as it is the only one containing complete Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, Installation, in Lodge, Chapter, Council and Encampment, or the above named Burial Service. The MONITOR contains 352 pages, is splendidly illustrated, bound in best Morocco, tucks, gilt, and is sold at $1 per copy. The same bound in Muslin, 75 cts. per copy.

Also, the THREE FIRST DEGREES of the same work, in muslin, price 37 cents, at retail. (postpaid to any part of the United States.) A liberal discount made to the trade.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. POLLARD, Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in MILITARY, REGALIA, AND THEATRICAL GOODS. No. 6 Court St., Boston.

NATURAL HISTORY STORE, 16 Tremont Street, Boston. CHARLES G. BREWSTER,

DEALER in Preserved Birds, Animals and Skins. Live Birds, fine singing Canaries, Cages, Marine Shells, Minerals, Insects, brilliant Feathers, Moss and Feather Work, Artificial Eyes and Leaves. Also, Aquaria Tanks, Goldfish, Glass Shades, Bird Seed of all kinds, Nests, Sand, &c. Birds and Animals preserved to order. When sent from other places they will be safely packed.

Trusses, Supporters, and Shoulder Braces.

DR. J. W. PHELPS, celebrated throughout New England and the West, as the inventor of various kinds of apparatus for the cure and correction of all kinds of deformities, keeps constantly on hand at his establishment, *No. 68 Tremont Street Boston*, a full assortment, such as Patent Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Knee Caps, Elastic Stockings, &c., &c. Dr. Phelps' Appratus are used and recommended by the faculty at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

J. A. BRUCE, NO. 103 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Dealer in Horses, Carriages, Piano-Fortes, Iron Safes, Cigars, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, And various other kinds of Merchandise. Also, *Real Estate* bought and sold. Money loaned on Personal Property. Always ready to buy, sell, or exchange property.

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Miscellaneous.

Better Late Than Never.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning:
'Tis luck at times, at others, speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest patient labor,
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never!

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another,
But, while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with your brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never!

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never!

A Funny Correspondent.—There is a good deal of dry wit in the following letter from Washington:

Editor of T. T.—I am living luxuriously, at present, on the top of a very respectable fence, and fare sumptuously on three granite biscuits a day, and a glass of water, weakened with brandy. A high private in the 22d Regiment has promised to let me have one of his spare pocket-handkerchiefs for a sheet the first rainy night, and I never go to bed on my comfortable window-brush without thinking how many poor creatures there are in this world who have to sleep on hair-mattresses and feather beds all their lives. Before the great rush of the Fire Zouaves and the rest of the menagerie commenced, I boarded exclusively on a front stoop in Pennsylvania Avenue, and used to slumber, regardless of expense, in a well conducted ash-box; but the military monopolize all such accommodations now, and I give way for the sake of my country.

I tell you, my boy, we'er having high old times here just now, and if they get much higher I shan't be able to afford to stay. The city is "in danger" every other hour, and as a veteran in the Fire Zouaves remarked, there seems to be enough danger lying around loose on Arlington Heights to make a very good blood-and-thunder fiction in numerous pages. If the vigilant and well-educated sentinels happen to see an old nigger on the other side of the Potomac, they sing out, "here they come!" and the whole blessed army is snapping caps in less than a minute. Then all the cheap reporters telegraph to their papers in New York and Philadelphia, that "Jeff. Davis is within a few minutes' walk of the Capital, with a few millions of men," and all the Free States send six more regiments apiece to crowd us a little more. I shan't stand much more crowding, for my fence is full now, and there were six applications yesterday for an improved knot-hole. My landlord says that, if more than three chaps set up housekeeping on one post, he'll be forced to raise the rent.

The greatest confidence in Gen. Scott is felt by all, and it would do you good to see the gay old hero take the Oath. He takes it after every meal, and the first thing when he gets up in the morning. * * *

Those Fire Zouaves are fellows of awful suction, I tell you. Just for greens, I asked one of them, yesterday, what he came here for. "Hah!" says he, shutting one eye, "we came here to 'strike for your altars and your fires'—especially your *fires*." Gen. Scott says that if he wanted to make these chaps break through the army of the foe, he'd have a fire-bell rung for some district on the other side of the rebels. He says that half a million of the traitors could not keep the Fire Zouaves out of that district five minutes. I believe him, my boy!

I learn from good authority that President Abe has perfected a great plan for the prosecution of the campaign. He will keep the troops where they are until the Southern troops have all grown to be very old men, and then he will attack them without more delay. I am informed that the ships which sailed from New York and Boston, recently, are under sealed orders to proceed immediately to the South by the way of the coast of Africa. We shall hear from them some time next century.

Yours diplomatically, Orpheus C. Kerr.

Henry Ward Beecher on the Flag.—That flag means Lexington—it means Bunker Hill—it means the whole glorious Revolutionary War. It means all that the Declaration of Independence means—it means all that the Constitution means. Not a symbol of authority of the ruler was allowed to go in it. It was ordained for the people by the people; that it meant and that it means, and by the blessing of God that it shall mean to the end of time. For God Almighty be thanked, that when base, degenerate men desired to set up oppression at war with all the instincts of American liberty, they could not do it under our flag. They must have another flag for such work. I thank them that they took another flag to do the devil's work, and left our flag to do God Almighty's work. [Applause—suppressed.] If ever the sentiment of the text has been fulfilled, it has been in our glorious banner. "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, *that it may be displayed*;" and displayed it shall be from the Atlantic wave clear across, with eagle flight to the Pacific; that banner shall wave meaning all that it ever meant. From the North where snows and ice stand solitary, clear to the Gulf and tropics, that banner has waved and shall wave forever.

Tea Brands and their Meaning.—"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring. Hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson Skin" is composed of the refuse of of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser description, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pehoe" or "Pecco," means "white hairs"—the down of tender leaves. "Powchong," "folded plant." "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo" is from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy,

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASMATIC & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the Iceland Moss Candy, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medicine will be needed.*

Sold in Woburn, at the WOBURN BOOK STORE B. W. CONANT'S and ELBRIDGE TRULL'S, and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co., Tremont street, Carter, Colcord & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carny, and Weeks & Porter, Washington street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

T. A. SWEETSER,
Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.

January 25th, 1860.—1y

BININGER'S OLD KENTUCKY BOURBON "1849 RESERVE"

THE established popularity of this Choice Old Bourbon as a medicinal agent, renders it superfluous to mention in detail the characteristics which distinguish it from the ordinary grade of Kentucky Whiskeys.

Being distiled in 1848, and manufactured expressly for us with great care, it can be relied upon as a strictly pure stimulant, and peculiarly effective for the treatment of Lung Complaints, Dyspepsia, derangement of the Stomach, Nervousness, &c.

As a curative agent it has a tendency to recreate and strengthen; while age having contributed its genial charm and enriched it with a delicous flavor and an oily body, it affords a pleasant incentive to the preservaton or recovery of health, through the agreable medium of a well pleased palate.

Put up in a variety of attractive forms, in iron bound, of one and two dozen bottles each, and sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

A. M. BININGER & CO.
Established (1778.)
Sole proprietors, No. 19 Broad St. N.Y.

For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Nos. 11 and 12, Marshall st., WEEKS & POTTER SETH E. PECKER, D. GOODNOW & CO., REED CUTLER & CO., M. S. BURR & CO., STEPHEN WEEKS, T. L SMITH, S. PIERCE & CO., C. S. DAVIS & CO., and JAS. MACKINTIRE.

24—1y

BININGER'S GENUINE Cognac Brandy

THE infamous practice of adulterating Brandies having become so common that a genuine article is the exception; it is of *vital importance* to those requiring it for Family use and invalids, that it should be of undoubted purity and efficacy.

With a view to meeting the popular demand for a reliable Brandy in its natural state, free from alcholic flavor and impurities, and fully appreciating the fact that it is often recommended by the Medical Faculty, as a *sustaining stimulant*, when all other remedies fail, we are now bottling and selling at reasonable rates, a Brandy of our own importation from one of the most responsible houses in France, and known as

"*Bininger's Genuine Cognac Brandy.*"

It is mild, delicate and fruity, and is designed to be always uniform in quality and character. Put up in pint and quart bottles, in cases containing two dozen pints and one dozen quarts, and is sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

The above is also for sale in original packages, viz.: Eights and Quarter Casks.

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(Established 1778.)
Sole Importers, No. 19 Broad Street, N. Y.

For sale in Boston by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co. Nos. 11 and 12 Marshall Street, M. S. Burr & Co.; Weeks & Potter; Seth E. Pecker; D Goodnow & Co.; Reed, Cutler & Co.; T. L. Smith; S. Pierce & Co.; Stephen Weeks; C. S. Davis & Co.; Jas. Macktire

23—1y

Magazines for 1861

All Magazines are supplied at the

WOBURN BOOK STORE

at prices less than publishers' rates, together with the saving of postage.

HARPER for 1861,	$2.40.
GODEY, "	2.40.
PETERSON, "	2.00.
ATLANTIC, "	2.40.
ECLECTIC, "	4.80.

and all other Magazines at proportionate rates.

☞ Persons wishing to commence with the New Year, should subscribe at once.

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No 29 Haverhill street Boston.

Steam Apparatus, for Warming Factories, Hotels, Public Institutions and Private Dwellings.

Feb. 6th—3m.

Cherry Wine Bitters.

DR. WHEELER'S CHERRY WINE BITTERS have gained a repetition for excellence in driving out of the human system such complaints as dyspepsia, nervous debility, scrofulous humors, eruptions of the skin, hysteria, headache, jaundice, languor, vertigo, flatulency.

They combat with other disease, viz. lowness of spirits, diarrhœa, dysentery, and readily conquer.

Prepared only by Lewis Wheeler, Druggist, corner Custom House and Broad street, Boston, and for sale everywhere.

14—3m

INTERESTING TO THE PUBLIC!

PERSONS troubled with Contracted Limbs of many years standing, Stiff Joints or Rhumatism, can be effectually cured, by using

DR. HANSONS Stimulating Ointment

which is sold at Wholesale & Retail at the Depot NO. 145 HANOVER STREET, up one flight of stairs.

Boston Price Fifty cents per bottle, and if the patient is not benefited the money will be refunded. Advice gratis.

Feb. 7th—3m.

MAY MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOU'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

1861! 1861!!

Bill Heads! Bill Heads

BUSINESS MEN can be supplied with BILL HEADS, in any quantity, at the *JOURNAL OFFICE*, at short notice, in good style, and at prices sa low as in the city, or elsewhere.

NEW PATENT GLASSING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber has recently patented a machine for

Glassing Leather,

which is a great improvement on anything of the kind now in use, and is ready to manufacture them to order. The machine can be seen in operation at Choate & Cummings' Tannery, in Woburn.

WILLIAM ELLARD.

Woburn, April 13th. 1m.

Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank.

THIS Bank pays interest on all sums from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Regular dividends five per cent. Extra dividends every fifth year. Interest not withdrawn is added to the principal. Bank hours every Saturday from 2 to 4 o'clock, in City Bank rooms West Lynn, near Lynn Common Depot. Depositors from other towns than Lynn, can deposit every day from 8½ to 12 and from 1 to 2.

R. Y. FRENCH, *Treasurer.*

Dec. 8, 1860.—1y.

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AGENT,

333 Broadway, N. Y.,

Publisher of Music and Music Books and Dealer in

Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Organ Accordeons, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Viols, Violincellos, Accordeons, Flutinas, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionets, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Bass Instruments for Bands, Piano Stools and covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

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FROM all the publishers in the U. S., Bertini's Huntins, and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments, Church Music Books; Music elegantly Bound; Music paper, and all kind of Music Merchandise,

At the Lowest Prices.

NEW PIANOS,

At $175, $200, $225, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $160; New Melodions, $45, $60, $75, $100, and up to $200; Second Hand Melodeons, from $30 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $160; nine stops, $185 and $225; thirteen stops, $250, $275 and $300; fifteen stops, $320 and $375. A liberal discount to Clergymen Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

Testimonials of the Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons.

John Hewitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:—

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two more: they will be more popular than any other make."

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our Seminary, one of which has been severely tested for three years, and we can testify to their good quality and durability."—Wood & Gregory, *Mount Carroll, Ill.*

H. Waters, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Having, used one of your Piano Fortes for two years past. I have found it a very *superior Instrument.*

Alonzo Gray,
Principal Brooklyn Heights Seminary."

"The Piano I received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place."—James L. Clarke. *Charlestown, Va.*

"The Melodeon has safely arrived. I eel obliged to you for your liberal discount."—Rev. J. M. McCormick.—*Yarquesville, S. C.*

"The Piano was duly received. It came in excellent condition, and is very much admired by my numerous family. Accept my thanks for your promptness."—Robert Cooper, *Warrenham Bradford County, Pa.*

"Your piano pleases us well. It is the best one in our county."—Thomas A. Latham, *Campbellton, Ga.*

"We are very much obliged to you for having sent such a fine instrument for $250."—Brank, Held & Co., *Buffalo Democrat.*

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"The Horace Waters pianos are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material. We have no doubt that buyers can do as well, perhaps better, at this than at any other house in the Union."—*Advocate and Journal.*

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"Horace Waters' Piano Fortes are of full, rich and even tone, and powerful."—*N. Y. Musical Review.*

"Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Music and Pianos to be found in the United States, and we urge our southern and western friends to give him a call whenever they go to New York."—*Graham's Magazine*

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SABBATH SCHOOL BELL,

113,000 Issued in ten Months.

The unprecedented sale of this book has induced the publisher to add some 30 new tunes and hymns to its present size, without extra charge, except on the cheap edition. Among the many beautiful tunes and hymns added may be found: "I ought to love my mother;" "O, I'll be a good child, indeed I will." These and eight others from the Bell, were sung at the Sunday School Anniversary of the M. E. Church at the Academy of Music, with great applause The Bell contains nearly 200 tunes and hymns, and is one of the best collections ever issued. Price 13c; $10 per hundred, postage 2 cts, bound 20 cts., $15 per hundred, postage 4c. Elegantly bound, embossed gilt, 25c., $20 per hundred. It has been introduced into many of the Public Schools.

The Bell is publishedin small numbers, entitled Anniversary and Sunday School Music Book, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in order to accommodate the million; price $2 and $3 per hundred. No. 5 will soon be issued—commencement of another book. Also, Revival Music Book, Nos. 1 and 2, price $1 and $2 per hundred, postage 1c. More than 350,000 copies of the above books have been issued the past eighteen months, and the demand is rapidly increasing. Published by

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Vocal, 'Kind Words can never Die;" "The Angel told me so;" "Wilds of the West;" "Thoughts of God;" "Give me back my Monntain Home;" "Day Dream;" "Dandy Cock Robin;" "I'm with thee still;" "Pet names;" "There's no darling like mine:" "Sarah Jane Lee;" "Ever of thee;" "I'm leaving thee in Sorrow;" "Bird of beauty;" "Home of our Birth;" "Grave of Rosabel," and "Wake, lady, wake;"—price 25c. each.

Instrumental: "Palace Garden, or Singing Bird Polka," 40 cents; "Swinging Schottische;" "Mirabel Schottische;" "Thomas Baker Schottische;" Piccicolomini Polka," 35 cent each. The above pieces have beautiful Vignettes. "Welmer Polka," "Arabian War cry March," the very last; "Vasovianna Doniells Mazurka," "Reading Polka," "Crinoline Waltz," and "Lancers' Quadrille," 25 cents each. "The Empire or Reich's Quadrille," a new dance, and "The Hibernan Quadrille," 35 cents each. Many of these pieces are played by Baker's celebrated orchestra with great applause. Mailled free. A large lot of Foreign Music at half price.

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The Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons, for depth, purity of tone and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices very low. Second Hand Pianos and Melodeons from $25 to $150. Music and Musical Instructions of all kinds, at the lowest prices.

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New York, Nov, 26 '59.—tf.

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GIN AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

THIS DELICIOUS TONIC STIMULANT,

ESPECIALLY designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, has all of those *intrinsic* medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic) which belong to the *old* and *pure* Gin. It has received the personal endorsement of *over seven thousand physicians* who have recommended it in the treatment of Gravel, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Obstruction or suppression of the Menses, Affections of the Kidneys, etc.

Put up in quart and pint bottles, and sold by all druggists and Town Agents.

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March 1, 1861,—1y.

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AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS.

THE MAKORA ARABICA,

DISCOVERED BY A

Missionary while traveling in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are threatened with Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Bronchitis should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Asthma, Scrofula and impurities of the blood should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

It cures Consumption.
It cures Bronchitis.
It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds.
It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and impurities of the Blood.

This unequalled remedy is now for the first time introduced to the public.

It was providentially discovered by a missionary while travelling in Arabia. He was cured of Consumption by its use after his case was pronounced hopeless by learned physicians in Europe.

He has forwarded to us in writing, a full account of his own extraordinary cure, and of a number of other cures which have come under his observation, and also a full account of the medicine.

At his request, and impelled by a desire to extend a knowledge of this remedy to the public, we have had his communication printed in pamphlet form for free distribution. Its interest is enhanced by an account which he gives of some of the scenes of the Syrian massacres, which he obtained from those who suffered in that awful tragedy.

This pamphlet may be obtained at our office, or it will be sent free by mail to all who apply for it.

We import the MAKORA ARABICA direct from Smyrna through the house of Cleon & Gylippus, and we have always on hand a full supply put up in bottles ready for use with full directions.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sent by mail, on receipt of price, and 24 cents for postage.

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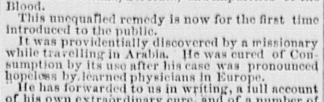
SOLD ALSO BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

Patent and Improved Spectacles



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PROF. FRANKS & SON, of New York. Professor Franks, Oculist, Optician by Diploma to the New York Eye Hospital, Life Governor of the Eye Infirmary, Lecturer on the Eye, and Patentee, will attend. These spectacles seldom or even require changing to others of stronger magnifying powers, never tire the Eyes, and can be seen through as well bycandle as daylight.

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D. M. Reese, Editor of New York Med. Gazette
H. D. Bulkley, Editor of N. Y. Medical Times.
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13—1y.

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GARDINER'S

Rheumatic & Neuralgia Compound.

A sure cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia in its worst form. The undersigned hereby certify that they have used "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" for the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and have in every case found immediate and permanent relief. We have full confidence in its healing qualities, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with these harrassing diseases, as one of the safest and best medicines ever offered to the public.

S. HANCOCK, JR., 20 South Market st. Boston; W. H. ALLEN, Boston; HENRY A. FULLER, 18 South Market st, Boston; SAMUEL WALES, JR., City Hotel, Boston; GEO. H. PLUMMER, 1 Maverick square, East Boston: HENRY D. GARDINER, Webster st, East Boston; ABRAM WEEKS, Webster st, Boston, Capt. CHAS. G. DOLLIVER East Boston.

The best medicine for the disease I ever saw, CHAS. A. SMITH, No 1 Old State House, Boston.

Have been afflicted with Rheumatism in its worst form and was entirely cured by the use of one bottle. A. W. BRYER, Matthews Building, Commercialst, Boston.

Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has entirely relieved me from sufferings of several years' standing. W. E. HODGKINS, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.

After suffering with Rheumatism for twenty years I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles of Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound. NORMAN T. AYERS, 75 Franklin street, Boston.

The Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has been taken by hundreds of people for Scrofulous Humors with great benefit. It may be given to children with perfect safety.

At wholesale by MACY & JENKINS, 67 Liberty st., New York; for sale in Woburn by B. W. CONANT, and E. TRULL; in North Woburn, by A. & E. E. THOMPSON; in Wilmington, by S. B. NICHOLS; Winchester, JOSIAH HOVEY, and the dealers throughout the country.

Principal Depot—87 Kilby st., Boston.

None genuine unless signed by

Sept. 8—1y CHAS. F. GARDINER.

DR. MOTT'S

CHALYBEATE RESTORATIVE

PILLS OF IRON.

AN aperient and Stomachic preparation of IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by combustion in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by the highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe and the United States, and prescribed in their practice.

The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexions indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case.

Innoxious in all maladies in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:

In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Incipient Consumption, Scrofulous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Mi-menstruation, White Chlorosis, Liver Complaints, Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fevers, Pimples on the Face &c.

In cases of *General Debility*, whether the result of acute diseases, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render creditable. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

The attention of females cannot be too confidently invited to this remedy and restorative, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.

In *Rheumatism*, both chronic and inflammatory—in the latter, however, more decidedly—it has been invariably well reported, both as alleviating pain and reducing the swellings and stiffness of the joints and mucles.

In *Intermittent Fevers* it must necessarily be a great remedy and energetic restorative, and its progress in the new settlements of the West, will probably be one of high renown and usefulness.

No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effects. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.

Put up in neat flat metal boxes containing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; for sale by druggists and dealers. Will be sent free to any address on receipt of the price. All letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to

R. B. LOKE & Co. General Agents.

May 26 20 Cdar St., N. Y.

DR. M'LANE'S

Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC,

OR

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a knawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE

Will certainly effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to

RETURN THE MONEY

in every instance where it should prove ineffectual: "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the supposition of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

We pledge ourselves to the public, that

Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge

DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY

in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, *not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant*

Address all orders to

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and *take none but Dr. M'Lane's, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.* To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post paid, to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Country Store Keeper generally.

Sold Woburn by Benjamin W. Connat, Elbridge Trull, also by dealers in Medicine everywhere.

LAWSON'S NEURALGIC AND RHEUMATIC

Curative and Nerve Tonic:

For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.

THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the discases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

Wilmington Depot, May 16th, 1859.

Peter Lawson—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station-agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and stil. continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,

L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.

Peter Lawson, Esq.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficancy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.

I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,

T. FOSTER FARMER.

Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.

Peter Lawson, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheefully to the afflicted. Yours truly,

J. B. EATON.

Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

Dracut, Nov. 19, 1860.

Hon. Peter Lawson:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you, that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it very often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me, and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it, and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, thrt I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,

WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

PETER LAWSON, Lowell, Mass, proprietor.

M. S. BURR & CO., No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston General Agents for the United States.

The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W. CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD; in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY.

21—1y.

TO FARMERS, 80,000 BARRELS POUDRETTE, made by Lodi Manufacturing Co., for sale in lots to suit purchasers. This is the CHEAPEST FERTILIZER in market. $3 worth will manure an acre of corn, will increase the crop from one third to one-half, and will ripen the crop two weeks earlier. Price over seven Bar els $1,50 per barrel. A pamphlet, with satisfactory evidence and full particulars will be sent gratis to any one sending address to

LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
125 Commercial St. Boston, Mass

Boston Feb. 7th—3m.

BOOTS AND SHOES

THE subscriber will dispose of his present stock of LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SHOES at greatly reduced prices, corresponding with the times. Those in want are invited to call at the Shoe Store OPPOSITE THE NEW CHURCH.

May 5—3m. AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

MOFFAT'S

LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS.

THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the Globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES

are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freezing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of Gravel.

Also *WORMS*, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.

SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone

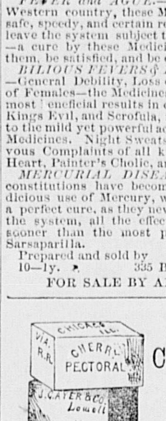
FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS,—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds. Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.

Prepared and sold by W. B. MOFFAT,
10—1y. 335 Broadway, New-York.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering, and disease. While in this condition, oppressed by the derangements, take Ayer's Pills, and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of heath again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint, is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly, and many of them surely, cured by the same means. None who know the virtues of these Pills, will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure.

Statements from leading physicians in some of the principal cities, and from other well known public persons.

From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856.

Dr. Ayer: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her.

ASA MORGRIDGE.

As a Family Physic.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, New Orleans.

Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.

Dear Bro. Ayer: I cannot answer you *what* complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say *all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine.* I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 1, 1855.

Dr. J. C. Ayer. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst *headache* any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once.

Yours with great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.

Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *bilious complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

Department of the Interior,
Washington, D. C., 7th Feb., 1856.

Sir: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them. Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.

From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.

Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses for *bilious dysentery* and *diarrhœa.* Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

Dr. Ayer: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

Warsaw, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

Dear Sir: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and *purify the fountains of the blood.*

JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, etc.

From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.

Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the care of *costiveness.* If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are worse. I believe *costiveness* to originate in the liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.

I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the *natural secretion* when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to *cleanse the stomach* and *expel worms.* They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

Pulaski House, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.

Honored Sir: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating *neuralgic pains*, which ended in *chronic rheumatism.* Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

Senate Chamber, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.

Dr. Ayer: I have been entirely cured, by your Pills, of *Rheumatic Gout*—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

Price, 25 cents per Box, or 5 Boxes for $1.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Medicine dealers.

HEAR WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

The undersigned having used Professor HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES in our families with the most satisfactory results, and having full confidence in their genuineness, purity, and efficacy, cheerfully recommend them to all persons who wish to have safe, reliable, and efficacious remedies at hand for private or domestic use.

The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of "The Northern Independent," Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. E. H. Cressey, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. B. I. Ives, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison; the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, Rector, New-Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. Allen Steele, New-York Conference; the Rev. Samuel Nichols, East-Genesee Conference, N. Y.; the Rev. P. S. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; the Rev. John E. Robie, Buffalo; A. C. Hart, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; the Hon. Neal Dow, Portland, Me.; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, South-Bend, Ind.; the Hon. George Humphreys, N. Y.; Henry D. Cook, Esq., Editor of The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio; the Hon. R. H. Graham, Moline, Ill.; the Hon. Thomas J. Chase, Monticello, Fla.; the Hon. Joseph Benedict, Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bristol, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; A. S. Pond, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; James Plunkett, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1.—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.
No. 2.—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, Wetting the Bed,
No. 3.—For Colic, Crying, Teething, and Wakefulness of Infants.
No. 4.—For Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum, and Summer Complaints.
No. 5.—For Colic, Gripings, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.
No. 6.—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.
No. 7.—For Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throat.
No. 8.—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache, and Neuralgia.
No. 9.—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.
No. 10.—Dyspepsia Pills.—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Constipation, and Liver Complaint.
No. 11.—For Female Irregularities, Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Periods.
No. 12.—For Leucorrhea, Profuse Menses, and Bearing Down of Females.
No. 13.—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.
No. 14.—Salt Rheum Pills.—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.
No. 15.—Rheumatic Pills.—For Pain, Lameness, or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins, or Limbs.
A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Old Mismanaged Agues.
P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.
O.—For Sore, Weak, or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.
C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In all acute diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas, the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened, and rendered less dangerous.

Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach Constipation, Liver Complaints, Piles, Female Debility, and Irregularities, old Headaches, Sore or Weak Eyes, Catarrh Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles or Catarrh, Headache or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

PRICE.

Case of 20 vials complete, in morocco, and Book	$[illegible]
Case of 20 vials, and Book, plain	[illegible]
Case of 15 numbered boxes, and Book	[illegible]
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Single numbered boxes, with directions	25 cents
Single lettered boxes, with directions	50 cents
Large case of 2 oz. vials, for planters and physicians	$1[illegible]

ALSO SPECIFICS.

For Asthma or Phthisic.—Oppressed, Difficult, Labored Breathing, attended with Cough and Expectoration. Price 50 cents per box.

For Ear Discharges and Deafness.—Discharges from the Ear, the result of Scarlet Fever, Measles, or Mercurials For Noises in the Head, Hardness of Hearing, and Ringing in the Ears, and Ear-ache. Price, 50 cents per box.

For Scrofula.—Enlarged Glands, Enlarged and Indurated Tonsils, Swellings and Old Ulcers, Scrofulous Cachexy of Children. Price, 50 cents per box.

For General Debility.—Physical or Nervous Weakness Either the result of Sickness, Excessive Medication, or Exhausting Discharges. Price, 50 cents per box.

For Dropsy.—Fluid Accumulations, Tumid Swellings, with Scanty Secretions. Price, 50 cents per box.

For Sea-Sickness.—Deathly Sickness, Vertigo, Nausea Vomiting. Sickness from riding or motion. Price, 50 cents per box.

For Urinary Diseases.—For Gravel, Renal Calculi, Difficult, Painful Urination, Diseases of the Kidneys. Price, 50 cents per box.

For Seminal Emissions.—Involuntary Discharges and Consequent Prostration and Debility, Bad Results of Evil Habits. The most successful and efficient remedy known and may be relied upon as a cure. Price, with full directions, $1 per box.

Persons who wish to place themselves under the professional care, or to seek advice of Prof. Humphreys, can do so, at his office 562 Broadway, daily from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M or by letter.

OUR REMEDIES BY MAIL.

Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and inclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New-York and the medicine will be duly returned by mail or express free of charge.

AGENTS WANTED.—We desire an active, efficient Agent for the sale of our Remedies in every town or community in the United States. Address Dr. F. HUMPHREYS & Co.
No. 562 Broadway New-York

Miss M. Flint, Agent, Main Street Woburn.

Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Manufacturers at Augusta, Me., would respectfully inform their former customers and the public generally, that they have opened on

CHARLESTOWN STREET, NO. 24,

(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles, (mostly from St. John lumber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.

☞ Particular attention paid to orders by mail or express. E. K. ROBINSON & CO.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

Bellingham's Celebrated

STIMULATING UNGUENT,

For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

The Stimulating Unguent

is prepared by Dr. C. P. Bellingham, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

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Poetry.

Yankee Doodle.

The following lines were written some years ago, but with the alteration of two or three words they are not wholly inappropriate at the present time.

"Yankee Doodle!" Long ago
They played it to deride us;
But now we march to victory,
With this old tune to guide us!
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
How we'll make the traitors run
At Yankee Doodle Dandy!

To fight is not a pleasant game,
But if we must—we'll do it!
When "Yankee Doodle" once begins,
Our Yankee Boys through it!
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
"Go ahead!" the Captains cry,
At Yankee Doodle Dandy!

And let her come upon the sea,
The insolent marauder,
There the Yankee Boys will be
Prepared to serenade her!
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Yankee guns will sing the bass
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy!

"Yankee Doodle!" How it brings
The good old days before us!
Two or three began the song,
And millions join the chorus!
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Rolling round the Continent
Is "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

"Yankee Doodle!" Not alone
The Continent will hear it,
But all the world shall catch the tone,
And every rebel fear it!
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Freedom's voice is in the song
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

Select Literature.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

The French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. The sentinels were doubled, and the most strict orders given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty and troublesome. At midnight Pierre Sancoin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of his regiment was with the sergeant on this beat, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the men had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open. Don't let even a stray horse go out or come in without the pass. Do you understand?"

"Aye, mon colonel, I shall be prompt."

"The dogs are all around us," pursued the officer, "and you cannot be too careful. Don't trust men nor brutes."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he brought his firelock to his shoulder, and moved back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next post, and Pierre Sancoin was left alone. Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp, or rather round it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other sloping away into a narrow ravine, in which was a copse of willows. Beyond this copse the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass it. The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to its outer side.

The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars; and a sort of fog seemed to be rising also from the marsh. The wind moaned through the copse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly. With a slow, steady tread, the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves, or some night bird started out with its quick flapping.

An hour had passed away and the sentinel had seen nothing to excite his suspicions. He had stopped for a moment close by the side of the rock, when he was startled by a quick, wild scream from the wood, and a few moments more a large bird flew over his head.

"*Parbleau!*" he muttered, after the night bird had flown over; "could mortal man have stopped that fellow passing?"

He satisfied himself that he had done nothing wrong in suffering the bird to pass. He had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was just turning by the rock, when he was sure he saw a dark object crossing the line toward the copse.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing the musket quick to his shoulder. "Hold, or I fire!"

And with his piece at aim, he advanced toward the spot where the object stopped; but as he came to within a few yards of it, it started to move on again toward the camp.

"Diable!" cried Pierre, "move any farther and I fire! What, pardieu! Le Prince? Ho, ho; why, Prince!"

The animal turned and made a motion as though he would leap upon the sentinel's bosom, but the soldier motioned him off.

"Bravo, Prince," Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast, which had now sat upon its haunches. Pierre recognized the intruder as a great dog of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had been missing for a week. He disappeared one night from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"Parbleau, mon grande Prince," Pierre uttered, as though the dog could understand every word; "the men will be happy to see you; where have you been so long?"

The dog made no answer to this, save a low whine, and a familiar nodding of the head.

"Now, mon amie, you just keep your sitting there until the guard comes, and then we'll go to the camp together. Mind that will you?"

And with these words, uttered with solemn emphasis, and due meaning, Pierre started on his beat again. He had got half way to the rock, when the idea of looking around struck him, and he did so. Le Prince was moving toward the camp again.

"Ha! Prince, that won't do! Stop! stop! or I'll shoot! Diable, the colonel was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass my post without the countersign. A dog is something. You can't go, Prince, so now lie down. Down! down, I say!"

With this the dog lay flat on his belly, and stretched out his fore paws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, and having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon the the sentinel would speak to him by way of being sociable. But at length the dog made another attempt to go into camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he heard the movement, and on turning he could just see his uneasy companion making off.

"Diable!" the honest fellow muttered, "I must obey orders. The colonel's word was plain. Here! Parbleau! Come here! Here, Prince! Mon Dieu! you must die if you don't!"

With a few quick bounds the soldier had got near enough to the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped he stopped.

"Mon cher amie, you must stay with me! Here! Come back! I must shoot if you don't. Parbleau! what a thing to start the whole camp for, to shoot a dog!"

But by coaxing and threatening, the sentinel got the dog back to his post, and there he made him lie down once more. And thus matters rested till the tramp of the coming guard was heard.

"Ah, now Prince will be relieved," the soldier said stopping near the dog. "You shall go and see your old friends."

The tramp of the coming guard drew near, and Pierre was preparing to hail them, when the dog took a new start, and in a new direction, this time starting toward the copse.

"Here, here, Prince! Pardieu, don't you run off again."

But the fellow took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speed.

"Back! Back! Here!"

"Grand Dieu!" This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips, seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus! In an instant the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the outlines now, and he fired. There was a sharp cry, and then Pierre had to turn, for the guard were approaching.

"*Quie est la?*—Who is there?" he cried.

"Relief guard," was the answer.

And having obtained the countersign, he informed the officer what had happened.

"A dog?" cried the officer. "Prince, did you say?"

"He looked like Prince; but, diable, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs!"

"Eh? Hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come; show us where he was."

With this the officer of the mounting guard pulled the lantern from his breast, and having removed the shade he started on. Pierre led the way to the copse, and there the dog was found in the last struggles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned him over.

"Grand Dieu!" he cried, "what legs for a dog, eh!"

And no wonder he did so. The hind legs of the animal were booted, and had every appearance of the pedal extremities of the genus man. But all doubts were removed very quickly, for as the officer turned the body again, a deep groan came up, and the words, "God take me!" in the Prussian tongue, followed.

"Diable! here's an adventure!" uttered the officer, and made Pierre hold the lantern while he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to find the face. But they concluded not to stop there to investigate, so they formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and lifting the strange animal upon it, they proceeded on their way. When they reached the camp they found half the soldiers up, waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were brought, and the body placed upon the ground. The dog skin was removed, and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was a small fellow, though apparently some twenty years of age; but he was dead, Pierre's ball having touched his heart, or somewhere very near it. His pockets were overhauled, and in one of them was found a cipher, but no one could make anything out. The colonel took it, and directed that the body should be placed out of sight for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About four o'clock, just before daylight, another gun was fired on the same post where Pierre had been, and this time a man was shot who was trying to make his escape from the camp. He was shot through the head. When the body was brought into camp, it was found to be that of a Bavarian trooper, who had been suspected of treachery, though no proof had been found against him. On his person was found the key to the cypher which had been taken from the person of the Prussian drummer; and now that the colonel had them both, he could translate the mystic scroll. It proved to be a direction to the Bavarian to lay his plans for keeping as near to Napoleon's person as possible, after he should enter Berlin, and then wait for further order.

The mystery was explained. The Bavarian had contrived to call the great dog away from the regiment and deliver him up to the enemy, and his skin was to be made the cover for a spy to enter the camp under. And the spy would have got in, too, but for the sportive order of the colonel, and the willfully obedience of Pierre Sancoin.

On the next day, Pierre was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and the Emperor said to him, as he bestowed the boon—"If you only make as faithful an officer as you have proved yourself faithful as a sentinel, I can ask no more."

How Cushion-Lace was Invented.

It was in the winter of the year 1564, and the mines of Saxony, being no longer considered productive, were closed. Hundreds of men were, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and among them one Christopher Uttman. He had a wife and two infant children, and his heart was filled with grief on their account. Of himself, he never thought; he knew that he was capable of stubborn and ponderous endurance—the pits had been closed more than once before in his lifetime—but endurance was not the quality most required now; the voice from his hearthstone was a trumpet peal to action, yet what could he do? he was powerless from inevitable necessity—the necessity of ignorance. He had been reared in the pit; he was unacquainted with every kind of manual labor except that exercised in his fearful calling. With a heavy heart he returned to his lowly cottage, the interior of which the care and tastefulness of his wife had rendered neat, even beautiful, and placing in her hands his last week's wages, he exclaimed bitterly: "Barbara, what shall we do? I am not to return to the mines any more. They will *never* be re-opened."

Barbara had heard before her husband had returned home that the pits were about to be closed for an indefinite period. She was therefore in some degree prepared for the tidings, and replied cheerfully: "We shall, no doubt do very well. We shall seek God's guidance; he will direct us. We are young and strong, and healthy, and need not despair of being able to provide for our little ones, because the mines of Saxony are shut up."

Fortunately for the miner, his wife was not only good and gentle, but prompt and clear-minded. She comprehended at once all the perplexities of their condition—all that must be endured for the present—all that might naturally be dreaded in the future. After a while she stole away to the inner closet of her little cottage, and having sought wisdom from on high, sat about considering what it was best to do. It was no dreamy and fantastic speculation which exercised her mind in that little retreat, but calm and accurate was the scheme she then shadowed forth—though it was never quite realized.

Barbara had been in the habit of assisting in the maintainance of her little household by embroidering muslin veils. At first she worked only for the mine-owners' wives and daughters; but so imaginative and delicate were her skill and taste in this art, that her fame had reached more than one of the German courts, and many a noble dame had availed herself of the graceful productions of Barbara's needle, and added to her heavy brocaded dresses the elaborately embroidered, yet light and beautiful muslin train and ruffles. The care of her infant twins, however, together with many other domestic duties, had hitherto afforded her but little time for the exercise of her art; but now, though these cares and duties were rather increased than lessened, she determined without neglecting one of them, that by the labor of her hands should her family be supplied with bread. "My husband toiled for us," she mentally exclaimed, "and now I will work hard for him."

The next day after the closing of the mines, Barbara arose with the dawn, and having put her house in order, and prepared the morning meal, she commenced her work. Steadily she wrought on hour after hour, never moving from her low seat near the window, except when obliged to do so for the fulfillment of some household duties. A little girl, the daughter of a neighbor, was sent for, to look after the children; and Christopher contrived to find useful employment in the little garden which separated his cottage from the road, and which heretofore had been in Barbara's care. In the evening, he assisted in preparing the supper, and thus the first day passed away hopefully and happily. Three months thus rolled by, and Barbara looked with justifiable pride on the production of her artistic skill—a veil which far exceeded anything she had before attempted, in its singular beauty of design and elaborateness of embroidery. With a happy smile, eloquent of joy and hope, she left her home the next morning, carrying the veil in a curious basket covered with richly embroidered cloth. We may here remark, that certain arts of embroidery, as known at that period, are now forgotten; and though many specimens are still preserved among the precious relics of continental churches, and not a few of them have been subjected to the closet examination, even to buying portions and picking out stitch by stitch, yet is the mystery still undiscovered.

It was a bright summer morning; never did the flowers look more lovely, or the fruit more luxuriant. Barbara looked back more than once at her pretty cottage, now covered by a profusion of roses and creeping plants and blessed those beloved ones who still slept on, unconscious of her absence. Arriving at a certain castle, at some leagues' distance, about noon, she was at once admitted to the presence of its fair mistress, with whom Barbara was a favorite. Having replied to kind enquiries about her husband and children, she looked consciously at her little basket. Her heart beat almost audibly, and her cheeks flushed a deeper glow than even the unusual walk would have caused, as she raised the lid, and shaking out the delicate veil, threw it over her extended arm. Never before had she displayed such a specimen of her skill, and never before did so much depend on its being duly appreciated; both her purse and her little store were exhausted. The joyful hope, however, with which she had left her home and entered the lady's presence was fast leaving her heart, as the sudden exclamation of delight and approval which she had expected fell not on her anxious ear; and a strange deep dread was finding its way in, and rolling heavily in the room of the departed guest. "It is very beautiful," said the dame at last, still without reaching her hand to touch it—"very beautiful, truly; but could your skill only accomplish something like this Barbara, I would purchase it at any price, it is so lovely, and so uncommon."

She had opened a drawer while speaking, and handed the sorrow-stricken Barbara a border of rich Brussels point-lace. Barbara let the veil fall into the basket, and struggling hard to suppress her emotion took the border in her hands. She had never before seen Brussels point, and she now eagerly and anxiously examined the beautiful fabric. "It is very lovely," she said, in a low, sad voice; "my work cannot indeed compare with that." For a minute she continued her careful examination, and then returned it with a low obeisance, and took up her basket and departed.

How changed to her eyes now appeared the bright world she had looked on but one short half-hour before! The deep sorrow in her own heart had banished its beauty from the landscape. She turned her steps homeward—it was too late then to seek another purchaser—and traversed slowly the same shady alleys which she had so lately trodden with an elastic step. After awhile she suddenly stopped, and sinking on the green sward, exclaimed: "Let me think!" She placed her little basket beside her, and covering her face with her hands, once more muttered: "Let me think."

Mute and motionless—as we learn from Barbara's own narrative—she continued to think and to pray; and more than an hour elapsed before she lifted her head, and once more started on her homeward path. It was late in the evening when she returned; her children were at rest in their cot, and her husband was standing at the door watching for her return with a look of heedful and anxious love. She raised her eyes to his; her face was glowing with youthful though matronly beauty, and seemed illuminated by some powerful new-born hope.

"Husband," she said, as soon as the first greetings were over, "I shall want you to be very busy for me; I require a dozen nice round sticks, not thicker or longer than your middle finger; and I want you to give them to me as soon as possible."

"With pleasure, you shall have them, dear wife," he replied; and accordingly, as soon as they had partaken of a frugal supper, he set to work. Meanwhile, Barbara was occupied in making a small, hard, round cushion. The covering was of green stuff—we are told—and it was filled with hay. By midnight the task of each was completed.

Next day, Barbara shut herself up in the little room of her cottage. She had the sticks and cushion, and she only entered the outer room when her presence was absolutely necessary. The second day she again absented herself, and likewise for three following; her husband, with rare tact and delicacy, neither asking questions nor suffering any officious neighbor to intrude on her. It was well for all parties that his trusting affection had brought him to pursue this wise course, for Barbara's mind was struggling after a dimly revealed object, and the least interruption in the pursuit, though kindly meant, might only serve to throw an additional shadow on her path. On the evening of the fifth day, she rushed from the closet, and throwing herself into her husband's arms, exclaimed; "Christopher, beloved, thank God with me! See what he has enabled me to accomplish;" and she showed him a piece of lace which she had made on the cushion, and which resembled what we now call "quilling." This she afterward richly embroidered; and as she looked on her beautiful handiwork, she believed she had, unaided by human intervention, discovered the method by which point lace was manufactured. In reality, however, she had done much more, she had invented a new article of equal beauty and greater utility—the lace at present so well known as "cushion" or "bone lace."

Barbara Uttman's name soon obtained a world-wide reputation, and her invention was spoken of as the most wonderful of the age. Thousands of yards of her richly embroidered laces were ordered, not by private individuals, but by merchants from every quarter of the globe; and in order to supply the demands, she employed all the poor girls in the neighborhood. In a short time she removed to a large and comfortable house in Dresden, and many years after, both she and her husband devoted their evenings to mental improvement. How well they succeeded may be gathered from the fact that Christopher became a wholesale exporter of the valuable fabric which his wife had invented, and that he managed to the perfect satisfaction of all parties the complicated details which his business involved. As for Barbara, her "children called her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." Beloved and respected she lived to a good old age, and on the evening of her death there were sixty-four children and grand-children assembled in her home.

The simple principle on which Barbara's lace is made, is thus described by Dodd: "The lace-maker sits on a stool or chair, and places a hard cushion on her lap. The desired pattern is sketched on a piece of parchment, which is then laid on the cushion, and she inserts a number of pins through the parchment into the cushion, in places determined by the pattern. She is also provided with a small number of bobbins, on which the thread is wound; fine thread being used for making the meshes, or net, and a coarser kind, called gimp, for working the device. The work is begun on the upper part of the cushions, by tying together the threads in pairs, and each pair is attached to one of the pins thrust into the cushion. The threads are then twisted one around another in various ways, according to the pattern, the bobbins serving as handles, as well as store for material and the pins serving as knots or fixed points, or centres, round which the threads may be twisted. The pins inserted in the cushions at the commencement are merely to hold the threads; but as each little mesh is made in progress of working, other pins are inserted, to prevent the threads untwisting, and the device on the parchment shows where these insertions are to occur."

The "point lace" which Barbara Uttman at first believed she had discovered the secret of manufacturing, was made without either cushion or frame. The worker provided herself only with a variety of thread and variously sized needles, and then placing a rich design drawn on a paper, either on her knee or on a convenient table, she imitated it with exactness, progressing at a rate of a few square inches each week, until at length, after years of patient labor, she would complete one of those beautiful, complicated, and delicate pieces of lace, which now excite so much admiration and surprise in those fortunate enough to be allowed to examine the furniture of old cathedrals, either at home or on the continent. It is supposed that, for many hundreds of years, point lace was wrought only by noble dames, and, even by them, only to offer it to favorite churches. As an article of dress, it was first worn at Venice; soon afterwards, gorgeous specimens of it were displayed by the merchants of Genoa; and next it was found in Brussels, but so immensely surpassing in quality and quantity all that had before been heard of, that it at once received, by universal consent, the name of Brussels point. Early in the seventeenth century it was introduced into France, some say by Mary de Medici, and others by a poor but industrious woman, named Du Mont.

A Beautiful Home Sketch.

"Sarcastic people are wont to say that poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic nor simple, send them up aloft, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and 'among folks,' and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to the grand receptacle of dilapidated 'has-beens,' and despised 'used-to-be's,' the old garret.

The garret is to the apartments of the homestead what the adverb is to the pedagogue in parsing; everything they do not know how to dispose of is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precise reason that we love garrets; because they *do* contain the relics of the old and the past—souvenirs of other and happier and simpler times.

"They have come to build houses now-a-days without garrets. Impious innovation!

"You man of bronze and 'bearded like the pard,' who would make people believe, if you could, that you never were a 'toddlin' wee thing;' that you never wore 'a rifle-dress,' or jingled a rattle-box with infinite delight; that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore caps and spectacles, and may be took snuff; go home once more, after all these years of absence, all booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go up the stairs together; in that old-fashioned, spacious garret, that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow oval windows, with a spider-web of a sash, through which steals 'a dim religious light' upon a museum of things unnameable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out by the Vandal hand of these modern times.

"The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do—don't they?—when beneath your little pattering feet they clattered aforetime, when of a rainy day, 'mother,' wearied with many-tongued importunity, granted the 'Let us go up garret and play.' And play? Precious little of 'play' have you had since, we'll warrant, with your looks of dignity and your dreamings of ambition.

"Here we are now in the midst of the garret. The old barrel—shall we rummage it? Old files of newspapers—dusty, yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the '*Columbian Star*.' How familiar with the 'Letters or papers for father!' And these same *Stars*, just damp from the press, were carried one by one from the fire-side, and perused and preserved as they ought to be. Stars? Damp? Ah; many a star has set since then, and many a new-tufted heap grown dewy and damp with rain that fell not from the clouds.

"Dive deeper into the barrel. There! A bundle—up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old Almanacs, by all that is memorable! Almanacs, thin-leaved ledgers of time, going back to—let us see how far: 184–, 183–182–,—before our time—180–, when our mothers were children. And the day-book—how blotted and blurred with many records and many tears!

"There you have hit your head against that beam. Time was when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it now by more than 'the altitude of a copine.' That beam is strewn with forgotten papers of seeds for next year's sowing; a distaff, with some few shreds of flax remaining, is thrust in a crevice of the rafters overhead; and tucked away close under the eaves is 'the little wheel,' that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet, low song has ceased; and perhaps—perhaps she drew those flaxen threads—but never mind—you remember the line, don't you?

"'Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more.'

"Well, let that pass. Do you see that little craft careened in that dark corner? It was red once; it was the only casket in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red *Cradle*, for all the world! And you occupied it once; ay, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it, the only horizon you beheld, bent the heaven of a mother's eyes, as you rocked in that little barque of love on the hither shore of time—fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

"And there, attached to two rafters, are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there? 'Twas 'the children's swing.' *You* are here, indeed, but where are Nelly and Charley? There hangs his little cap by that window, and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting on his cherub brow, and her robes are spotless in the better land."

Blackberries.—The editor of the *Homestead* says that all *black* berries (except *white* blackberries) are *red* when they are *green*, except the Lawton, these are *green* when they are *black*, and ripe only when they are *soft*, and when a mere touch will disengage them from the stem.

Hon. Stephen A. Douglas.

To the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas was conceded by his friends and opponents an importance in the political concerns of the United States not exceeded by that of any living statesman. His great abilites, his great successes, as well as his indomitable courage, made him for many years a leading man in the councils of the Nation.

Mr. Douglas was a descendant of the great Scotch family of the same name. Two brothers of the name of Douglas emigrated to America at the same time; one went to Maryland, and his descendants are to be found on the banks of the Potomac, in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and perhaps other Southwestern States; the other brother remained at New London, in Connecticut, and from this latter brother proceeded the ancestors of Stephen A. Douglas. The family of Douglas intermarried with that of Arnold—the family of the Arnold who was associated with Roger Williams in the settlement of Rhode Island, and whose son was afterward Governer of that Province. Hence the name of Arnold, which was borne also by Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, the father of the statesman just deceased. Dr. Douglas was born in Rensselaer County, New York, and removed to Vermont, where he graduated at Middlebury College, studied medicine, and soon after becoming of age, entered upon a good practice as a physician. He married Miss Sarah Fisk, the daughter of a farmer, and in July, 1813, while holding Stephen in his arms, and his little daughter on his knees, died suddenly of disease of the heart.

Mr. Douglas was born at Brandon, Vermont, on the 23d of April, 1813, and at the time of his death was in the forty-ninth year of his age. His earlier days were spent with his mother and sister upon a farm—the joint property of his mother and her brother, a bachelor. Just about the time fixed upon for young Douglas to enter college, Mr. Fisk married, and the cares of a young family rendered him unable or unwilling to take upon himself the expense of giving his nephew a collegiate education. Instead of repining and weeping over the bitter downfall of his expectations, he packed up such necessary clothing as he could conveniently carry, and, with his bundle on his back, left home, and on foot proceeded to the nearest town, and indentured himself as an apprentice to a cabinet-maker. For two years he worked assiduously at this business, in which he became most proficient; but ill-health and a small physical frame rendered it impossible for him to endure the severe labor which was required of him. He therefore left the shop, intending to return to it after he should have recruited his health; and in the meantime entered school at Middlebury. After he had been at school a year or more, his mother and sister both married, and removing to Canandaigua, New York, induced him to accompany them. At Canandaigua he entered a classical academy, and also read law in the office of Mr. Hubbell. During this period he made great progress in his classical studies, and also in his legal acquirements. As an orator, even at that early day, he was noted for the force and power of his logic. He was particularly conspicuous in the discussion of political questions; was an active supporter of General Jackson; and in the contest between Marcy and Granger, was a warm friend and advocate of the former. In June, 1833, he left Canandaigua for the Western country. He reached Cleveland, but being under twenty-one years of age, and the law requiring him to have been a resident of the State one year before admission to the bar, he accepted the position of clerk in the law office of the Hon. S. J. Andrews, with a promise of partnership in the future. A severe attack of illness, protracted for several months, however, destroyed this arrangement; and in the fall Mr. Douglas left Cleveland, in search of some eligible point where he might engage in the practice of the law. His ambition was to appear at the bar, having no doubt of his success. He proceeded by canal boat from Cleveland to the Ohio River, and thence by steamer to Cincinnati. He was feeble in health, and with very few dollars in money. His necessities demanded immediate employment, and he canvassed Cincinnati and Louisville seeking that employment, but failed to find any. He then left for St. Louis—an undefined impression that Illinois was to be his ultimate destination leading him on toward that region. Arrived at St. Louis the Hon. Edward Bates generously tendered Mr. Douglas the free use of his office and library until he could do better; but Mr. Douglas's necessities required employment from which he could derive a revenue, and failing to obtain such in St. Louis, he pushed on to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he arrived in December, 1833. He was equally unsuccessful at Jacksonville in finding employment; so he proceeded on foot to the town of Winchester, sixteen miles distant. He had but thirty-seven cents in money and knew not where he was to get more. The next day he encountered a crowd on the public square, who had been gathered to attend an auction sale; the sale could not proceed for want of a clerk, and young Douglas was at once appealed to and requested to serve in that capacity. He served three days as clerk, and received six dollars for his services. He had pleased the farmers very much; he had defended Jackson and his policy with a warmth and vigor that was unusual. He made known his necessities, and in one week a school of forty scholars, at three dollars each per quarter, was made up, and Mr. Douglas entered upon the office of schoolmaster. In March, 1834, still lacking one month of being twenty-one years old, he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court; and with the proceeds of his school, and such small fees as he had earned in the meantime by attending cases before the Justices' Court, he purchased some law books and moved up to Jacksonville, the County seat of Morgan County, then one of the largest Counties in the State. He opened a law office in Jacksonville, and soon was known as an ardent Democrat. General Jackson's Bank policy was then the leading public topic, and upon it Democrats were divided, and the Whigs were fast gaining strength. The county, owing to the influence of the Bank and its branches, had become decidedly Whig in its politics. Douglas and some friends called a mass meeting to defend General Jackson's bank policy, and the movement was considered a most daring one. When the day arrived he alone had the courage to offer the resolutions. He did so, and advocated their adoption. He was replied to by a Mr. Lamborn, one of the ablest lawyers of the county, in a speech of much severity. It was a trying moment for Douglas. He at once met the issue. He rejoined in a speech which has become historical in Illinois. In a very short time his words of burning eloquence drove Lamborn from the Court House, and then for an hour he held the meeting bound in admiring astonishment by his powerful defence of the President. When he had concluded his resolutions were adopted, and he was taken upon the shoulders of several large men and carried through the town in triumph. Henceforth Douglas was recognized as the leader of the Democracy in that county. At the meeting of the next Legisluture he was elected State's Attorney for the first judicial circuit, over the heroic John J. Hardin, and for over a year and a half performed its duties with great success. In 1836 he proposed the Convention system for the nomination of candidates for county offices; and, though opposed, carried it into successful operation. A Democratic ticket was nominated, but such was the war made upon the Convention system that some of the candidates withdrew, and Douglas was forced to take a place on the ticket for the Legislature. He canvassed the county thoroughly, and the result was that the entire Democratic ticket, with one exception, was elected. General Hardin was elected.

Mr. Douglas took his seat in the Legislature in the winter of '36-'7, and was an active and laborious member. In April, 1837, he was appointed Register of the Land Office at Springfield. In the fall of that year he took an active part in establishing the Convention system for the nomination of candidates for State offices, and saw it put into successful operation. In November, 1837, he was nominated by a Democratic Convention for Congress, in the immense district extending from Jacksonville to the Northern limit of the State; the election took place in August, 1838, and during that time Mr. Douglas and his opponent, Mr. Stuart, canvassed it as far as was practicable. The district had given Harrison over 3000 majority; but the official canvass accorded Stuart only *five* majority in an aggregate vote of nearly 37,000. Douglas was defrauded of several hundred votes by tricks and unjust practices. The campaign was regarded, however as a personal triumph.

Mr. Douglas, during the next two years, devoted himself to successful practice in the law, taking a prominent part in all the great cases before the Supreme Court. He undertook the great case which resulted in having the "alien vote" allowed—a vote which secured the State for Van Buren in 1840.

In 1840 he canvassed the State for Van Buren; and to his efforts has always been attributed the successful issue of that election in Illinois, one of the two Northern States where the Democratic flag was not defeated. In January, 1841, he was appointed Secretary of State. At that session of the Legislature the Supreme Court was remodeled—that is, the number of Judges was increased from four to nine; and in February, Mr. Douglas was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court. He was then less than twenty-eight years of age. He continued as Judge, performing his duties with great and acknowledged ability until June, 1843, when he was nominated for Congress. The district was a Whig one, and he was entreated to accept the nomination on the ground that he was the only Democrat who could hope to be elected. He at once, with Mr. Browning, his Whig opponent, entered upon the canvass, and they spoke daily until the election, when both were prostrated with illness. Douglas's majority was 445.

In December, 1849, he took his seat in Congress, being several months less than thirty years of age. In 1844 he was re-elected by 1700 majority, and in 1846 by over 3000 majority; but after the last election, and before the commencement of his term under it, he was elected a Senator of the United States.

One of his first speeches in Congress was the memorable one in support of the bill to refund the fine imposed on General Jackson by Judge Hall at New Orleans. That speech was afterward declared by General Jackson to be the best and only proper vindication of his conduct on that occasion.

Mr. Douglas was an active and ardent supporter of the American title up to the line 54° 40′ on the Oregon boundary question, and was one of the last to surrender.

He was also a supporter of the annexation of Texas; and his speeches on that question, and upon the several issues arising out of the Mexican war, form perhaps the clearest and ablest vindications of the purity and patriotism of the administration of President Polk that are to be found in the Congressional debates.

He was a strict supporter of the "Munroe Doctrine"—of the right and propriety of keeping the American continent or colonization, under any pretense, by any European Power. He voted against the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, because it was a partnership with England in the affairs of Central America. He voted against the treaty with Mexico, because it contained an implied pledge not to annex any more territory of that Republic. He opposed making any bargain or contract about annexation of territory, because he wished the United States to be left free and untrammeled to act as their best interests may require whenever the occasion arises.

When Mr. Douglas entered Congress, and while he was a member of the House, he voted steadily against the reception of Abolition petitions; and as long as the same rule prevailed in the Senate he adhered rigidly to it.

He was from the first a firm advocate of the extension of the line of 36° 30' to the Pacific Ocean. He proposed that line as part of the plan for the annexation of Texas, and had the gratification of seeing it adopted. He proposed to extend the same line as a permanent settlement of the slavery question, during his whole service in the House and in the Senate up to 1850. He voted during the same period against the Wilmot Proviso on every occasion that it was offered.

In 1849-'50 the Legislature of Illinois instructed him to vote for the prohibition of slavery in the Territories; and at the memorable session of 1850 he voted in accordance with these instructions—protesting, however, that the votes were not his, but were the votes of those who had instructed him. He reported, at that session, the bills for the admission of California, for the establishment of Territorial Governments for Utah and New Mexico, and for the adjustment of the Texas boundary in almost the exact terms in which they subsequently passed. Mr. Clay attached Douglas's bills together and reported them as the "Omnibus." Upon the failure of the Omnibus Bill, the separate bills of Mr. Douglas were taken up and passed. He supported the Fugitive Slave Act, and a few months after its passage met an armed mob in Chicago, and defended that act so effectively that the Common Council immediately repealed certain nullification resolutions they had previously adopted.

In 1854 he proposed the Kansas-Nebraska Act repealing the Missouri restriction upon slavery north of 36° 30', on the ground that Congress in 1850 had declared that thenceforth the question of Slavery in the Territories should be left exclusively to the determination of the people settled therein. He carried this measure through Congress in the face of an opposition more fierce and determined than was ever before arrayed against any measure. He was assailed throughout the North by every description of indignity. When he reached home in August he found that measure in even worse favor than he found the Fugitive Slave Act in 1850. He announced his intention to defend it. At the meeting he was met by another armed mob, who, fearing the power of his argument, refused to let him be heard. For three hours he stood up before the mob and defended the South and her statesmen, defended the President, and defended the repeal of the Missouri restriction. But little that he said was allowed to be heard. He was groaned, hissed, and by all the means that a mob can find to insult the object of their hatred, was insulted and assailed. He was not conquered though he was denied the privilege of being heard.

In spite of all these demonstrations, in spite of a thorough union of the Know-Nothings and Republicans, Illinois in 1854 elected a Democratic State ticket and her five Democratic members of Congress.

In 1856 Mr Douglas took the stump in behalf of Mr Buchanan and the Cincinnati platform, and succeeded in securing the vote of Illinois for the Cincinnati nominees.

In 1857 the Lecompton controversy arose. Mr. Douglas thought that, under a strict adherence to Democratic faith, Congress ought not to accept a Constitution unless it was the act of the people. The President thought differently. The Lecompton controversy then arose which widened the breach instead of reconciling the difficulty. In the final settlement of the controversy Mr. Douglas acquiesced, but his enemies sought destruction. They opposed his re-election in 1858; but after one of the most eventful political contests in the Union, Mr. Douglas carried the State Legislature, and in January, 1859, was re-elected to the Senate.

His nomination for the Presidency in 1860, and the remarkable canvas and result which followed, are familiar to all, and will form an important portion of the faithful biography of the eloquent Illinois Senator, one of the most remarkable and able Parliamentarians of his day.—*Boston Post.*

Ex-Vice President Breckinridge.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Daily *Times*, writing from Lexington, Ky., speaks as follows of the ex-Vice President:—

Vice-President Breckinridge is at his residence, in this city, but has little to say in regard to the struggle which now agitates the country. He is evidently overwhelmed with the grave responsibility which attaches to himself and his co-conspirators in the military steps which led to the present deplorable condition of affairs. Mr. Breckinridge anticipated that he himself, in the event of a separation of the South from the North, would be the great man—the Washington—of the Southern Confederacy, but has been disappointed. The politicians of the South used him to further their own traitorous designs, and to effectually paralyze his influence at the North. They killed him with *kindness*, and blighted the future of a man who occupied the most promising position of any young aspirant in the Union. He evidently feels that his day has passed, and that the future must be a blank, so far as the gratification of inordinate ambition is concerned. He is in a position to exclaim, like Manfred to the rocks and abysses: "Forgetfulness and oblivion!"

☞ The report that General Butler is to be transferred to Baltimore, and that General Banks will take the command of this department, is regarded at Fortress Monroe as not altogerher improbable. General Banks would be certain of a cordial reception here. As far as I can judge, few civilians elevated to high military positions, stand better with the "old line" than General Banks.—*Letter from Fortress Monroe.*

☞ The English papers publish a complete list of the war vessels which are to constitute the British North American squadron. When they are all mustered Queen Victoria will have over four hundred guns and between five and six thousand sailors on our seaboard.

More than Spartan.—A young married lady living in the village of Auburn, was enquired of if her husband was going to the war. "Yes!" she replied, "of course he is—I would not live with him if he did not go." But are you not afraid that he will be killed? "Yes, he may get killed, to be sure, but what of that? If I had five husbands I would send them all, and if they got killed, I would marry another and send him." This kind of grit enlists for the war.—*Lewiston Journal.*

☞ A Massachusetts soldier writes to the Taunton *Gazette* from Newport News Point, May 28th: "There was some foraging yesterday; my squad of six brought in thirteen chickens, five hens, one rooster, seven eggs and three fugitive slaves."

☞ James Redpath, the Haytien Agent of Emigration, offers to take charge of the negroes who may be confiscated as contraband of war, and send them to Hayti, where they can have a free farm.

The Middlesex Journal,

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,

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AGENTS.

North Woburn:—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co.
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Reading:—Thomas Richardson.
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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861

POSITION OF ENGLAND.

There is no doubt but what the South anticipated countenance and support from England in the contest in which they are engaged. They know very well that England thinks quite as much about a supply of cotton as of the integrity of the American Republic. That no direct aid will be afforded the South from England is now altogether certain, as such a course would at once involve her in troubles that she would not care to meet.

Several of the English Journals and the London *Times* in particular, seem to be engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties of some kind. Why it is that they find it so difficult to understand the real cause of the troubles here, is a mystery.

It looks as though much of its information came from a point south of Mason & Dixon's Line, being modified greatly by the refracting influence of southern views and intentions. No doubt some members of the present English Government would not be sorry to see a breaking up of the American Union. The British Lion has found the talons of the American Eagle too strong for him, and he would be better pleased with such a weakening as a division here would cause. But whatever may be the secret feeling in high places, it is pretty certain that the English people fully sympathise with the North in her struggle—a second time—for Freedom. England must remain neutral, as the Queen's proclamation declares, or she must take sides with the North or South. Should she take sides with the South, she would speedily find herself surrounded by difficulties from which it would not be easy to escape. It is evidently for the interest of France that this Republic should remain unbroken. Should England, then, favor the opposite, she would have to contend with the United States and be in great danger of trouble from France.

The failure of a supply of cotton may be a serious inconvenience to England. It may cause her looms to stop, thus throwing thousands out of employment. But what of that? Will she, to secure her cotton, attempt to force our blockade, and by purchasing the cotton crop of the South, afford them the means of persisting in their rebellion? She will probably think twice before making such an attempt. With all the mystification and incorrect explanations of our troubles given by the English papers, the true state of affairs will be understood and the Ministry that should favor measures that would lead to war with our Government would be compelled to vacate their places without delay. Whatever the feeling may be, the Government of England is too shrewd to involve itself in war unless there is a prospect of an adequate gain. Her success against us has not been very flattering to her glory; and should she take sides with the South, she must thereby take sides with slavery. Will she do this in the face of the whole world? With the bitter hatred she has shown toward slavery in years gone by, and the act of emancipating her slaves in the West Indies fresh in memory, will she turn round now and help establish a Confederacy upon a basis which is avowed to be perpetual slavery? There can be but one answer. England will suffer from the war in this country in common with every nation whose commerce is thereby affected. But the injury to trade will be but temporary, and will be fully made up when peace shall return and business resume its wonted channels.

☞ Affairs in Maryland look rather gloomy again. General Butler's master hand seems to be missed very much. Traitors everywhere must be ruled with a rod of iron. They are unscrupulous to a degree, and if they get an inch they take an ell. The man who aids and abets traitors should hang as high as Haman, so that his case may be a warning to all engaged in similar vocations. Promptness and thoroughness in the execution of duty will alone nip the bud ere it becomes a full blown flower. It is useless to expect "grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles."

W. M. Phalanx.—At a meeting of the privates of this corp, held last evening at the armory, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That we, the privates of the Woburn Mechanic Phalaux, tender to the officers of said company our thanks for their generous and manly efforts in our behalf, believing that in all the varied and complicated matters they have been called to act upon, they have been actuated by the purest and most patriotic motives, and with the single desire of promoting the best interests of the Company.

Voted, That the above resolution be published in the *Middlesex Journal* and *Woburn Budget*, and three leading Boston papers.

This act of the privates, in making their feelings known upon a delicate subject, renders but simple justice to their officers and places them in a true position before the community.

Appointed.—Mr. Nathan Wyman has been appointed Postmaster for this town. He will enter upon the duties of his office in a short time. The office will be located in J. W. Hammond's store. We congratulate Mr. Wyman on his appointment, and doubt not that he will prove as acceptable to the public in his new vocation as he has in that of Town Clerk.

Death of Judge Douglas.—We publish on our outside this week a sketch of the life and career of Judge Douglas. It is as minute as a newspaper article can be, and will be read with much interest both by his friends and opponents. Judge Douglas was a man of rare ability, and was considered the strongest man within the ranks of the Democratic party. His public career commenced at a period in life, when most young men are still at school, and even then the greatness of the coming man was foreshadowed by all his acts. He was one of those men, for whom artificial means did but little and natural genius almost everything; and these are the men who never fail to make themselves felt in the world, and whose deeds live long after they have been gathered to their forefathers. Mr. Douglas has, at intervals, during the past few years, suffered severely from attacks of illness, which, together with the laborious duty he has been called upon to perform, have undermined his constitution. It is a great national calamity to lose such a man at any time, but more especially is it so at the present time when our national affairs are so complicated and advice and help in adjusting them so necessary. When the President issued his first proclamation, calling for men and stating his policy, Judge Douglas was one of the first to call upon him and give in his adhesion to that policy and also to offer his services in any capacity in which he might be available; and up to the time of his death he never wavered from this purpose for a moment. This was patriotism which must have made the President's heart beat for joy, coming as it did from his late and most important rival for the Presidency. The President could but see the power which this great man wielded, and which made his assurances all the more acceptable, as they relieved him of a great anxiety in regard to the course which the powerful Democratic party would take in the present crisis.

In the death of Mr. Douglas the West has sustained a great loss. He has ever worked assiduously for her welfare and interests, and it will be a long time ere she again possesses so able a defender or so great a statesman. From all directions come tidings of honors rendered his memory, and were it not for the present all-absorbing topic, there would be still greater and more heartfelt respect accorded to the illustrious dead; but it remains for the future to unfold and make manifest the loss which the nation now laments.

Concert.—A free concert will be given at Medford, next Monday evening at 7½ o'clock, in connection with the opening of the new Organ in Rev. Mr. Marvin's Church, by Mr. George E. Whiting of this town, assisted by the choir of Rev. Mr. March's church. The following is the selection of pieces:—1, Extempore performance, showing stops in the organ; 2, "Gloria," from the 12th Mass, Mozart; 3, The "Orgie," from the Huguenots; 4, "God of Morning and of Evening," Mini; 5, Overture, "Masaniello," Auber; 5, "Sanctus," from the 12th Mass, Mozart; 7, Andante, from Beethoven's 1st Symphony; 8, Motette, "Remember, O Lord," G. E. Whiting; 9 March from "Le Prophete," Meyerbeer; 10, Solo, "In Native Worth," Hayden; 11, National and Patriotic Airs; 12, Night "Shade No Longer," Rossini; 13, Guillaume Tell," Overture, Rossini.

Stoppage of Mails.—The Government has given notice that the transmission of mails in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, is suspended. Letters for Offices temporarily closed by this order will be forwarded to the Dead Letter Office, except those for Western Virginia, which will be sent to Wheeling. People in this vicinity will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

☞ Mr. John Bowman addressed the citizens of this town, on Monday last, in the Town Hall. The audience was not as large as could be desired, but all seemed well pleased with the remarks made. It is likely that Mr. Bowman will have another opportunity to tell the story of his sudden exit from the "Old Dominion," together with other interesting facts, and we hope he will have the use of Lyceum Hall, and that a full audience will be present.

Selectmen's Meeting.—At an adjourned meeting of the Selectmen held Friday evening, May 17th—Elbridge Trull was appointed Liquor Agent for the ensuing year. At a meeting held on Thursday evening, June 6th, it was voted, that Lincoln Emerson be appointed a member of the board of Police for the ensuing year; that the Treasurer be authorized to advertise for proposals for loans of money to the town. Adjourned until June 13th.

☞ Mr. H. P. Stone, of this town, a member of the Charlestown Artillery, has returned home from the seat of war sick. His appearance shows hard usage, but we hope the influence of home and friends will soon restore him to pristine health.

☞ Mr. Daniel Wright, a former resident of Woburn, but for some years past residing in Nashua, drowned himself in the Merrimack river, near that place, a few days ago, while laboring under a fit of insanity. His body was brought to this town for interment, and was buried from the Baptist Church on Thursday last.

☞ The New York Herald says that France, Prussia and Belgium have given orders that no arms or supplies will be sold to the Confederate States. Large orders were about being filled but were rejected.

☞ It is estimated that the expenses of the Government in quelling the rebellion will soon reach the enormous sum of $10,000 an hour, or nearly $90,000,000 a year!

☞ The receipt of specie in New York from England, for the twenty-four hours ending Thursday afternoon, amounted to two and a quarter millions of dollars.

☞ A daughter of Mr. E. J. Jenks was bitten by a dog on Wednesday last. The dog has been killed, and no danger is now expected from the bite.

☞ Look out for counterfeit "fives" on the Monson Bank. Several have been passed in town.

☞ Mr. E. E. Thompson has received the appointment of Postmaster at No. Woburn.

☞ We understand that the Old Folks Concert Troupe will soon return home from Europe.

☞ A gentleman writing from France to his wife in this town, says:—

My Dear Wife.—At length you have grim war about you in good earnest. I see by the papers that every one appears to go for and support the Government. This is as it should be. I suppose it will make very hard times there, there will be a great many out of employment and many who will suffer, no doubt. All of the Americans here are strong for Union. The American residents in Paris and London have had a meeting and have concluded to buy and send to President Lincoln six of Ames' rifled cannon in bronze, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars. I gave twenty dollars toward it, and if it is necessary I will give twenty more. Every one appears to be enthusiastic for the Union, and I hope and pray that it may be sustained. I wish you to write as often as you can and give me all the news. I am glad to see that in Woburn they have offered and subscribed large sums of money for the soldiers and for their families when they are gone.

Return of John Butterfield of the Stoneham Light Infantry.—John Butterfield of the Stoneham Light Infantry has returned home in order to recover his health. He was wounded in the leg at the fight in Baltimore, and the wound has not yet healed. The story of his hardships is related below, and it will be seen that Col. Jones does not figure to any advantage. It is strange to behold what curious capers some people cut up when "dressed in a little brief authority," and though they do not always "make the angels weep" still they frequently bring upon themselves the contumely and reproach of all honorable and high minded men.

The stories told concerning Col. Jones' treatment of his men, are not very flattering to that officer, and in the present case his conduct should be looked into by the proper authorities.

Upon his return, young Butterfield, being unable to do active military duty, was detailed by Col. Jones to draw water, carry wood, &c. This is something like the plan adopted by the old man in the country, who allowed his boys to rest themselves by sawing wood when they became fatigued by a day's work at mowing. The labor proved to be too severe for the wounded man, and at the end of eleven days, the surgeon procured a substitute for him.

On Thursday last, the 30th ult., Col. Jones signed Butterfield's discharge, so that he might return home. In conversation with him, the Colonel asked him how he was to get home, Butterfield replied that he did not know. The Colonel then asked him if he had money, and was told that he had none. In reply to this, Col. Jones remarked that it would be apt to be a hindrance to him.

Subsequently, Butterfield went to see Col. Jones in company with Lieut. D. N. Stevens (now in command of Co. L., Capt. Dike being wounded, and Lieut. Lynde having returned home sick,) with a view to obtaining means with which to reach home, but the Colonel put them off with the remark that he had business of more importance on his mind. Application was next made to the Staff Officers and Lieut. Col. Watson, who went to see Jones about the matter, reported that he would not do anything in relation to it. The Staff officers interested themselves in the case, and all promptly agreed to make up a purse, but Co. L held a meeting and voted that if Government was not able to pay Butterfield's fare, they would do it themselves, and they accordingly made a contribution for the purpose.

The young soldier started for home on Friday, and upon entering the cars at the Relay House, fell in with the New York 7th Regiment. The New York soldiers expressed much indignation at the treatment he had received from Col. Jones, and paid him every attention during the journey.

The Sixth Company took him under their protection, and besides refusing to allow him to pay for his ticket with the money given him by his comrades, the members made up another purse in his behalf. Upon their arriving in New York, one of the members of the Sixth company, Mr. Stuyvesant, took him to his own house where he remained until he left for Boston yesterday afternoon.

The gallant New York soldiers applied to the President of the New Haven road to secure him a passage, and that official not only refused to receive any pay for the ticket, but gave him one of the best berths in the sleeping car. Mr. Butterfield arrived in this city this morning.

His account confirms the stories previously told of the troubles in the Regiment. Col. Jones' course has caused much indignation to be felt, nor only among the members of the Sixth Regiment, but also in the Eighth, which is also under his command temporarily. Last Thursday night some of the members of the Eighth burnt Jones in effigy. Mention was made of this affair by telegraph.

The effigy was dressed in a military uniform, and the burning took place on an eminence in full view of Col. Jones's quarters. The remarks made by the soldiers on the occasion, concerning the object of their indignation, were anything but complimentary, and the demonstration could not well be misunderstood.

We learn that the arrest of Captains Devereux and Martin, of the Eighth Regiment, by Col. Jones' orders, also caused much dissatisfaction. These officers, it was alleged, exceeded their bounds, in reconnoitering in the direction of Harper's Ferry.

After their swords were taken from them, the members of both companies gave up their arms, but the captains were discharged before night, and thus the matter was settled. Capts. Devereux and Martin are two of the most popular officers in the Regiment, the former being commander of the Salem Zouaves, and the latter of the Sutton Light Infantry, of Marblehead.

Billerica.—On Tuesday last the Butler Rifle Company of Lowell visited this place by invitation of some of our citizens. They arrived at North Billerica in the 10 o'clock train from Lowell, and took up their line of march to the centre of the town, where they arrived at 11 o'clock. Soon after their arrival they were dismissed and amused themselves as best they could. At 12 o'clock they were called to order and marched to the Town Hall, where a collation had been prepared by the citizens of the place. They were called to order by Mr. Elliot, who made a few remarks and then called upon Mr. Gilman, Principal of the Howe School, who responded in some able remarks, after which the viands were discussed with much relish. Dinner being over they were addressed by Mr. Hinkley, the drill master, who officiated in place of Capt. James, who was absent. Several others made short speeches, and after an hour passed in this way they again formed into line and after drilling a short time gave three cheers for the people of Billerica, three for the ladies, three more for a good dinner, and started for home amid the cheers of the crowd. Arriving at No. Billerica they drilled a few moments and passed on to Lowell. The company appear well and in good spirits, and are wanting to go "away down South," as soon as they can. A part of the company belong to Billerica.

Glad to hear it.—I am glad to learn that neighbor Richardson has forbid any one from going on the logs in his mill pond as it is dangerous. One boy came very near being drowned the other day. B.

"Handy-Book for the U. S. Soldiers."—J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have furnished us with a copy of this little book. It is one of the best things of the kind we have yet examined, and contains a "complete system of Instruction in the school of the soldiers."

The Brooklyn Phalanx.

We publish below a correspondence, in relation to the invitation which several military companies received from "somebody" in New York to join the Brooklyn Phalanx which was going into immediate service, and their journey thither and back, which appeared in Wednesday evening's *Traveller*. It will give our readers a little insight into the cause of the agitation which occurred in our town and other places last Friday. The orders which our company received, in unison with those of West Cambridge, Milford and Newburyport, come through Gov. Andrew, and the men were fully justified in acting upon it. But it is a mystery to many why the Governor should allow such a blind order to pass through his hands until he had satisfied himself that it came from some responsible person. It is rather annoying to men who are waiting patiently for orders, to have their feelings played with in this way. A few repetitions of such proceedings would speedily disorganize our whole military force.

Revere House, Boston, June 5, 1861.

I came on last night from New York, a fellow passenger with some hundreds of dissatisfied men of war, who, brimful of fight, had gone several days since to New York, hoping there to join a "moving regiment" *en route* for the war; there they had an experience, or rather a series of experiences which by no means pleased them, and hence their early return.

Inasmuch as a soldier's back turned upon the foe is apt to awake comment, and as rigid scrutiny will most likely follow their action, I deemed it proper to ascertain for the benefit of your readers the facts of the case, and having done so, herewith present them.

For several weeks past Colonel Adams, an officer of high repute as a disciplinarian and tactician, has, with the aid of influential persons in New York and Brooklyn, endeavored to raise a regiment to be called the Brooklyn Phalanx, and to be enlisted "for the war." In this laudible endeavor he has not only succeeded but succeeded thrice—each time some technical difference between the New York Military Board and the Governor, or the Governor and the Union Defence Committee, or the Union Defence Committee and the Federal Government causing it to be broken up. And here I will remark that of all nonsensical absurdities in the world, the peculiar style with which the military affairs of the Empire State are managed is the greatest. There are "Boards" innumerable, each jealous of the other, each composed of the "very first citizens," and each as fully determined to block the wheels of the others, as to advance the cause for which they zealously work. The natural consequence is, that nobody knows what is what, who is who, or by whom what is to be done, and while the ingredients of the fiery broth are all of the best kind the inordinate number of cooks continually destroys the savory mess, and the War Department at Washington is annoyed beyond description.

At the third failure, a new personage appeared upon the scene,—no less a one than the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who having a son in one of the companies as First Lieut. naturally felt a desire for the success of the regiment, and brought to bear upon the public and the authorities his influence, which in those parts is most potent. By degrees the numbers of recruits increased. Mr. Beecher preached to them and for them on Sundays, and on week days the ladies of his congregation made for them shirts, drawers, Havelocks and all sorts of garments, mentionable and otherwise. The affair promised success, and Mr. Beecher went to the Governor to ask the speedy acceptance of the Regiment. The Governor, who knows just as much about practical soldiering as one might expect a man who has dealt in groceries all his life could know, listened and bowed and listened and smiled, but made nary promise, and the Dominie came away from Albany just as wise as he went. The men became dissatisfied, grumbled, and left in squads. I will leave them in this dismal swamp, while I call your attention briefly to the state of the three companies whose return renders this letter *apropos.*

In the towns of Milford, Newburyport, and W. Cambridge were three companies of soldiers each anxious for a chance in the shooting line, each bent on "going through Baltimore," and each determined to do or die, or both if necessary. They had applied to your thoughtful Gov. Andrew for employment and were waiting marching orders. In each company there were 80 men, that from Newburyport commanded by Capt. Wescott, from Milford Capt. Lindsay, and from W. Cambridge Capt. Ingalls. Their fame as sitters on the anxious seat had reached the city of Brooklyn, and

SOMEBODY,

that great mischief maker, who is to be found in every school house, who lives in every town, who has gone down to the sea in ships from time on, and whose name was never yet divulged, telegraphed to Gov. Andrew, that if these three companies could be in Brooklyn by Saturday morning, the 1st instant, they could join the Brooklyn Phalanx and speedily hie them to the sunny South. To each of the companies the Governor telegraphed the substance of the Brooklyn dispatch, and from each he received an affirmative, grateful and patriotic response. In less than a day from the time the first dispatch was sent, they were all on their way to New York. On Friday night, greatly to the surprise of that worthy person, the Rev. Mr. Beecher received word from Governor Andrew that he had sent them on consigned to his care. He had not expected them, but nothing daunted he went to the Astor House and engaged breakfast for three hundred men at half a dollar each, the same ($150) to be paid for out of his individual and ever-bountiful pocket. Brimful of fight, the Massachusetts boys, who had kissed "good-by" to their parents, their families or their sweet-hearts, marched to the Astor House, ate their breakfast, and then went to report to Colonel Adams and enter their regiment. They found and reported to the Colonel, but they could not very well enter the regiment, because it wasn't thar. All that was left of it—namely, 300 "undressed scallywags," were, to all appearances, "undrilled, undisciplined, and ununiformed," bearing strong resemblance to that faded

"Maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn"

many years ago. In the expressive phrase of *Vanity Fair*, they looked for the "Phalanx," but they "could not see it," and their spirits once so high, fell far below the "sticking point." They wanted to go home, they thought of the surroundings of their infancy, and concluded that playing soldier on the village green and living on nothing in a distant city were two decidedly converse propositions. They complain of their commissariat—they complain of their to-be-companions, and they complain of the apparent deception used in getting them on. The first complaint is without doubt well-founded, the second is not, and the third, as the French say, *depends.* Somebody is undoubtedly to blame, but it's difficult to fix the coat, so that it will *fit* any one individual alone.

On Saturday night the officers met and discussed affairs, and concluded they would send an envoy to Gov. Andrew, or as the boys style him, "Pop Andrew," to relate their sad story and ask release and relief. The Committee left New York Sunday night, reached the house of His Excellency at 6 o'clock in the morning, knocked him up, and told their tale. He was affected to tears, and perceiving at once that some grand mistake had been made, sensibly determined to investigate and rectify it. With his consent an agent was despatched to ascertain the exact state of the case, and take such action therein as he deemed best. In the meantime there was trouble in the Phalanx camp and the officers thereof began to *Phal-anxious* lest the sons of Bunker Hill should leave them in disgust Mr. Beecher as usual surmounted all difficulties, and after preaching to them all day Sunday, and working for their comfort all day Monday,

WENT TO WASHINGTON

Monday night, determined to see the President represent to him the case with all its legislative aggravations, and urge the immediate acceptance of the Phalanx by the War Department. In this

HE SUCCEEDED,

for yesterday afternoon he telegraphed to Brooklyn that the Phalanx was accepted and would be ordered into service within ten days. But homeward were turned the faces of the soldiers; they would not wait; the investigation developed that by individuals, and particularly by Mr. Beecher and Mr. Mark Hoyt, they had been treated with the utmost courtesy and with unlooked for generosity, while by the regiment, by the authorities and indeed by everybody else, they had been snubbed, bamboozled and misled. So home they came.

It is barely possible that jollier parties have travelled from New York to Boston than that which came on last night, by that bully boat Metropolis, under the charge of Capt. Brown and the ever amiable Davol, but I don't believe it. Nearly 300 strong, they marched proudly on—tramp, tramp, tramp—with piercing fife and beating drum. Splendid looking fellows! tall well trunked bright-eyed, happy-faced men, just such as we would like to have meet, thrash, and everlastingly discombobeiate the yellow-faced boys of Carolina. Many of them went on to the upper deck, where they afforded grand targets for hundreds of patriotic Gothamites who purchased oranges by the dozen, and pelted therewith the not unwilling sons of toil. "Are you going home bub?" said a long, lean fellow on the dock, to a red-faced soldier on the boat, whose uniform was well spotted by decayed oranges. "Not by a darned sight," replied he, "we're in for the war, and we don't go home till we've been through Baltimore." This was uttered with a will, and echoed to the sky by the hundreds of eager spectators who could'nt for some time understand the apparently turn-tail movement on the part of the troops.

But to make a long story short, time and space would fail me were I to attempt to describe all the doings and sayings of these men. They sang psalm tunes and nigger tunes, told stories and danced all sorts of steps till supper time, when as one of them remarked to Mr. Rice the steward, they sat down to "a full meal for the first time since Beecher's breakfast." After supper they continued various innocent musical and saltatory exercises, varying the same by frequent parade drills and occasional outbursts of patriotic indignation at the unexpected delay on their journey for the wars. There is little doubt that they were sent for unadvisedly, dispatched hastily, met hospitably, treated unceremoniously, and hence decided prematurely, to return speedily. They are good men—will make good soldiers, and as a New Yorker, I can but regret that they have felt it their duty to re-enter the service of the Old Bay State. Howard.

☞ The *Mount Auburn Memorial* is now published in pamphlet form, and the change has much improved its utility. The *Memorial* contains much interesting reading matter and would be a welcome visitor to any fireside. It is published at 15 Cornhill, Boston:

☞ At a meeting in Chicago, the Hon. W. A. Richardson announced that Mrs. Douglas had expressed the desire, as Mr. Douglas had never intimated to her a preference for any peculiar faith, that he should be buried with the services of her own church. Mrs. Douglas, we believe, is a Catholic.

Thanks,—S. S. Richardson, Esq., of Winchester, will please accept our thanks for late New York and Western papers.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Fire.—On Monday evening last at 11½ o'clock a fire broke out in the barn adjoining the factory of B. T. Mills, at Baconville, recently destroyed. It was a large wooden building and had not been used for some time, except recently for the storage of hair. It was totally destroyed, and the buildings in the vicinity were in imminent danger. The factory opposite, recently taken by Mr. S. M. Allen for the purpose indicated in my last, was saved by means of a force pump connected with the premiees which enabled him to keep a large stream of water on the part most in danger. Excelsior Engine Co. of this town was early on the ground and rendered good service. There seems to be a fatality attending this locality which cannot be accounted for. This makes the third fire within a short time in this vicinity, of buildings owned by Mr. Mills, all which have been the work of an incendiary. The insurance on the house which was burnt about three weeks since was $2700, and the Company are considering the expediency of re-building the premises themselves, rather than pay over the amount of insurance to the holder of the policy. If in place of the wooden buildings and the ruins of others now remaining at Baconville, brick buildings should be erected properly guarded and secured against fire, it would be a great benefit to the place and lessen the danger which now attends these frail structures so frequently destroyed by fire.

Death.—Mr. Robert Bacon, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, whose face and form was familiar in our community and elsewhere, died on Tuesday morning last at 2 o'clock, at the age of 83 years. He had a paralytic shock about a month ago, since which period he has been gradually failing although previous to that time he had been quite smart for a man of his years. Some twenty-five years ago he located himself and family in that part of our town known as Baconville, which then constituted a part of Medford, and has continued in the same place since. At first he carried on quite an extensive business in connection with his sons in the manufacture of hat bodies, &c., but after several years of success resigned the same to his sons, by some of whom it has been continued. He purchased a large portion of the land in the vicinity of his residence on which he erected from time to time buildings for manufacturing purposes and dwelling houses. Although possessed of excellent water privileges, yet a singular fatality, as I have before stated, has seemed to attend these buildings, and made people shy of locating there for business purposes. Mr. Bacon has had four sons and four daughters. One of his sons, Rev. Henry Bacon, who was a talented and popular minister of the Universalist denomination, Editor of the Rose of Sharon and other publications, died a few years since; another son, Thomas C., keeps the store for the sale of hats, &c., in Boston at the corner of Union and North streets; another son, John H., is at Baconville where he carries on the business of making wool wadding, sheathing felt, &c.; the youngest son Caleb, resides in Philadelphia. Of the daughters, one of them is the wife of Dr. Smith of the U. S. Navy; and one who is a widow and two unmarried ones lived with their father. Our venerable friend took an active interest in the Universalist denomination of which he has been sometimes termed a "Father," was regular in his attendance upon the church in Medford and generous in its support. He took a deep interest in the affairs of our town and was most always present at our town meetings, encouraging by his presence and vote whatever was best calculated to promote the prosperity of our town. A kind neighbor, he was ever ready to sympathise with the poor and afflicted and to perform all those friendly offices which go so far to make a pleasant neighborhood, the establishment of a fraternal feeling among its members. It was the privilege of his children and grand children to minister to his comfort during the latter years of his life and to smooth his pathway to the tomb. Surrounded by these loving influences he has lived to a good old age and passed from earth peacefully to his eternal rest. That section of the town where our deceased friend resided has thus lost in the death of Mr. Bacon and in that of Deacon Symmes a little over a year since, two of its aged citizens, who were identified with its early history and settlement and have contributed to its advancement and prosperity.

Accident.—On Monday morning last, as Mr. Morse and wife with a friend and his wife, of Haverhill were returning home through this town from a visit to Natick, in going down a hill at the west side, a man suddenly appeared before the horse attached to the chaise in which Mr. Morse and his wife were riding, causing the horse to spring forward and overturn the vehicle, throwing the occupants under it. The horse was soon stopped and the parties taken to Dr. Ingalls' house, where their wounds were dressed. The lady had her wrist dislocated and her body bruised. The man presented a very bruised and battered appearance with the blood streaming down over his face, but no bones were broken. His wounds were fortunately of the flesh but rather bad ones. They resumed their journey in the afternoon.

Schools.—The quarterly examination of the High School will take place on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning of next week, when diplomas will be awarded to the graduating class.

Statistics.—The number of children in town between the ages of five and fifteen years, on the first of last month was 382, a decrease of 38 from last year.

Serious Loss.—As Mr. Charles C. Heywood, our Representative to the Legislature, was on his way to the cars on Tuesday morning last, he lost his pocket book containing two one thousand dollar bills on the Commercial Bank and some two thousand in notes and drafts. He discovered his loss soon after he got into the cars but could find no trace of his property. An Irishman from Woburn, who was passing in a wagon was seen to get out and pick up something from the ground near the Centre Depot where it was supposed the pocket book dropped. This man went to Boston and returned at a late hour by another route, and on being questioned denied any knowledge of the occurrence. Mr. Heywood had the pocket book in a breas pocket of his coat which unfortunately had a hole in it sufficient to allow it to slip through. There seems to be no doubt but that the man referred to, picked up the pocket book and means to keep it, or has passed it out of his hands in such a way as to make sure of its retention. In these times it is too bad to lose money in this way, as it is all needed for use.

Town Meeting.—The Town Meeting will be at three o'clock on the afternoon of next Monday. The subjects to be considered have been referred to in previous articles. There should be a full attendance of our citizens.

Excelsior.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Fit Men needed for Soldiers.

Secretary Cameron has sent a circular to the Governors of all the loyal States requesting them, in commissioning officers of the Volunteers, not to commission any one, unless of good morals, reliable patriotism and sound health. This is as it should be and is a highly important direction. It is said that a man, much known in the community, presented himself for acceptance and for commission to an important office in a regiment, when being questioned if he had ever been a party in a criminal trial, and on which side he was engaged? he replied that he had been, and that he was defendant. He was promptly rejected. This too was right.

The same particularity ought also to be exercised in regard to the privates. A surgeon remarked the other day in Boston, that in examining men for volunteers, one presented himself who stated that he had a wife and six children, and that he wished to enlist as a means of supporting them, and he was rejected. There was no evidence of any patriotism. He wished to engage as a mercenary, a mere hireling—was destitute of the very first and most important principles which should characterize and stimulate a soldier; and besides the man would leave rather a heavy burthen for the town or state to bear, in the support of such a family, and that too while he would be receiving a very reasonable compensation for his services. This too was also right.

Too many men have been accepted and sent off, who could not obtain the amount paid them by remaining at home. The indolent, the shiftless, the intemperate, the immoral, have been enlisted and put to a service for which they are wholly unfit. Employers do not act thus in their own affairs.

In warfare the sturdiest men are needed—such as can endure all extremes, cold and heat, pelting storms, camping out, long marches, and hard fare. Honest and moral men, too, are needed, such as would be trusty and reliable in any situation at home. Our troops have, in some instances, done themselves great credit by their correct and upright deportment. They go forth as our representatives to communities which have been portions of our confederacy. We shall be sensitive if we are disgraced by them. Especially should our soldiers be patriots, defenders of their government and of their country. They should feel that the cause is their own—that they are to look after their own interests in a most important sense. The work rightly viewed and rightly performed is elevating and ennobling; it requires, as already stated, reliable men, and special care should be used that none but such are sent. We had better, far better, pay those unqualified, to stay at home, than to trust them to fight our battles.

Patriot.

Winchester, June 4th, 1861.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal

By letters received from the Richardson Light Guard it appears that the Company are generally in very good health. At last accounts they were hard at work, throwing up entrenchments &c. They are inured to toil and can certainly act well their part in that line. A letter from one of the officers written this week, speaks with confidence that there

will not be much fighting. The writer thinks the rebels will retreat when closely pressed by the Northern troops. The fact that our soldiers have mostly had their say thus far may have contributed to that belief, but "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." Something more will be required than for a few Southern scouts or guards to recede from a Northern army. The "Confederate States" are in rebellion against the Government, and they must either back down or be overcome and brought to terms. Led on thus far by a mad zeal to destroy the best government the world has ever known, that they may become arrogant dictators over the American people, will they now remain inactive or submit without a struggle? Their best welfare, no doubt, would dictate such a course, but their profession, their boasting, their pride, forbid it. They must fight, and they will fight. Though terrible the conflict, (and would that it might be adverted) if it must come the sooner it comes the better.

Five of our citizens, viz: — E. Felton Sweetser, D. B. Wheelock, James Carter, Aaron Converse and Solon Smith, started on Tuesday for the White Mountains, intending to perform the whole journey and back on foot, camping out nights. They are provided with Rubber Blankets and other things necessary for their comfort.

The Selectmen have appointed Mr. Peter Wiley, Liquor Agent for the current year. Mr. Churchill, the former agent expressed a desire to have the deposites removed at the termination of his contracts first of June.

A new flag pole has been erected upon the common, the shaft of which when raised will probably reach the height of 125 feet.

M.

Special Notices.

To the Public.

The Publishers of the *Boston Daily Journal* and *Daily Evening Traveller* having increased their rates to the "Wholesale Trade," the Periodical and News Dealers throughout the State, in consultation and with the knowledge of the above publishers, have concluded to raise the price of said papers. This is to give notice that on and after

MONDAY NEXT, JUNE 10th,

these papers will be furnished by N. H. Nichols, Hastings & Co., and at the Woburn Book Store, at the following prices:

Yearly Subscriptions,	$7.00 (in advance.)	
Monthly	"	60
Weekly	"	15
Single copies,		3

The *Morning Bee* and *Evening Transcript* will be furnished at the usual rates, viz.:—

Yearly,	$6.00	Weekly,	12
Monthly.	50	Single,	2

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the MIDDLESEX MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY will be held at the Middlesex Hotel, in Concord, on Monday, the 10th day of June next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the choice of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

N. BROOKS, Sec'ry.

Concord, May 8th, 1861.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York

Married.

BAILEY—EDWARDS—In Woburn, 4th inst., by Rev. Mr. March, Mr. Marcellus H. Bailey, of Wiscassett, Me. to Miss Margaret N. Edwards, of Raleigh, North Carolina.

PLANETT—KIMMICK—In Woburn, 4th inst., by Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Mr. Adam Planett and Miss Mary E. Kimmick, all of Woburn.

ADAMS—JENNISON—In Burlington, 30th inst., by Rev. Mr. Sewell, Mr. C. S. Adams, of East Cambridge, and Miss Christina W. Jennison, of Burlington.

Died.

CONNELL—In Woburn, 31st inst., Margaret Connell, aged 1 year, 2 months.

WRIGHT—In Nashua, N. H., Daniel Wright, formerly of this town, aged 59 years.

MIXER—In Columbus, Ga. May 27, Mr. Daniel Mixer, proprietor of the Charleston Hotel, Charleston, S. C., aged 60 years.

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF

SPRING PATTERNS —OF— ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to $1.50 per roll.

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Papers ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles.

☞ Purchasers are invited to call and examine samples.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE undersigned grateful to his many Patrons and friends in Woburn and vicinity for past favors, takes this opportunity to announce his intention of pursuing his present business strictly on the

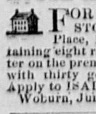
CASH SYSTEM!

Our goods will be sold at prices that will make it an object for every one to purchase for cash.

J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building, Woburn.

June 8—3m

HOUSE AND LAND FOR SALE.



FOR SALE, in Woburn, a TWO-STORY HOUSE, situated on Vernon Place, leading from Railroad street, containing eight rooms. There is a good well of water on the premises, and about half an acre of land with thirty good fruit trees. Terms favorable. Apply to ISAIAH BOWMAN, on the premises.

Woburn, June 8th, 1861.—tf.

BARGAINS!

BOOTS AND SHOES will be sold for a few weeks at very low rates. Prices range as follows:

Gents Boots from	$2.75	to	4.00.
" Shoes "	1.00	"	2.50.
Ladies' " "	.40	"	1.50.
Misses' " "	.40	"	1.00.
Boy's " "	.50	"	1.25.
Child'n's " "	.25	"	.75.

Also, just received, Two cases fine French Calf Gent's Boots, at A. ROUNDY'S.

Woburn, May 25, 1861.

IT CAN BE DONE.

OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.

March 13th, 1861.—3m

Assignees Sale of PERSONAL PROPERTY.

WILL be sold at Public Auction on THURSDAY, the thirteenth day of June instant, at one o'clock P. M., on the premises lately occupied by JOHN FLANDERS on Main Street Woburn. A large lot of household furniture consisting in part of the following articles viz:

Sofas, Chairs, Mirrors, Brussels and other carpets, Pictures, Chamber furniture, Beds and bedsteads, one good Piano Forte (Gilbert's), 1 Singers Sewing Machine, and various other articles too numerous to mention. Also—1 light Express Wagon, 1 covered Buggy, Sleigh Pung, Harness, &c., &c.

Immediately after the sale of the above will be sold a large lot of Shoe Stock, Patterns, Lasts, Machines for cutting sole leather, Shoe Boxes, 1 Counting Room Desk, 1 Iron safe, Counters and Drawers, &c. Also—A large lot of ladies, Boots and Shoes.

Conditions at Sale.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Assignee.

Woburn, June 6, 1861.—1w.

To the Honorable Commissioners of Middlesex County:

THE undersigned respectfully represent that the public good requires that a public highway should be laid out and built from Franklin Street to Melrose near the Stoneham Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southerly over Tremont Street, crossing Melrose Street and thence Southerly over lands late of heirs of Winthrop Richardson's and others, and nearly parallel to the Boston and Maine Railroad, to Emerson Street at the internection of Luke Avenue therewith, and thence Southerly and Easterly to Main Street in said Melrose.

FRANK A. MESSENGER, and others

Melrose, May, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Concord in said county, on the first Tuesday of June in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one,

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Highland Station on the Boston and Maine Railroad in Melrose on the twenty-sixth day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., by serving the Town Clerk of Melrose, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Melrose fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and order therein,

Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

A true copy Attest,

MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING, J. F. PICKERING.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

An Important Fact!

1

It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!

2

Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.

3

Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.

4

In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.

5

At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

MRS. C. F. PORTER,

HAS taken the Store formerly ocupied by MR. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the

Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of

MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861.—3m

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of NANCY D. REED, late of Woburn, in said County, widow, deceased, GREETING.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented for Probate by Edward Simonds, the Executor therein named,—You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the Second Tuesday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be proved and allowed.

And the said Simonds is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Middlesex Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be three days at least before said court.

Witness my hand this twenty-third day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of Probate Court.

A true copy, Attest, J. H. TYLER, Register.

FOR SALE

IN Woburn, a COTTAGE HOUSE, BARN and WORKSHOP, within a few minutes walk of Churches Schools and R. R. Depot. There is a never failing well of water upon the premises. Will be sold low for cash. Inquire at this office.

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,

and all articles used in Millinery. Also,

Dress Making attended to,

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinance of the same.

April 19.—tf

SOMETHING NEW!

IAM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of

LIGHT AND DARK GOODS

—FOR—

SPRNIG CLOTHING.

G. R. GAGE.

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without injury

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN, 148 Hanover Street, Boston.

TO LET.

THE subscriber has several PLEASANT ROOMS in his new building on Union street, which he is desirous of letting for some light business. Particulars will be given on application.

L. W. COOPER.

Woburn, Dec. 15th, 1860.—tf

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL FOR $30.

CALLING AT CORK,

THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steamships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin, $75. Third Class, $30. Third Class, *from Liverpool*, $40. Third Class, *from Cork to New York*, $30. Third Class, *from Cork to Boston*, $32.50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents 99 State Street and Constitution Wharf, Boston, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

REMITTANCES:—Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britian or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN.

O. H. WEED & CO., Agents.

P. S. We solicit orders from all Traders and Pedlers, to whom we will forward a sample, or any quantity of the above Sweepers, at the lowest wholesale price, viz:—$21 per dozen.

O. H. WEED & CO.

BOSTON AND LOWELL and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.30 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.30 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.30 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.30 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00 5.16, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Saturdays at 10 p. m.
Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00, 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m, 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7 55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant B. L. and N. & L. R. R.

May 1st, 1861.

CHARLES A. SMITH

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand

☞ SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.

Woburn, Feb. 14.

WILLIAM WINN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estat attended to on reasonable term

Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

A. B COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Stree

At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

ALSO, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware, Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

☞ *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.*

(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).

Nov1, 1858. ytf

H. HARRIMAN,

HARNESS AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER.

Corner of Ockley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices

Repairing neatly done.

Nov. 20.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Apply at this Office.

Woburn, January 11, 1861.

BOOKS BOOKS.

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book sellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

Lyceum Building, Winchester. June 7.

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1858. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,

School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL, ... WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

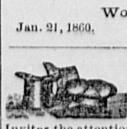
HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,

Woburn Centre

Jan. 21, 1860. tf



HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,

PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by leaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.*

East Woburn, Sept. ytf

Central Market

Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.

Oct 8, 1859. tf

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL Printing Establishment,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WE call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

Printing of Every Description.

All classes of the community can have their wants supplied in any style of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS,
INSURANCE POLICIES,
BANK CHECKS,
NOTE BOOKS,
BLANK RECEIPTS,
LEGAL BLANKS,
BILL HEADS,
CATALOGUES,
SERMONS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
PAMPHLETS,
ORDER OF EXERCISES,
BUSINESS CARDS,
ADDRESS CARDS,
BALL CARDS,
ORDER OF DANCES,
SHOW BILLS,
POSTERS,
AUCTION BILLS,
SHOP BILLS,
MILK BILLS,
LABELS,
&c., &c., &c.

Particular attention paid to printing

Posters of all sizes; also Visiting, Marriage, Invitation, Ball and Business Cards.

☞ Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS *STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER, BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c.*, has just been added to the former stock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry, Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Intermediate and Primary Schools. American and English Family, Pocket and School Bibles and Testaments, a very large stock; Psalmist, Watts and Select, Plymouth Collection, and Christian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post, Political and Ornamental Writing Papers. White, Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes.—Gillott's and Commercial Pens and Holders of various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and Indelible Ink. Covered, Plain, Transparent, and Porcelain Slates. Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper. Whitney's Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Ink Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Faber's, Carpenters, and Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders, Drawing Books, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Tearers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

JUVENILE BOOK,

in Cloth, Morocco, and paper covers.

Blank Books and Memorandums of all kinds in general use, Full and Half-Bound Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, and Letter Books. Tablet Paper and Ivory Memorandums, Writing and Exercise Books, School Journals, &c.

HOUSE PAPERS.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand, and supplied to order.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff, Back, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crotchet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and Toys of all kinds.

A. E. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

No. 3 Wade's Block.

Woburn, April, 1854.

DR. C. T. LANG

SURGEON DENTIST,

Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.,

WOBURN CE NTR, MASS

E. D. HAYDEN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

NO. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN, MASS.

Feb. 13. ytf

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

HORSE SHOES.

BURDEN'S NEW PATENT MACHINE HORSE SHOES, punched, creased, and ready for fitting, warranted to fit up as easily and wear as long as the best hand-made Swedes Iron Shoe, and sold at the price of good shoe iron. Weight from ten ounces to three pounds, packed in kegs of one hundred pounds, one size or an assortment, as preferred, in each keg. Samples may be seen at the store of LEEDS & TOBEY, 23 BROAD ST., BOSTON. Agents for the sale of Burden's Railroad, Ship and Boat Spikes, Boiler Rivets, Horse Shoes, and Merchant Iron.

The Place to Purchase Everything in the Sewing Machine Department.

C. PATCH & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Sewing Machine Shuttles, Bobbins, Needles, Hemmers, Screw-drivers, Oilers and Oil, Silk, Cotton and Linen Thread, and every variety of Sewing Machine Trimmings, at the *lowest prices*. Also, every variety of First Class Sewing Machines at the Manufacturer's LOWEST CASH PRICES. Persons wishing to purchase Sewing Machines will do well to call at

181 Washington street, - - Boston.

ATTRACTIVE MUSIC BOOKS.

HOME CIRCLE,—Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Marches, &c., for Piano, $1.50. *Shower of Pearls*, Vocal Duets, $2.00. *Operatic Bouquet*, Duets, Quartetts, Choruses, &c., from the best Operas, $2.00. *Home Melodist*, Words and Music of about 100 Favorite Songs, 25 cts. *Shilling Song Book*, Words of 175 Popular Songs, 12 cts 100 Scotch Songs, 100 Irish Songs, 100 Comic Songs, each 50 cts.

Sent post paid, on receipt of price. Pianos and Melodeons for sale and to let at very low prices, by DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

Office 33 Bromfield St., Boston.

Rev. N. Day, *President*. Rev. P. Mason, *Vice do* Charles R. Greene, *Treasurer*.

PHYSICIANS:

R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D

MARY HARWOOD, FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

THIS Institution was established to secure greater perfection in the science of Medicine, and a more successful practice in the treatment of the various diseases upon natural or rational principles, discarding the use of poisonous drugs, and using such remedies, and such only, as act in harmony with the laws of life. Invalids, therefore, who wish to employ sensible means in a sensible way, for the recovery of health, will find advantages at this Institution not to be found elsewhere.

The Electro-Chemical Baths, together with Dr. Greene's improved Medication, have been adopted in this Institution, and have greatly aided in the removal of many diseases.

Most Diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Complaint, Female Complaints, and the great variety of diseases with which the human body is afflicted, are successfully treated with medicines which can be sent to any part of the world, with full directions, as a very correct knowledge can be obtained from answers to the questions in the "Indian Arcana," a copy of which will be sent free when requested. Persons wishing to learn more fully the theory and practice of this Institution, will be supplied with a pamphlet by mail, free, on the receipt of four postage stamps.

All persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should avail themselves of the personal attention of the physicians at the Institute, where proper boarding-houses are provided.

Consultations at the office, free of charge, from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M., or by letter on the receipt of a postage stamp.

All communications should be directed to DR. GREENE, 36 *Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.*

PURE PICKLES,

DELICIOUS SAUCES, FINE MUSTARD, and GENUINE KETCHUPS,

FROM CROSSE & BLACKWELL, *LONDON.*

CHOW-CHOW, Piccalilli, Mixed and other Pickles; Sultana's, Harvey, John Bull, Anchovey, &c., Sauces; Durham Mustard, India Soy, Curry, Walnut, and Mushroom Ketchups, Chutney, &c., are adapted to hot and cold

Meats, Fish, Soups, Gravies. &c.

They should be furnished for every table, and supplied to every cook.

C. & B.'s goods have gained great renown for their purity and quality, not only in England but in other countries. They are sold nearly as low as inferior goods, and purchasers wishing their preparations, should see that the name of Crosse & Blackwell, London, is on each Bottle or parcel purchased.

Importers and Agents, BRAY & HAYES, 31 Cornhill, Boston.

ROMAN CEMENT,

Imported by

Bray & Hayes, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

Roman and Portland Cement, for brick or stone work, hydraulics, gas and water pipe joints, &c.,

$1200 A YEAR AND EXPENSES GUARANTEED AGENTS FOR FULLAM'S $10 Patent Stencil Tools.

THE WHOLE OUTFIT IN A NEAT TRUNK FOR $10.

TWO hours' practice enables any one to use those tools with facility. The outfit contains Chisels and Gouges for LARGE WORK, and stock enough to retail for $150. Circulars and samples sent free.

Address A. J. FULLAM, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston; 212 Broadway, New York; or Springfield, Vt.

JULIAN A. FOGG,

MANUFACTURER of every description of Polished ENGRAVED METAL SIGNS, for Store Windows, Office Doors, Door Posts, &c. Silver Door Plates neatly engraved to order. No. 221 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. Machine, Carriage, and Coffin Plates, furnished and engraved to order. Silver Letters and Numbers, Pew Figures, &c., &c. Orders sent from a distance will receive prompt attention. Diploma awarded at the late Mechanics' Fair, for Engraved Metal Signs.

Rubber Coats,	- $1.50	to	$8.00
Rub'r Horse Covers,	2.50	"	5.00
Rubber Foot Balls,	.60	"	1.60

All Goods at the Manufacturers' Lowest Prices.

ALFRED HALE & CO.,

India-Rubber Manuf'rs, 23 School Street, BOSTON.

ANDREW J. MORSE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Soda and Mineral Water Apparatus,

49 Congress Street, Boston.

Catalogues containing prices and description of the various articles will be sent upon application.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

A Cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, General Debility, and all Scrofulus Humors.

THIS COMPOUND has been used with the most complete success by our most celebrated Physicians, for the removal and permanent cure of the above diseases. Hundreds for whom there was no hope before the discovery of this simple yet effectual remedy, have been raised to health and happiness by its timely use. The following case of Mr. J. Williams is sufficient to convince all of its Wonderful effects. He says:—

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for several months. I had used the clear Cod Liver Oil most of the time, but had derived but little benefit from it. I had an attack of Bleeding at the Lungs, which alarmed my friends very much, as they now supposed there was no hope for me. About this time I heard of your Compound Cod Liver Oil and Lime. I immediately commenced using it, and began soon to perceive its benoeficia effects; in two months my cough had entirely left me, and I am now enjoying perfect health. Truly yours, J. Williams."

N. B. This Compound does not nauseate like the Clear Oil.—Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, No. 166 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL COMPANY.

Kerosene, Illuminating, Lubriacating and Binnacle Oils.

THE above Oils, from the manufactory of this Company, constantly on hand and for sale by the Agents,

BUSLEY & KING,

March 14, 1861. 36 INDIA STREET.

The French Burr Millstone Shop

Is removed from the foot of WEBSTER ST., East Boston, to

Nos. 17 and 19 Eastern Avenue,

THIRD DOOR FROM COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON,

CONSTANTLY on hand a choice selection of all kinds of French and American Esopus Burr Millstones. Stones dressed and repaired in Mills at short notice, and by most competent workmen.

N. CRILLY.

CRANE'S PATENT RUBBER BAND Carpet Sweeper.

THIS is the only article fit to sweep a Carpet. They save all the labor and dust, and the Carpets will last twice as long. They are one of the most important articles in house-keeping, which no one will be without after once using it. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

PRICE $2.50.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE

RUBBER BAND CARPET SWEEPER CO.

No. 55 Cornhill, Boston.

J. A. BRUCE,

NO. 106 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Dealer in

Horses, Carriages, Piano-Fortes, Iron Safes, Cigars, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

And various other kinds of Merchandise. Also, *Real Estate* bought and sold. Money loaned on Personal Property. Always ready to buy, sell, or exchange property.

FAIRBANKS & BREED,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Ale, Porter, Cider, Mineral water,

Congress Spring Water, Draught Ale, Porter, and Lager Beer.

Howard Athenæum Building,

HOWARD ST., BOSTON.

F. R. ROBINSON'S INDEXIBLE SOAP.

TWO SILVER MEDALS AWARDED.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Brittanna, and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c., warranted to contain nothing that *can possibly* injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use.

Many of our largest dealers in Silver Ware have given it their unqualified approval. ☞ See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other Soap for cleaning fine House Paint, the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the paint, which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as when new.

PUMICE SOAP instantly removes Ink, Pitch, Varnish, Acid, and other stains from the hands, leaving them soft and white. It is equal to the best French pouncine and is sold for less than half the price.

HONEY SOAP, PURE.—Competent and disinterested judges pronounce this Soap equal to the best imported and far superior to most that claims the name, Honey. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin, and fragrant as a flower garden.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest metals, and agreeable to the taste. Physicians and other scientific men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth and Gums of all are infested with Animal Parasites. Careful and repeated experiments have proved that Soap is the only agent that will destroy them without injury to the organs

It effectually rids the mouth of the fœtid matter and tartar which renders the breath so impure and disagreeable—it gives tone and strength to the gums, and a clear, pearly whiteness to the teeth, preventing their premature decay.

Manufactured only by the BOSTON INDEXICAL SOAP COMPANY.

GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents, 78 Sudbury st., Boston.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST:

COPIED FROM THE CLEVELAND PLAINDEALER.

UNIVERSAL! UNIVERSAL!

IS THE DEMAND FOR

Dr. S. O. Richardson's

SHERRY WINE BITTERS,

The celebrated New England Remedy for HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE FEVER and AGUE, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all DISEASES arising from a DISORDERED STOMACH, LIVER, OR BOWELS.

THEY are used and recommended by leading Physicians of the country, and all who try them pronounce them invaluable.

Dr. JAMES L. LEEPERE writes from Navarre, Stark County, Ohio: "The Bitters are praised by those suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint."

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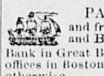

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Miscellaneous.

An English Writer's Views of Fleshy Girls.

Augusta Sala, in one of the last numbers of "Temple Bar," observes :—

Now, of fat girls, there are several varieties. There is your fat baby girl, a delightful little dumpling of a child, every one of the creases in whose rosy limbs inspires you with an irresistible propensity to tickle it. These are the little baby children that Reubens painted so gloriously.—He made their little puffed out cheeks celestial roseate, he curled their flaxen locks like unto the young tendrils of the vine; he tipped their little heels and elbows with rich carnations; he took away their sex and made them epicene; and when he had added little wings of green and golden plumage to their shoulders, they were no longer baby children, but angels, ministering in the apotheoses of kings and emperors, who I sincerely trust, have reached the destination which the courtly pencil of Peter Paul ascribed to their dead majesties.

Then there is your fat school girl, with long, fair ringlets, profuse as a Louis Quatorze perreque, with fixed blue eyes that remind you unpleasantly of the Pantheon Bazaar and Madame Montanari's wax-work shop, and with a dull, listless fixity of demeanor that makes one always wish to find out whereabouts the string is, in order to pull it, and cause the eyes to move and the great doll to squeak "pa-pa" and "ma-ma."

Yet another variety of the fat school girl is there in the romp, or tom boy, who has cheeks as ruddy and as hard as a Ribstone pippin, who is continually grazing the skin off her arms, and tearing the trimming off the ends of her trousers; who, if she lives in the country, is in the habit of catching young colts and riding them without a saddle or bridle, round paddocks; who is always getting into domestic troubles through her transactions with a big black dog fond of the water and of chivying cats; who is always laughing, has a tremendous appetite, and once fought with a boy and came off victorious.

The decline of the old fashioned system of education, and the rise of seminaries and collegiate institutions, where young ladies attend lectures on Odic force and the Therapeutic Cosmogony of Ancient Art, has made the tom boy fat girl a rare specimen of femininity; but she is still occasionally to be met with—notably in Westmoreland boarding schools, and in the farm houses of the West.

I lament the progressive extinction of the merry fat girl. She usually grew up to a jolly, comfortable matron, with a tribe of sunny children, all as great romps as she had been. Her pickled walnuts were perfection. She was one of these admirable women who always give you something to eat when you call upon them, and if you are neither hungry nor athirst, insist upon your carrying away a pot of preserves or a slice of bridecake with you. It was the golden age, and England was merry England indeed when those fat matrons who had been fat girls, flourished. They used to entertain you at "meat-teas"—bounteous repasts, where there were sausages and pressed beef, soused mackerel and potato cakes.

The Brain.—One of the readiest roads to the head is through the lungs. You may teach the brain in a minute with chloroform, for example. The power of this drug is something marvellous. When under its influence a man may have his limb cut off without any sensation whatever; and even when he recovers from the artificial trance he may still have neither pain or uneasiness. Why? Have you ever seen a person after a fit of epilepsy? After a fit of that kind people have no remembrance of anything done to them during the fit. During the epileptic paroxysm, the brain is all but completely torpid. The same thing happens after the anæsthetic sleep chloroform. In neither case can a man remember what he never felt. But mark what may happen after amputation performed on a patient under chloroform. The same man who felt no pain in the stump either during or after the operation, may continue for many successive months to be attacked with the identical local symptoms for which the limb was removed, at the hour of the day or night when he was wont to suffer martyrdom before its removal. And more than this, if seized by his old enemy during sleep, he may awake, exclaiming, "Oh, my leg, my leg! it pains me the same as when it was on." More curious still, he may tell you he can so far as his own feelings are concerned, actually move the foot of the amputated limb. What do these facts prove? They prove: 1, that the brain is the source of all motion and all sensation, morbid or sane; they prove inversely, 2, that the brain is the source of rest and remission, sleep included; they further prove, 3, that the brain is the source of all paroxysmal recurrence, whether the more prominent symptoms be general or local.—*London Medical Practice.*

Dividing the Responsibility.—It is an old story, told by Sterne, that two holy nuns were driving a mule that ought to have drawn their cart from the convent to a certain shrine. But the mule, finding that he had only two gentle ladies behind him, instead of a slashing swearing driver, basely stuck fast, and would not move. The young ladies tried every means to get him on in vain. At last it occurred to them that the beast had been in the habit of being urged on by bad language, and would not move unless a naughty word were used to him.—Somehow, convent-bred though they were, the pretty creatures happened to know one naughty word; Mr. Punch does not know one, but it is suggested to him that it may have been "Devil." But of course the girls were not going to commit the sin of saying this, and a bright thought struck them. "Let us divide the word," said the holy Constantia to the holy Emilia, "and there will be no sin, as neither have said the word." So, "De," cried the sweet voice of Emilia,—"Vil," cried the sweet voice of Constantia, and on, let us hope, went the mule.—*Punch.*

A Question Answered.—In answer to the question asked by Mr. A. H. Stephens, in a recent speech—"When did Virginia ever ask aid or protection from the United States government?" the Philadelphia *Bulletin* replies :—

"We are not disposed to go far back into the annals of history to answer this question in full; but the *last* instance that we *now* think of, was when Virginia asked the aid of United States Marines to drive John Brown, seventeen white men, and one 'nigger,' out of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry."

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Dec. 8, 1860.—1y.

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PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increase on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

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Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, in cases of Ague and Fever, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

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Curative and Nerve Tonic:

For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.

THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

Wilmington Depot, May 16th, 1859.

Peter Lawson—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station-agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends. We are sincerely and gratefully yours,

L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.

Peter Lawson, Esq.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficancy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.

I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,

T. FOSTER FARMER.

Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.

Peter Lawson, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly, J. B. EATON.

Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

Dracut, Nov. 19, 1860.

Hon. Peter Lawson:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you, that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it very often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me, and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it, and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, that I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,

WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

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The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES

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DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

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The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

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SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone.

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BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS,—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds, Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

And for the speedy cure of the subjoined varieties of Disease:

Scrofula and Scrofulous Affections, such as Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Blains, and all Skin Diseases.

Oakland, Ind., 6th June, 1859.

J. C. Ayer & Co. Gents: I feel it my duty to acknowledge what your Sarsaparilla has done for me. Having inherited a Scrofulous infection, I have suffered from it in various ways for years. Sometimes it burst out in Ulcers on my hands and arms; sometimes it turned inward and distressed me at the stomach. Two years ago it broke out on my head and covered my scalp and ears with one sore, which was painful and loathsome beyond description. I tried many medicines and several physicians, but without much relief from any thing. In fact, the disorder grew worse. At length I was rejoiced to read in the Gospel Messenger that you had prepared an alterative (Sarsaparilla), for I knew from your reputation that any thing you made must be good. I sent to Cincinnati and got it, and used it till it cured me. I took it, as you advise, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a month, and used almost three bottles. New and healthy skin soon began to form under the scab, which after a while fell off. My skin is now clear, and I know by my feelings that the disease has gone from my system. You can well believe that I feel what I am saying when I tell you, that I hold you to be one of the apostles of the age, and remain ever gratefully. Yours,

ALFRED B. TALLEY.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.

Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Eruptions* by it constantly.

Bronchocele, Goitre or Swelled Neck.

Zebulon Sloan of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bottles of your Sarsaparilla cured me from a *Goitre*—a hideous swelling on the neck, which I had suffered from over two years."

Leucorrhœa or Whites, Ovarian Tumor, Uterine Ulceration, Female Diseases.

Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York City, writes; "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alterative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in *Female Diseases* of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhœa by it, and some where the complaint was caused by *ulceration of the uterus*. The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for these female derangements."

Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dangerous *ovarian tumor* on one of the females in my family, which had defied all the remedies we could employ, has at length been completely cured by your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Our physician thought nothing but extirpation could afford relief, but he advised the trial of your Sarsaparilla as the last resort before cutting, and it proved effectual. After taking your remedy eight weeks no symptom of the disease remains."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

New Orleans, 25th August, 1859.

Dr. J. C. Ayer: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the request of your agent, and report to you some of the effects I have realized with your Sarsaparilla.

I have cured with it, in my practice, most of the complaints for which it is recommended, and have found its effects truly wonderful in the cure of *Venereal and Mercurial Disease.* One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers in his throat, which were consuming his palate and the top of his mouth. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken, cured him in five weeks. Another was attacked by secondary symptoms in his nose, and the ulceration had eaten away a considerable part of it, so that I believe the disorder would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it yielded to my administration of your Sarsaparilla; the ulcers healed, and he is well again, not of course without some disfiguration to his face. A woman who had been treated for the same disorder by mercury was suffering from this poison in her bones. They had become so sensitive to the weather that on a damp day she suffered excruciating pain in her joints and bones. She, too, was cured entirely by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I know from its formula, which your agent gave me, that this Preparation from your laboratory must be a great remedy; consequently, these truly remarkable results with it have not surprised me.

Fraternally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint.

Independence, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859.

Dr. J. C. Ayer: Sir, I have been afflicted with a painful chronic *Rheumatism* for a long time, which baffled the skill of physicians, and stuck to me in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One bottle cured me in two weeks, and restored my general health so much that I am far better than before I was attacked. I think it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.

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VOL. X : : NO. 37. WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Rivers.

River! river! little river!
 Swift you glide away;
Now o'er sparkling pebbles glancing,
Now o'er flowers and foliage dancing,
 Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth;
Now round fragrant thyme banks sweeping,
Now o'er every barrier leaping,
 Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!
 Broad and deep, and still as time,
Seeming still, and yet in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
 Just like mortal prime.

River! river! rapid river!
 Swifter now you glide away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
 Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river!
 Down you rush into the sea;
Sea that line hath never sounded,
Sea that voyage hath never rounded,
 Like eternity.

Select Literature.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE; OR THE MYSTERIOUS CONFERENCE.

The time was midnight. An unclouded moon threw a flood of light through the casements of a richly adorned drawing-room, into which the owner of the mansion, Walingham Fairfield, stealthily entered. His face was flushed, his dress disordered, and his general appearance betokened excessive emotion; yet he seemed anxious to prevent his footstepts from being heard. He was followed by another individual with equal caution, and who, after closing the door gently, imitated the example of Fairfield, by throwing himself into an arm-chair, and fixing his eyes upon the carpet.

Fairfield produced some papers from his writing-desk, and at length broke silence; but his words were uttered in so low a tone, that they were scarcely audible to his companion. He feared to trust the air with them, lest the secret they expressed should be disclosed to ears from which he most wished it should be kept.

The words he spoke were pondered on for some moments by his companion, who at length expressed his concurrence in their purport, by an observation in equally low tones. Fairfield then, delivering the papers to his companion, and accompanying him down stairs, closed the door gently after him; and then returning to to the drawing-room, thew himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. Thus he remained for some time, when, on raising his head, his glance fell upon a female figure, over which a white morning robe had been hastily thrown, and that now stood before him with a look of mingled love and pity.

"Ernestine!" he exclaimed; "what do you here at this time of night?"

"Walsingham!" she replied, "what do *you* here at this time of night?"

"I have told you, Ernestine," he observed, "that your prying curiosity—which you would have me think arises from affection—is impertinent. I tell you now, it is offensive."

"A wife should share her husband's sorrow Walsingham."

"A wife should avoid increasing whatever cares her husband may possess, by her officiousness."

"What then is love?" exclaimed Ernestine, looking at her husband, imploringly, "I would endure half your load of care; and you refuse me."

"These importunities increase that care. If you would be kind to me, leave me to myself immediatly."

Ernestine silently and slowly turned from her husband's side, and Walsingham Fairfield was again alone. He had dismissed the angel that had power to save him.

The next night Walsingham and his companion returned equally stealthily, and the latter remained longer, and still greater caution was observed on his departure; but a quick ear might have detected a light footfall on the stairs. The angel still was there. Nightly these midnight consultations were continued; but suddenly Fairfield became constant to his home; he did not leave the house for days; and the gentle attentions of his wife seemed to be appreciated, for his words were always kind to her; and his tones now fell upon her heart like well-remembered music on the ear, sung by the loved and lost.

The dream of happiness, hwever, was soon dispelled. A letter destroyed it all. Fairfield's banker, who held a large amount of capital for investment, and to whom application had been made for its return, had failed, and fled. Hope now was of no avail; the secret which had been carefully concealed from Ernestine, could be concealed no longer. Fairfield had lost large sums at the gaming table; and although his friend, Coningsby, had obtained time for him to discharge these obligations, the failure of his banker rendered it impossible to do so at any time.

That Coningsby should be the man to undertake the trouble and vexation of an arrangement with Fairfield's creditors, would not have been inexplicable to Earnestine, if her husband had mention the name of his friend; but Coningsby, who professed an utter contempt for women, and sneered at men who condesended to discuss matters of business with them, had made it a condition of his mediation that Fairfield should have no communication with his wife upon the subject. Coningsby was the man whose visits were made so mysteriously at night; and who hour after hour sat with Fairfield over the books and parchments, scanning them with lawyer-like deliberation; whilst Ernestine, alarmed at these midnight visits, and by nothing more than the silence that prevailed, intermingled only with the rustling of papers and leases, and interrupted by short whispers, as one party made an inquiry, to which the other as briefly, and in as low terms, replied, still watched, undiscovered, endeavoring to penetrate the mystery. If Ernestine could have thought it was Coningsby who was her husband's companion, she would have guessed his purpose, and have frustrated it. Some years previously, before her marriage, and whilst her hand was sought by many whom the richness of her beauty, and the grace of her accomplishments, inspired with love, she had declined an offer made by Coningsby, at that time one of the gayest of the fashionable men about town, and who set off a handsome person by the indisputable correctness of his taste in dress; but his manners and principles were not in accordance with those of Ernestine and she respectfully rejected his offer, when he had boasted at the clubs of his ability to carry her off. Astonished by the unexpected rejection of his suit, he had openly vowed to be revenged; and although the threat, on account of the malicous disposition of Coningsby, gave Ernestine and her husband some uneasiness, yet as he went upon the Continent some time afterwards, with a resolution to abide there, in consequence of his broken fortune, the matter ceased to be talked of, and at length it seldom entered the thoughts of the parties.

Fairfield had been induced, upon an occasion after the opera, to visit one of those elegant caverns in the neighbourhood of St. James's where fortunes are won and lost over a table, with almost inconceivable rapidity. His successes, and the compliments paid to his skillful play, induced him to repeat his visit; he was again successful; and when the personages around the table, comprehending a variety of characters, ranging from the semblance of the hightest aristocracy, to the plebeian who attempted to act the part of a gentleman, but whose vulgar features "no rouge could soften and no wig disguise," flattered Fairfield's pride by their expressions of admiration and astonishment, he felt the "play" extremely exhilarating, and resolved to give it his constant attention for the future.

Fairfield acted in accordence with this resolution, and became a nightly visitor at the gaming-house. There he eventually met Coningsby, who was aquainted with the friend, Joyce Hasselton, who had introduced Fairfield and to whom he represented Coningsby as an altered man, and much desirous of cultivating Fairfield's acquaintance. The bait was successful, and the husband fell into the disappointed rival's toils.

Coningsby, who had always been a successful gamester, had so much improved his art by associating with expert practitioners at Baden, where he had resided for three years, that on his return to England, his acquaintance was sought by the promoters of gaming tables; and although he had now no other means of subsistence than he obtained by chance, he was soon able to assume an apperance almost equal to that which he possessed when his fortune and position warranted him in aspiring to the hand of Ernestine. Fairfield was completely deceived by Coningsby's plausible manners, and the latter, always intent upon the accomplishment of his revenge, brought him at length to the point of ruin just described.

It was their mutual friend, Joyce Hasselton, who held the greater part of the securities Fairfield had given to cover his debts of honor; and although Coningsby had appeared to prevail upon the latter to withold his claim, yet the failure of Fairfield's banker was immediately followed by an enforcement of the demand.

The bankrupt gamester sat in the midst of the home which love had decorated with all the graces fortune could invoke, and had further enriched by its own priceless brightness, terror-stricken by the hopeless prospect before him; whilst Coningsby, on an opposite chair, gazed with quiet satisfaction upon the wreck he had made. His revenge, however, was not yet complete.

It was long past midnight, and the friends had come from their old haunt, after another ineffectual effort on the the part of Fairfield at the gaming table, and another ineffectual effort on the part of Coningsby to induce Joyce Hasselton to delay such legal proceedings as would make him the master of all that now remained to Walsingham Fairfield. The wax-lights had been extinguished by the latter, for he could not bear their brightness; the firelight was almost intolerable: decanters emptied of their contents were upon the table, together with pens and paper. Fairfield gazed into the dull fire, with lips firmly compressed and his hands clenched, whilst Coningsby whispered.

"I only say what I should do were I in your place. Mind, I don't advise you. It is, as you say, a serious matter. But let us have some wine. We are dull and nervous."

Fairfield arose, and unlocking the room-door proceeded stealthily toward the library, where he knew he could obtain some wine without disturbing the servants. Noiselessly as he passed out of the room, so noiselessly did other footsteps enter. The absence of Fairfield had been but momentary, but in that moment a change had taken place; and when he returned, and, locking the door, took his seat again opposite to his destroyer, they were not alone.

There was another presence in the room. Low as were their whispers, there were other ears that heard them: secret as the consultations were, the one being from whose knowledge both husband and rival were most desirous of concealing them, became cognizant of all. Ernestine was there!

The glasses were refilled, again and again: the wine was drunk in silence; and then the silence was broken.

"You are sure," whispered Fairfield, "that Dr. Parker says he cannot recover?"

"O, there is no doubt on that point," replied Coningsby. "He can't possibly live three weeks; and you, being executor, will of course, have everything in your own hands."

"I will do it!" exclaimed Fairfield; and suddenly turning to the table, inquired, "Where is the paper?"

"Be cool, my dear fellow, be cool," replied Coningsby. "I never do anything in a hurry. Here is the bill—let me first light a taper, though; you can't see in the dark. All you have to do, is to write 'Claude Markham' in the right-hand corner."

If both parties had not rivetted their minds upon the business in progress, a stifled exclamation would have been observed by them; but neither was in a condition to notice trifling circumstances. Yet although Fairfield was in a state of terrible excitement, coningsby deliberately turned toward the fire to light a taper.

That coolness was the ruin of his scheme.

The back of Coningsby was toward the table, and Fairfield's face was buried in his hands, when quickly, but silently, the unheeded angel glided from her hiding-place, and when the taper was lighted, and the pen put into Fairfield's hand to commit the forgery upon the supposed dying father of Ernestine, another paper, different from that provided by Coningsby, had taken its place.

"Now, write," said Coningsby. "You tremble like a girl, although you are but anticipating Time, and availing yourself of what must positively be yours in three weeks."

The villain knew how falsly he was speaking. Sir Claude Markham, Ernestine's father, although indisposed, was in no danger. Fairfield trusted in his betrayer. The paper was signed, and Coningsby quickly put it in his pocket.

"I shall be able to bring you money for this in the course of the day, no doubt," said Coningsby, as he took up his hat to depart. "Now, go to bed, my dear fellow, and dream of happiness."

The master of the house, with customary quietness, let out the false friend; and then, proceeding hastily to Ernestine's chamber, beheld her there apparently in the quiet sleep of innocence.

"Heaven forgive me!" sighed the husband, as he fell upon his knees in prayer.

It was late the next day before Fairfield arose; and on entering the breakfast-room he was surprised to hear from Ernestine that a gentleman had been for some time waiting to see him. Fairfield rang the bell, and desired the gentleman would send in his name. The servant returned with the card of "Mr. Coningsby."

"Coningsby!" exclaimed Fairfield; and immediately excusing himself to Ernestine, proceeded to the library, where the visitor was seated.

"Coningsby!" he exclaimed, "this visit, at such a time, is most imprudent—most improper. I would not have Ernestine know you were here for the world."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "She must know it."

"Must!" echoed Fairfield. "It was your own proposition that she should remain ignorant of your being in England."

"Yes, but the case is altered. You may invite me to breakfast now."

"Are you mad, Coningsby?"

"Certainly not, Fairfield. You and Ernestine breakfast here of course. I shall be honered with your company."

"I am not in a mood for jesting," said Fairfield.

"Very well; mirth or seriousness, as you please. If you prefer to leave before breakfast, do so."

"Coningsby, what is it that you mean?"

"I mean this," said Coningsby, in a tone of exultation; "that I am the master here! I mean, sir, that I have purchased of Joyce Hasselton his rights—his rights, sir—the right to all your possessions that he had to dispose of; and further, sir, I will tell you, that unless you are quick in removing to the other side of the street-door of this mansion, with your wife, the pretty and proud Ernestine, the police may inquire of you personally, respecting a certain forgery, which Sir Claude Markham is by this time cognizant of."

Fairfield stared at his companion in mute astonishment; and then, almost breathless, he exclaimed:

"Is it possible you are so great a villain!"

"It is possible," cried Coningsby, with an exulting laugh, "that I am revenged. Ernestine Markam despised me! For five years have I longed for this hour. It has been the subject of my thoughts by day, and of dreams by night. At length my dream is realized. I am her master, and yours. Call the haughty beauty before me. Let me see her ere she goes with her dear lord to share his shame. Call her before me!"

"No!" cried Fairfield. "That triumph you shall not have. Monster in human shape! you have undone me, but you shall not exult over my poor injured and innocent wife!"

Seizing Coningsby by the throat, he dragged him toward the stairs, calling upon the servants to open the street-door; but Coningsby, suddenly perceiving Sir Claude Markham and a police constable at the foot of the stairs, managed to extricate himself from Fairfield's grasp, and exclaimed:

"I am glad you are come, Sir Claude, to behold the ferocity of your son-in-law, the felon ——"

"Take him into custody!" exclaimed Sir Claude; and Joyce Hasselton, immediately darting forward, seized the arm of Coningsby, and said:

"This is the man!"

Coningsby was arrested for conspiracy. He had mistaken the character of Hasselton, who undertook to aid his schemes, only to frustrate them; and who finding the plot ripe, had that morning been to Sir Claude Markham's, and placed in his hands the whole of the securities dishonestly obtained from Fairfield. And Ernestine, who had watched nightly at the room-door where the mysterious conferences were held, and was at length rewarded with an opportunity to save her husband from the imputation of felony, now that Coningsby was removed by the police, came forward, and acknowledged what she had done.

The husband sought and obtained forgiveness, and the angel still blesed his happy home.

☞ A backwoodsman who came to volunteer in a New Jersey Company, said he couldn't read, but he could shoot the eye out of a squirrel on the top of the tallest tree. Such a man can make his mark.

A Heroic Mother.

One dreary evening, during the settling of the Western wilderness, a woman, with an infant in her arms, sat in a lonely cabin in the forest, awaiting the return of her husband, who had gone off early in the morning in search of game, expecting to be at home by dark at the latest. A rudely constructed light—composed of a wick burning bear's oil in a horn cup—stood on a slab-table, and threw its faint gleams over the sad face of the mother, as she bent over her babe with an expression of anxiety allied to fear.

"Oh, why does he not come?" she murmured, in a low, earnest tone; "why does he not come? Oh, if anything should have happened to him, what will become of us?"

She arose in great agitation as she spoke, and began to walk quickly to and fro, stopping now and then to listen, as she fancied she heard the sound of an approaching footstep.

At length, as she was about to approach the fire to add more fuel, she started with a bright gleam of joy, as she heard the long-expected and most welcome tap upon the door.

"Is it you, my dear William?" she cried, as she hastily laid her infant upon the bed and darted forward to undo the fastenings. "Why do you not answer, dear William?" she pursued, in a louder tone, as her hands worked tremulously at the main bar which fastened the entrance. "Speak, William! that I may be certain it is you!" she added, pausing in doubt, and with a growing fear. "Surely, husband, you cannot wish to frighten me! Oh, William, I dare not open the door till I hear your kind voice to re-assure me!"

To all of these appeals there came no answer; and the poor wife, affrighted at the silence, clasped her hands together, and began to tremble and quake like an aspen.

"It must be Indians!" she gasped with ashen lips, as she silently but hastily ran back, and extinguished the light.

Then she flew to the bed, drew out an ax from under it, took down a rifle from over it, and, catching up her child and pressing it to her breast, hurried to a ladder that led up to an apartment under the roof. As she placed her foot upon the first round, a voice in broken English, said:

"Squaw open door—good—no hurt—poor man hungry."

"God have mercy on us!" breathed the terrified woman, as she hastened up the ladder, bearing her child and weapons with her. As she reached the floor above, she laid her babe upon the hard planks, and proceeded to draw up the ladder. The child, for the first time, now began to cry; and as its tiny voice swelled out upon the air, it was drowned in a series of wild and appalling yells.

Mrs. Norton, with all her gentle, loving nature, was a brave woman; and now, when she knew the worst and believed there was no hope of escape, she prepared to defend herself and child to the last, and die, if die she must, as would become a wife who had dared with her bold husband to face the dangers of the wilderness. Carefully wrapping up her babe, and placing it far back under the roof, she returned to the opening, and pointed the rifle downward, prepared to fire upon the first who should attempt to reach her; and in this position—pale, calm, but with compressed lips and knitted brow—she awaited the result.

All without had now become still as death; but suddenly her very heart seemed pierced with another series of those demoniac yells; and then loud blows were rained fast and furiously upon the door, and the poor woman knew that the work of destruction and death had begun in earnest.

In a few miuntes the strong barrier was pierced and splintered, and hurled inward with a loud crash; and then, with fierce yells, some eight or ten dusky figures poured into the dwelling, and flitted to and fro in the dim fire-light in eager search of mother and child. At length one of the band, glancing upward, espied the resolute mother, as she peered steadily down upon them from her place of retreat, with her rifle pointed, ready to fire upon the first who should attempt to assail her; and with a cry of delight at the discovery, the Indian sent his tomahawk whizzing through the opening, past the head of his intended victim, missing her by less than an inch. The next moment the muzzle of her piece was pointed directly at his breast, and the trigger pressed; and as the report rang out, the savage fell back with a yell of agony, mortally wounded.

The instant Mrs. Norton fired she drew back from the opening, and thus saved her life; for ere the smoke of her own piece had cleared away, some half a dozen balls passed though it and lodged in the heavy timbers of the roof; and with the blended reports of these Indian muskets came such appalling screams of savage fury as made her involuntarily sink upon her knees, sick, faint, and almost paralyzed.

She was soon roused from this almost fatal lethargy, by seeing an Indian working his way up through the opening, doubtless believing her killed with the volley intended for her destruction. It was not light, but the half slumbering embers of the fire below threw a ruddy gleam upon the ascending savage, and enabled Mrs. Norton to see him thus distinctly, without herself being seen in return. One thought of her sweet, innocent babe, that this human monster was approaching, was sufficient to rouse the faculties and nerve the arm of that devoted mother; and grasping her ax, she started up, and with a quick, powerful blow, buried it in his brain; and he sunk down, a bloody corpse, upon the heads of the two companions whose shoulders were supporting him in his ascent.

Wild and terrible beyond description was the howling rage of the savages below at this unlooked-for result. They had forced their way into the dwelling, expecting to gain at least two scalps, and perhaps some valuable plunder, without any risk to themselves, and so far they had not only been foiled in their purpose by a woman, but two of their bravest warriors had fallen by her hand. Warned by the fatal past to be more cautious in the future, they made no further attempt to gain the loft occupied by our heroine, but with blood-curdling yells of fury, they dragged forward the straw bed, and deposited it under the opening, and hurled every other combustible they could find upon it, and quickly set the whole on fire.

Up rose the smoke in a suffocating volume, soon followed by tongues of flame; and as Mrs. Norton gazed down upon the horrible scene for a few agonizing moments, she felt that her time had come, and no longer indulged the faintest hope of ultimate escape. With a reeling brain, and half stifled by the all-pervading smoke, she turned back to her child, caught it up in her arms, strained it fondly to her heart, and prayed God to bless and protect her dear husband, if still among the living, and sanctify the terrible affliction—the loss of herself and child, all he had to love on earth—to his eternal good.

The Indians, with yells of triumph that they had hit upon a plan to conquer a woman, and so obtain a demoniac revenge, now retired from the dwelling, taking their dead and dying comrades with them; and surrounding the building, so as to cut off all chance for the escape of their victim, they awaited the progress of the flames.

For the first few moments the imprisoned mother, with her infant pressed to her heart, thought only of tamely yielding to the death she could not hope to escape; but life has its instincts for preservation, even when hope and desire are gone; and this instinct, in the case of Mrs. Norton, brought into play all her faculties for putting off the dreaded moment of dissolution. While gasping for breath, she suddenly bethought her of a place in the roof which required mending, and from which she might possibly obtain a little fresh air; and hastening to the spot, she exerted herself to push back a loose and warped plank; and then putting her own face to it, and that of her child, she found she could breathe much more freely. There was now a moment at this critical juncture, that she thought of forcing her way out, and permitting herself to be killed by the savages; but the fear that she might be taken prisoner and carried into a hopeless captivity—a fate to her mind worse than death itself—deterred her from the attempt; and so she remained, with all the fortitude she could summon to her aid, awaiting the speedy work of the now roaring and crackling flames.

Suddenly her heart leaped wildly with an unexpected hope; for as she kneeled by the slight aperture, gasping for breath, her ears were greeted with the shouts of men of her own race, followed instantly by the sharp reports of many rifles, and loud yells of fear and pain from the astonished Indians, the survivors of whom made no resistance, but fled precipitately.

There was a rush of men into the dwelling, and a hurling outward of the burning combustibles; and then a noble form, guided by a voice of love, found his way up into the suffocating loft, to the side of his heroic wife, whom he clasped fainting to his heart.

It was a reunion to be remembered forever.

On the afternoon of that eventful day, William Norton had fallen in with a scouting party of whites, who had soon after struck upon the trail of savages, which to his unspeakable horror, led finally to his own dwelling, where, as we have seen, the party arrived just in time to save the perishing inmates.

A HORRID PYRAMID OF SERPENTS.—A traveller in South America writes: In the savannas of Izacubo, in Guiana, I saw the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it is not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passage, while I preferred to skirt the great forest. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard returned at full gallop, and called to me, "Here, sir; come and see the serpents in a pile." He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savanna or swamp which looked like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, "This is certainly one of the assemblages of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest. I have heard of these, but I have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near." We were within twenty paces of it; the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which none of us were inclined. On a sudden the pyramid mass became agitated; horrible hissings issued from it. Thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of their circle their hideous heads, and presented their enormous darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remaining at its post, and appearing to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode around in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage, and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some enemy; which might be the great serpent or cayman; and that they reunited themselves after seeing this enemy, in order to resist in a mass.

UNPOETICAL WIFE.—Siebenbas could never inspire Lenette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love in which she could forget heaven and earth and everything else. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the sauce-pan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartment, and in the midst of a verse interwove the prosaic question:—"What shall I warm up for supper?" and he could never banish from his remembrance, that once, when she was quite touched, listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but toward his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must darn it."

The Street School.

There are many things learned out of school; and nowhere is there more learned than in the streets. Bad boys almost always live in the streets. There they are out of the way of parents, and teachers, and masters. There they see plenty of entertaining sights. There they meet with many playmates, especially with those that are older and worse. There they can halloo and shout, laugh and sing, without restraint. Especially at night all these things are worse, and then they learn very fast. The street school is very much a night school.

When boys are sent on errands, they sometimes stop by the way and take street lessons. They go out of their course, stand at corners' and gape at new sights. There are classes of the street school at the doors of the theatre and circus, and whenever there is a fire, a procession, or a training, or whenever a crowd follows the constable and his prisoners.

The street lessons are various. Idleness is the first and the chief. Curiosity about evil is the next. Boldness and impudence are also taught. Then come profane and filthy words, vile jests, unclean songs, quarreling, fighting, and even drinking. After a while the pupils in the street school are far enough advanced to go to the upper institutions, such as the jail and the alms-house.

Thousands of parents favor this school, and some who pass for good people. It is less troublesome than any other. If you wish your boy to be entered as a street scholar, all you have to do is to let him alone. Take no care about his company. Never rebuke him for coming late from school or an errand. Do not trouble yourself about the way he passes his evenings. Never mind what time he comes home at night. Especially, do not trouble yourself in sending him to the Sunday school.

The street school is very expensive. The price is not paid in advance, or in ready money, but it is sure to be demanded with heavy interest. The payment is loss of conscience, loss of character, often loss of health, and always the loss of happiness.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE PAY AND PENSIONS OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.—The following recapitulation affords useful information to volunteers and their families:

1st. After being mustered into the service of the United States, volunteers are entitled to pay, the same as regular troops.

2d. If disabled by wounds received in service or disease contracted in service, they are entitled to an invalid pension during life, or as long as the disability continues.

3d. If any are killed or die in the service of the United States, leaving a widow, she is entitled to what pay was due her husband, and a pension. If there is no widow, the child or children of such volunteer is entitled to the pay and a pension until they are sixteen years of age.

4th. If there is no widow or child under sixteen years [illegible] age, the other heirs of decent are en[illegible] the pay due the volunteer at the time of [illegible] death—no pension. At this time [illegible] volunteers nor any heir is enti[illegible] [illegible] warrants, but there is no doubt [illegible] of Congress will be passed early in July, granting one hundred and sixty acres to every volunteer who shall serve fourteen d[illegible] engage in battle and be honorably discharged—first to the widow, second to the children, third to the mother, fourth to the father; and if all of the foregoing heirs be dead, [illegible] the brothers and sisters of those who may so serve and die without receiving a warrant, in like manner as the volunteers who served in Mexico are now rewarded. Seamen and others who take prizes, and those performing meritorious feats, will unoubtedly be rewarded with the fruits of their valor. Those patriotic men and women who suffer from robbery in the slave States, under the name of confiscation, will almost certainly be rewarded, according to the Scripture rule, fourfold from the property of the rebels—all State confiscations being wholly illegal—and mere organized piracy will be punished, and Congress will undoubtedly pass a proper and effectual Act where by the United States Courts will take from the unfaithful and unjust stewards what property they may have, and give it to the faithful and true servants.

5th. In addition to what the volunteers and heirs are entitled to and may become entitled to from the United States, the several States have passed and will pass acts granting pay from the State's treasury.

LIGHT NECESSARY TO HEALTH.—As an instance of the value of sunlight, Dupytren, the celebrated physician, mentions the case of a French lady, whose illness baffled the skill of the most eminent men. This lady resided in a dark room, in which the sun never shone, in one of the narrow streets of Paris. After a careful examination, he was led to refer her complaint to the absence of light, and caused her to be removed to a more cheerful situation; the change was attended with the most beneficial results; all her complaints vanished. It is remarkable that Lavoiser, writing in the last century, should have placed light as an agent of health, even before pure air. In fact, where you can obtain abundance of light, it is also generally possible to obtain a similar change of fresh air. In England a similar thing occurs; invalids are almost always shut up in close rooms, curtains drawn, and light excluded, to their serious disadvantage. Sunlight is more vivifying than any physic.

THE HALF MILLION PRIVATE.—Our readers well remember the paragraph published a day or two since, about a private in the Rhode Island regiment at Washington, being engaged in mopping the barracks. As an addenda, we may say, that he was complimented by his acquaintances for the tidy and efficient manner in which the mopping was done. His reply was that "the first lesson he ever learned was, never to neglect a duty and that whatever was a duty to do well." In this sentence lies the philosophy of success. It was "Billy Grey," the millionare of Boston, who, when twitted of having been a drummer, replied—"Didn't I drum well?"

GOD'S PURPOSE TOWARD OUR COUNTRY.—The Supreme Master of souls saw us making an idol of our country, and he split the idol in two. He saw us living to Mammon, and he scattered our fond delusion. He saw us living a life of show and profession, and he applied the touchstone of war, to see of what fabric the Southern and the Northern institutions were made. He uses the tremendous derrick of war to raise us out of the mud and mire of a selfish and vulgar prosperity, and breathe into us new and heroic sentiments. Instead, therefore, of being cast down by the present aspect of things, and losing faith in free institutions, a republican form of government, and the grandeur of American destiny, we feel more encouraged than ever before.

These are times of great peril, not only to business, but to the soul's welfare and the Christian character. Many say, "Our country, right or wrong." We do not say so, We say, "Our country right," and we believe she is right; and if she is not right, we would try to right her, for the only strength is in right. Loyal friends in England may give two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Armstrong's guns, and other terrible modern cannon; but one righteous sentence from the chief magistrate, when solicited to confiscate Southern property, "They can afford to do a wrong, I cannot," outweighs all the cannon in the Universe. The labors of a Miss Dix in the Hospital, the benevolence of the Sanitary Commission—these are the omens of strength, as they are the bright and satisfactory gleams of a new era of civilization.

Great civil commotions thus seem to be the ploughshare that turns up the fallow soil, and raises a new crop of genius and goodness. If we examine history, we find that it is after the Crusades, after the Lutheran Reformation, after the French and American Revolutions, that a new lease of life is earned, and that mankind rise to a new character and breadth of spirit. Could we see all the secrets and hidden springs of this crisis, we should no doubt see that God has great things in store for those who watch and wait upon his supreme pleasure. He would infuse new vitality and strength. He would produce something of the same union in the church as in the state.—*Christian Inquirer.*

WASHINGTON LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE CAPITOL.—A correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* tells the following anecdote of Washington:—

"Recent events called very forcibly to my mind the following incident which may perhaps prove very interesting to your readers at the present time. Being on a visit to Washington during the recess of Congress in the spring of 1857, I walked one day with a friend to visit the works which were already in progress for the extension of the Capitol. As we sauntered among the pillars in the basement of the old building, we fell in with a venerable looking man, having the appearance of a countryman, who seemed to be there on the same business that we were. We entered into conversation with him, and he informed us that he was a Virginia man, 'raised' a few miles down the river, not far from Mount Vernon. 'Very likely, then,' we remarked, 'you may recollect Gen. Washington.' 'Perfectly well,' he replied. 'Indeed, I saw him when he laid the foundation of this building. I was but a boy then,' he continued, 'but remember very distinctly how he looked as he stood in this way over the stone, and settled it in its place with a pry. It was a huge stone, and as placed, it must have required no little strength to move it. But the General was an athletic man, and moved it apparently with ease. There was a number of boys from our neighborhood, and it was a standing marvel to us all how the General moved that stone. A few days after, the General happened to be riding by our school-house on horseback as we were playing outside; we pulled off our hats to him, and he stopped his horse for a moment and spoke to us very pleasantly. One of the boys cried out—'Please, General, tell us how you moved that great stone up there the other day?' 'Why, boys,' said he, smiling, 'did I move the stone?' 'O, yes, General, you moved it, we all saw you.' 'Well, boys,' said the General, looking very serious and speaking slowly, and shaking his long finger as he spoke—'*Do you see that no one ever moves that stone again!*'"

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your heart, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshhold when they come home at night. When home is once regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children: half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire light of home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

STABILITY OF THINGS IN ENGLAND.—In one of his lectures, Mr. Emerson tells a story to exemplify the stability of things in England. He says that William of Wykeham, about the year 1050, endowed a house in the neighborhood of Winchester, to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one who asked it, forever; and when Mr. Emerson was in England, he was curious to test that good man's credit; and he knocked at the door, preferred his request, and received his measure of beer and quantum of bread, though its owner had been dead 800 years!

The Middlesex Journal,

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861

GREAT MEN.

Men are not always great, though they occupy a high position and exert an extensive influence. They may be wholly unworthy the place they occupy, and every act they perform may be anything but salutary in its influence upon the people. Some men are great in their own eyes, while those in humbler or subordinate positions know very well their unfitness for the stations they fill. Military men are prone to look upon rashness and daring—a reckless rushing into the very jaws of death, as a proof of true courage and heroism. Courage is indispensable in every man who is engaged in the fearful business of war, but it is a calm, intelligent courage, a fearless discharge of duty, regardless of personal consequences, that evinces the truly great man and hero,

History is not deficient in the names of so called great men who, aparently, never knew the sentiment of fear amid dangers the most appalling. They recognized no Supreme being, and no consequent accountability for their actions toward their fellow men. Prominent, however, are found not a few names that will live, not only for their noble deeds of heroic bravery, but for the exalted principles which influenced them and guided them at all times. The name of Havelock will be cherished, and his sublime greatness will be remembered as long as the English language shall continue to be read and spoken. Do we ask what it was that gave him the lofty position he attained? He was a brave soldier and a skillful general, and his feats of daring were not few. But it was the moral and religious character of the man that causes him to be remembered with such interest and profound reverence. Washington was a great man. We all know his character and the secret springs of action that influenced him. But it was at Valley Forge, in the darkest hours of the Revolutionary struggle, when hope had almost yielded to despair, that he shone forth greater than ever before. It was then that he was seen, retiring to a secluded spot and invoking the blessing and aid of Heaven upon the holy cause in which he was engaged. Who could then look upon Whasington, on his knees before his God, and not feel the awful greatness of him who has since been named the Father of his country.

Within a few months another name has become a household word, and synonymous with all that is lofty in purpose, calm and heroic in action. Amid the terrible conflict at Sumter, enveloped in a tempest of shot and shell, and surrounded by flames, the greatness of Major Anderson shone forth—the admiration of his countrymen and of the world. Without provisions, without a supply of ammunition, without sufficient men to work his guns with full effect, he vindicated his character as a soldier and a true hero. But subsequent developments have shown us the secret of his courage and the source of his true greatness. During a recent visit to Cincinnati he was called upon to speak to the scholars of a Sabbath School in that city. The following brief address unfolds the character of the man in all his simple greatness:

"I did not expect, my dear children and friends, when I came here, to be asked to address you. But it is well, perhaps, for me to say a few words. I have been placed, providentially, in a position that has attracted the attention of our country to me and to my little band. But I would not have you misunderstand me or my position, and the causes that have led me safely through the dangers by which I have been surrounded. No mortal assistance, no individual aid would have sufficed to that end. I am willing, and am not ashamed frankly to tell you, my young friends, that no event, no transaction took place there, in any day, of any interest or importance to our cause, without my first appealing to God in the morning, to give me a spirit of wisdom to know my duty to Him and my country. Therefore the credit of whatever was done does not belong to me. Before I left Fort Sumter I received letters from friends telling me I should be in more danger from my friends than I was from my enemies—that I must be careful not to be spoiled by flattery. The advice was well timed; but I trust God that He has saved me from the dangers in which I was placed. Feeling, believing, and hoping thus, I confess that I have not believed in my own mind that I was entitled to the least credit for what I have done, because God put it into my heart to do that which I did. Therefore, my young friends, I would urge upon all of you, in the transactions of life that you will be called upon to perform, and each individual has transactions to perform as momentous to him as what I have performed is to me—his eternal happiness depends upon it—I would have you all put your trust in God. Do that with a humble heart, and you will be blest in this life, and prepared for everlasting happiness in that which is to come. I can say no more."

Such was the man who commanded that starved and devoted garrison against the perfected batteries and the thousands of South Carolina. How unlike many a great and gifted man, who labors nobly in his country's cause, but who trusts to his own strength, seeking for no light or wisdom from above to show the path that should be pursued. When the light that such men have afforded goes out, how totally dark the darkness becomes. The great men our country needs at the present time should be at heart like Washington, like Havelock, like Anderson, calm, collected, trusting reverently in an Almighty Being who ever notes the sparrow's fall, and are ever mindful of their accountability to Him.

The Times.

Every body is complaining of the hard times, and well they may. The almost absolute stopping of business has thrown many people out of employment, and, as a consequence, money ceases to circulate through the hands of the many. Still some of our people seem to have a fair amount of employment, and all should rejoice that it is so. It becomes every man, at the present time to absolutely *study* economy in his expenditures. All unnecessary things should be left unbought, except by those who can now as well as ever, buy what they please. The man who earns only small wages should not forget that he may be owing others who need the money to buy their daily bread, and if they can do no more, they can pay a dollar of it once in a while. Every man and woman should be willing to economize, and be honest. It is not a time to be selfish. We should seek to bear each other's burdens, encourage one another, and seek to throw as much light as possible into each others' homes. In the times that "tried men's souls" our ancestors were ready to sacrifice tea. Let them be ready now to sacrifice cotton—rather than buy it of the South, and devise some substitute for it. Patriotism demands that every needful sacrifice should be made, and cheerfully, too.

WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX.—On Monday thirty-four members of the Phalanx and three men not members, went to Boston and enlisted in the West Cambridge Company. On Tuesday they went to New York, and on Wednesday went to Yonkers, where they expected to join the Mozart Regiment. On reaching that place the disappointment experienced was much like that of the companies who went to Brooklyn. After deliberation they concluded to return, and yesterday morning all but three of the number returned to Boston. These three—John P. Crane, Joseph Wyman, and William P. Brown—joined the squad of ten that left here on Tuesday—direct for Washington. If our boys will use a little more patience they will have an opportunity by and by to go to the Seat of War with troops from their own State.

On Tuesday ten members of the Phalanx, including two Lieutenants, one Sergeant, and one Corporal, started for Washington, hoping to join the 5th Regiment. Rev. Mr. March presented each man with a Testament, and sent a Testament to each of the squad that left on Monday.

ORGAN CONCERT AT MEDFORD. The Concert at Medford last Monday evening in Rev. Mr. Marvin's church, in connection with the exhibition of the new organ built for the house, was very satisfactory to all present. After the Concert the choir from Woburn, and their friends were invited into one of the Vestry rooms where an elegant entertainment had been prepared for them. The courtesy manifested by the Medford people to their Woburn friends will long be remembered, and should an apportunity occur, will be reciprocated.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—We are requested by Rev. Mr. March to say that the anniversary exercises of the Sabbath School, connected with his congregation, which were announced for next Sabbath afternoon, will be deferred one week.

☞ We understand that Mr. Bowman, the Southern Refugee, will, at the request of several citizens, repeat his Lecture on Tuesday evening next, June 18th, in the vestry of the old Orthodox Church. One half the proceeds will be given to the volunteer fund of Woburn. Let him have a full house.

DEDICATION.—The new church edifice at Medford, erected by Rev. Mr. Marvin's Society, was dedicated to Almighty God last Wednesday afternoon,

GRASS.—The grass crop promises to be unusually good this year. It was predicted last summer that hay would be $30. per ton before the new crop come in. Instead of this the best of hay brings only from $18 to $20.

GEN. BUTLER.—The Boston *Herald* seems a little troubled at the praise bestowed upon Gen. Butler, while other men who would evidently like to be noticed, are passed by in silence. Gen. Butler is a bold, energetic man, and wherever he is something will be done. Be the praise little or much, whatever he has put his hand to thus far in the contest, personally, he has carried through. The first impressions made by Gen. Pierce are not so favorable, and Col. Jones is at least very unpopular with his own men. At this distance from the scene of action, and with the informatfon they possess, the people are hardly qualified to praise or condemn to any great extent.

FOREIGN NEWS.—By the Adriatic we learn that Lord John Russell has announced in Parliament that Government has determined to prevent privateers and armed vessels from bringing prizes into British ports. He also said that France intended to abide by its laws which prohibited privateers from remaining over 24 hours in port, and disposing of their prizes when there, He further stated that England and France had sent propositions to Washington, based on the declaration of the Paris Congress, and expected an answer by every mail.

Prince Napoleon of France, after visiting Africa, Spain, and Portugal, will go to America.

BURGLARY IN LEXINGTON.—The house of Alexander Fiske, in Lexington, was entered on the afternoon of Tuesday, the family being absent, and clothing and jewelery was stolen. The same persons also robbed some person or persons of $37. Officer Kendall, with his usual promptness, arrested them on the road to Bedford and found on them the clothing taken the day previous, and the money. They were taken before Justice Chandler, and sent to the House of Correction for six months.

HORSE AND CARRIAGE STOLEN.—A horse and carriage was stolen at Newburyport, this week and was traced to Lowell and from thence to Lexington. While sitting in the Hotel, the officer in pursuit saw the team drive up, and immediately arrested the thief and took him back to Newbryport in the same carriage.

HYDROPHOBIA.—The frequent occurrence of this terrible malady, is becoming alarmingly frequent. Last week a case occurred at Saugus, in this State, and the report of another case at Brooks, Me., is now to be added. Why people will continue to keep worthless dogs thereby endangering the lives of their fellow citizens is strange. The danger from them is becoming so great that a law should be enacted forbidding the keeping of them at all, or at least requiring them to be muzzled.

TROUBLE IN MISSOURI.—Gov. Jackson of Missouri, has issued a proclamation, calling the State troops into service to resist and expel the Federal troops from the State. Warm work may be expected there if he attempts to carry out his purpose.

BILLERICA.—ACCIDENT.—On Sunday last, as Mrs. C. S. Brown, of Billerica, was returning home from church, a bolt broke letting the wagon fall and throwing her to the ground, breaking her leg in two places and other-wise injuring her. It is thought she will recover.

COTTON.—Earl Grey, in the House of Lords, pledged the Government to do all in its power to promote the growth of cotton in India.

THIRD DISTRICT ELECTION.—The election in the Third District, last Tuesday, for member of Congress in place of Hon. C. F. Adams, now Minister to London, resulted as follows: Thomas, 2107; Beals, 243; Scattering, 12.

THE MECHANICAL BAKERY.—This ill-fated establishment, situated on Albany street, Boston, was sold at auction on Saturday last, by order of the Assignees. It was sold for a trifle more than mortgage and interest upon it, and will not be used again as a bakery. Much was expected from it in lowering the price of bread, but it has proved a failure.

☞ Jackson, the murderer of Col. Ellsworth, was the person who showed his heroism by cutting off John Brown's ear after he was hung. It is said that he had long been the terror of the union men in Fairfax county, and headed the first secession gang that drove away Northern and Union families.

☞ Rev. Mr. March will preach at Union Hall, East Woburn, to-morrow afternoon at 5½ o'clock.

TUFT'S COLLEGE.—Rev. A. A. Miner, of Boston, will probably succeed the late Dr. Ballou, as President of Tuft's College.

SNOW AT THE NORTH.—It is reported that there is an unusual amount of snow among the White Mountains for the season of the year. The cold northerly winds indicate the fact very clearly.

LEWIS' NORMAL INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL TRAINING.—We have received the circular of this Institute. It numbers among its directors many of the leading men of Boston and vicinity. Dr. Walter Channing is Prof. of Hygiene, and Dr. Lewis Prof. of Gymnastics. The Institute will undoubtedly prove interesting to those engaged in the physical training of our youth.

READING.—Where is our correspondent Leno? Has he gone to the wars, or are the times so hard that he can find nothing to write? We shall hope to hear from him anon.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for July is upon our table. It is, as usual, filled with valuable and interesting matter. To meet the times the present volume, comprising the six best numbers of the year, will be sent to subscribers for *One Dollar*. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

THE PRINTER for May is upon our table, and is a very excellent number. The reading matter in particular is unusually good.

MARYLAND ELECTION.—The election in Maryland on Thursday passed off quietly. The following—all Union men—were elected to Congress: John W. Chrisfield, Edwin H. Webster, C. L. L. Leary, Henry May, Francis Thomas, Charles B. Calvert.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.—The present is a remarkably healthy time, but we think it can be accounted for to some extent. People are obliged to live plain; they have no money to spend in luxuries; consequently the compensation is found in good health and quiet sleep.

ADAMS' ARITHMETIC.—Mr. Daniel Adams, of Keene, N. H., although in the 89th year of his age, is about to publish a revised edition of his Arithmetic, one of the best books ever given to the public.

☞ By the stoppage of the mails in the seceded States the General Government makes about $3,500,000 per annum, as the mail contracts in those States cost that amount more than the receipts from postages.

☞ The Baltimore *Sun* says that 10,000 Federal troops were killed at Great Bethel. This certainly looks a little like the three hundred men in buckram that Jack Falstaff cut in pieces.

MR. DOUGLAS.—Advices from Illinois represent that the whole State is draped in mourning for Mr. Douglas.

SUCCESSOR OF JUDGE DOUGLAS.—The Governor of Illinois has appointed O. H. Browning, to fill the vacancy in the U. S. Senate, caused by the death of Senator Douglas.

CORN.—One effect of the Southern blockade has been to reduce the price of corn. The best of corn is now to be bought for about 60 cents per bushel by the quantity. This is owing to the closing of the Southern market.

NURSES.—It is said by some one not having the fear of the ladies before his eyes, that the Government will accept none but homely women for nurses, and will not allow them to wear crinoline. It is thought that a pretty woman would excite the action of the heart so much, should she feel the soldier's pulse, that his case would be considered desperate at once, and he be sent home.

☞ The N. Y. 69th have captured the brother of Jackson who shot Col. Ellsworth.

PRINCE ALFRED, of England, arrived at Quebec on Wednesday.

From the Seat of War.

The following letters are from members of the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment. They show unmistakably the settled determination cherished by our troops to crush out rebellion and maintain the Union in its integrity. There is a sacredness in the devoted, self sacrificing spirit of our young men. They have left all behind them and gone forth with the same spirit that characterized the men of "'76."

It is greatly to be regretted that they should have occasion to complain of the commissary department, especially since ample provision has been made by the Government for their wants. If there are men who are withholding the provision from our troops that they are entitled to, and all for their own pecuniary advantage, such men should be made to live on bread and water within the walls of a prison, till they have learned to be honest.

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS, VA., June 7th, '61.

MY DEAR SIR:—It has several times occurred to me that you might feel a desire to learn from a "dweller in tents" what the real condition of the Fifth Regiment is, and what is the fare with which we have to put up; but just as I have got myself seated to write, an order for something has broken in upon my time.

We left Washington on Saturday evening, May 25th, at about half-past nine, and, after a short march and many halts, we encamped at about two o'clock on the morning of the Sabbath in an open field with not a tent to shelter us. During the day we removed back about a half mile, and pitched our tents upon a spot occupied at one time during the Revolution by General Washington for a like purpose. The camp was called "Camp Andrew," and was situated on the road from Washington to Alexandria, about six miles from the former, and one from the latter. From Camp Andrew we removed on Sabbath last, June 2d, to our present camp, about a mile from our former one and close by the Ellsworth Zouaves, the Michigan 5th and the Pennsylvania 5th.

I like camp life well enough to be content, but not enough to have induced me to give up books for the musket had not the voice of duty summoned me, in common with every other true hearted American, to forget for the time every individual wish or inclination in the higher duty to my country which was then uppermost. For a week or ten days past our regiment, with the others before named, has been engaged in throwing up a redoubt, enclosing about three acres, upon "Sutter's Hill," close by our present camp. It will probably be finished in the course of a week, and then we expect to return to Washington, much against the wishes of the men who desire to be led against Harper's Ferry.

Our men are sometimes said to be "spoiling for a fight;" but I think the expression gives a wrong idea of the feeling which prevails in our regiment; for, while there is not a man in camp who would give up his place, they all, so far as my intercourse with them enables me to judge, desire that the shedding of blood may be avoided. Indignation at the insult to our Country's flag at Sumter does, indeed, rise at times to such a pitch that in other soldiers than the sons of those Puritans who fought with the rifle in one hand and the Bible in the other, it would be the cause of undue violence; but here the feeling is more subdued, though not less strong.

I do not think myself possessed of any more than the average amount of courage, nor is military life suited to my taste; but I would rather be laid in a bloody grave beneath the green sods of Virginia, than carry with me through life the thought that I was wanting, when the Flag so often baptised in fire was threatened by traitor hands. And such is the feeling throughout our regiment. Indeed a gentleman in Washington, who, though a southerner, is high in office, made the remark, that the N. Y. Seventy-first and Seventh seemed better for parade than for hard service, taht the Zouaves were too unruly to be relied upon; but the Massachusetts troops looked as if they were fighting for their God, and "such soldiers," said he, "we know where to find upon the battle field." It seems to be the case that *too much* combativeness is as fatal to success as cowardice. The high moral courage which characterized Cromwell's soldiers is more reliable than mere "pluck."

One thing ought to be remedied, and that is the mismanagement or dishonesty, which ever it is, that characterizes the Commissary Department of our regiment. The Government has provided liberally for us, but we do not get food enough notwithstanding. As one instance of many, we got during the twenty-four hours from last Sabbath noon only two small slices of bread, and that sour, and cold water, to the man. Our removal was to no greater distance than one mile, and the weather was clear, so that the fires could be kindled just as usual. This has always been the case when we have made a removal; and one thing is a little remarkable if entire honesty prevails in the Quartermaster's department, and that is that the back rations, to which the troops are entitled even if they have enough without, are never issued, but probably go to fill *somebody's* pocket.

I have seen the statement several times in the papers that the soldiers live high and have everything that heart can wish; but this has *at no time* been true. We do not expect the luxuries of home; but I think we have a right to expect good wholesome food and enough to satisfy all, when the allowed rations are more than any man can eat if he can only get them. It is not the mishap of a single instance, but the never failing occurrence that when we make any change of location we get little or nothing to eat for a day or two; and at all times we get barely enough.

Notwithstanding the hardships we have to endure, there is nothing like rebellion here; for our men respect themselves enough to remedy such things in a "law and order" way. For one, if the hardships were doubled I would again obey a call such as that which summoned us to the field, if again placed in like circumstances. When wives and mothers buckle on the cartridge box and sword amid blinding tears, bidding us go forth for the protection and maintainance of all that is sacred to an American heart, this must indeed be a recreant soul, lost to all that is high and noble, that can refuse to obey.

It is sometimes asked "Where are the women of the Revolution?" Let those who ask look at the womanly patriotism and self-denial of the present and deny if they can that they are worthily represented by their daughters of to-day.

We hear strange stories here about the "Woburn Phalanx"—that they have disbanded, and the like; but nobody believes it. We can get but little information that is reliable in such matters; but within a few days we have been rejoiced to hear that they are to join our regiment. Hoping that Woburn may be fully represented here, and that her soldiers may return with safety and honor, I remain yours with great esteem,

R.

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS, VA. June 9th.

DEAR SIR:—As I promised to write to you, I will improve this opportunity. I will commence at the time we left Washington, the 25th of May. As the procession of Col. Ellsworth was passing the Treasury Building, the order came for the 5th Regiment to go over into Virginia. As there was fighting there to be done, and the boys of the 5th were eager for the fight, it was not more than half an hour before we were in the street and going at "double quick" for the scene of action. We marched to the Long Bridge and when almost across the river orders came for us to halt and wait further orders. Gen. Mansfield rode over to see what the trouble was. We waited about an hour and then received orders to go back to quarters and prepare to march that night to Virginia. We left the Treasury Building at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. On our march we passed the 7th Reg. of N. Y., and the 2d N. J. Reg. They were camped very near each other; and some distance farther on we passed the 4th N. J. Reg. There were picket guards stationed along the way we marched to within about a mile of Alexandria. We camped in a large field where the grass was about two feet high, and as wet as if it had rained. But the boys were tired and laid down and were soon fast asleep. In the morning they said we had not got the right place, so we struck tents and moved about a mile on the back track and camped on a splendid piece of land. The Cumberland Canal passed at the rear of the camp, and was a good place to go in and bathe. We staid there one week and then moved to our present camp. It is not so good a place as the other, for we have not the canal to bathe in. We have plenty to do digging trenches. The Zouaves are encamped on the hill at our left, and the Pa. Reg. in the rear of us. It is a splendid sight at night to go out and see the camp fires. The Charlestown Artillery has gone to Alexandria as picket guard to-day. I do not know how long we shall stop here. Some say we are going back to Washington, and some say, to Manassas Gap, and some to one place and some to another, so I do not know now, but suppose I shall sometime. It has been a rainy week and very disagreeable.

ALBERT S. LESLIE.

LETTER FROM HON. JOSEPH HOLT.—The *Louisville Journal* publishes a long and able letter from Hon. Joseph Holt, late Secretary of War. He calls upon Kentucky to stand by the Union, depicts the evils of rebellion, and urges the paramount importance of strengthening the hands of the Administration. He says that he can take no neutral ground and declares the proclamation of Governor Magoffin, forbidding the passage of Federal troops through the State, as aggressive hostility to the Government, and argues that our troops have as clear a constitutional right to march through Kentucky as along the streets of Washington. He nobly defends the Administration against the charges of intended subjugation of the South, and outrage upon its people. He traces the rise and progress of the rebellion, and demonstrates that the rebels have insulted the government, stolen Federal property, and committed enormities without number. The following extract will show the tone and spirit of the letter.

"While a far more fearful responsibility has fallen upon President Lincoln than upon any of his predecessors, it must be admitted that he has met it with promptitude and fearlessness. Cicero, in one of his orations against Cataline, speaking of the credit due himself for having suppressed the conspiracy of that arch traitor, said, "if the glory of him who founded Rome was great, how much greater should be that of him who had saved it from overthrow after it had grown to be the mistress of the world?" So it may be said of the glory of that statesman or chieftain who shall snatch this republic from the vortex of revolution, now that it has expanded from ocean to ocean, has become the admiration of the world, and has rendered the fountains of the lives of thirty millions of people, fountains of happiness.

"The vigorous measures adopted for the safety of Washington and the Government itself may seem open to criticism in some of their details, to those who have yet to learn that not only has war, like peace, its laws, but that it has also its privileges and its duties. Whatever of severity, or even of irregularity, may have arisen, will find its justification in the pressure of the terrible necessity under which the Administration has been called to act. When a man feels the poignard of the destroyer at his bosom, he is not likely to consult the law books as to the mode or measure of his rights of self defence. What is true of individuals is, in this respect, equally true of governments. The man who thinks he has become disloyal because of what the Administration has done, will probably discover, after a close examination, that he was disloyal before. But for what has been done Washington might have been a smouldering heap of ruins.

"Could my voice reach every dwelling in Kentucky, I would implore its inmates—if they would not have the rivers of their prosperity shrink away, as to unfed streams beneath the summer heats—to rouse themselves from lethargy, and fly to the rescue of their country before it is everlastingly too late. Man should appeal to man, and neighborhood to neighborhood, until the electric fires of patriotism flash from heart to heart in an unbroken current throughout the land. It is a time in which the work-shop, the office, the counting house, and the field may well be abandoned for the solemn duty that is upon us, for all these toils will but bring treasure, not for ourselves, but for the spoiler, if this revolution is not arrested. We are all, with our every earthly interest, embarked in mid-ocean on the same common deck, The howl of the storm is in our ears, and the "lightning's red glare is painting hell on the sky," and while the noble ship pitches and rolls under the lashing of the waves, the cry is heard that she has sprung aleak at many points and that the rushing waters are mounting rapidly in the hold. The man who, in such an hour, will not work at the pumps, is either a maniac or a monster.

Sincerely yours, J. HOLT."

DOUGLAS' LAST SPEECH.—His last public address was delivered before the Illinois Legislature, Springfield, on the 25th of April, and was devoted to an exposition of his views on the present crisis, and what he considered to be the duty of the Government. His peroration we print. It will be read with a melancholy interest, as the last public address of a great statesman:

"I have struggled almost against hope to avert the calamities of war, and to affect a reunion and reconciliation with our brethren in the South. I yet hope it may be done, but I am not able to point out to you how it may be. Nothing short of Providence can reveal to us the issue of this great struggle. Bloody—calamitous—I fear it will be. May we so conduct it, if a collision must come, that we will stand justified in the eyes of Him who knows our hearts, and who will justify our every act. We must not yield to resentments, nor to the spirit of vengeance, much less to the desire for conquest or ambition.

I see no path of ambition open in a bloody struggle for triumphs over my countrymen. There is no path of ambition open for me in a divided country, Hence whatever we may do must be the result of duty, of conviction, of patriotic duty—the duty we owe to ourselves, to our posterity, and to the friends of constitutional liberty and self-government throughout the world. (Loud applause.)

My friends, I can say no more. To discuss these topics is the most painful duty of my life. It is with a sad heart—with a grief that I have never before experienced—that I have to contemplate this fearful struggle; but I believe in my conscience that it is a duty we owe to ourselves, and our children, and our God, to protect this Government and that flag from every assailant, be he whom he may. (Tremendous and prolonged applause)."

THE FEELING IN ENGLAND.—There is evidently a change in the tone of feeling in England toward the United States. In the course of a debate in the House of Commons on the 30th ult., Lord John Russell thus refered to American affairs:—

"My honorable friend, the member for the West Riding (Sir J. Ramsden,) alluded to one subject in a tone which I was very sorry to hear. My honorable friend said that the great republican bubble had burst. Now, for my part, I may be subject to correction, but when I find that dark and tyrannical despotism has been abolished, and that the people are likely to enjoy a free government in its place, I certainly admit that I rejoice in the fact. (Cheers.) It is my duty to represent her Majesty as friendly to all existing States; but if one of these despotisms falls, and the people inhabiting the State are likely to have a better and a freer government, I cannot help owning that it gives me satisfaction, and that I sympathise with these people. (Cheers.)

But, sir, I own that I have a very different feeling when a great republic which has enjoyed for 70 or 80 years institutions under which its people were free and happy, is drawn into a conflict in which that freedom and happiness are endangered. I cannot but consider that the joy which I felt with regard to the overthrow of some of the despotisms of Italy is counterbalanced by the pain which I experience at that which has taken place in America. (Cheers.) I admit that I have always thought, and I do think, that this country is more free than the United States of America have been. I admit that the great founders of the Republic, wise and able men as they were, had not the materials at hand by which they might, as we have in this country, have been able to interpose the curbs and corrections of reason to restrain the passionate dictates of popular will.

But, sir, although in some respects they have failed in providing such restraints, from not having the materials, yet it has been for a large number of yeare a great and free State, increasing in happiness, giving example to the world of people in the enjoyment of riches, of wealth, and of freedom, and thus giving prospects of improvement in the happiness of mankind. (Loud cheers.) And, sir, when I reflect upon what it was that brought on this conflict—the reproaches, that are made by the States of the North against the States of the South—when I reflect that these reproaches, and the resistance which has been made in consequence, have arisen from the accursed institution of slavery—I cannot but recollect, also, that with our great and glorious institutions we gave them that curse; that ours were the hands through which came that fatal gift—that poisoned garment which has clung round them from the first hour of their independence. (Renewed cheers.)

And, therefore, sir, I do not think it seemly to show anything like exultation at their discord, and still less to reproach them as if we were the immaculate beings who had done all our duties while they had failed in theirs. (Cheers.) Sir, I have but a few words to add with regard to America, nor with respect to France, or any of the great European nations, do I see at present any prospect that our peaceful relations will be disturbed. (Cheers) The whole world is in a state of change, and far be it from me to make any prophecy; but all I can say is that, as far as I know, the feelings of all States toward this country are friendly—that there are no questions pending upon which a conflict is likely to arise, and that as far as my humble means can promote the cause of peace and good will on earth it will be my object and my endeavor to do so." (Loud and continued cheering.)

THE CHARLESTON MERCURY HALF GIVES UP.—Night and day, for the last two months, has the Northern government been making herculean efforts in its Department of War. Preparation on the most gigantic scale has gone on steadily and unflaggingly under the intelligent and able superintendence and direction of General Scott. An immense body of volunteers have been thrown into camp, and drilling eight hours a day under competent officers of West Point training. The arms at hand have been distributed, and all who are to engage soon in battle have been thoroughly equipped with the best weapons. Factories for the manufacture of cannon, rifles, sabres, bayonets and ammunition of every description, are in full operation at the North during the whole twenty-four hours of each day.

Agents have long since been sent abroad to Europe to procure and forward, as fast as possible, cargoes of improved arms, and already they have begun to arrive. Great efforts have also been made for the health, comfort and supplies of the Northern troops. Energy and promptitude have characterized their movements, both in Maryland and St. Louis, and their success along the border has so far been complete. They have in the West obtained and secured the great repository of arms for that section, equipped our enemies of St. Louis, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, leaving the resistance men of Missouri poorly provided, Kentucky unarmed and overawed, and Tennessee also, with a meagre provision for fighting, dependent on the cotton States for weapons of defence. Maryland has been cowed and overpowered, Washington rendered as secure as may be, while Virginia is invaded and Richmond threatened with capture. In all this the military proceedings of the North, since the fall of Sumter, have been eminently wise. For the purpose of overpowering, disheartening and gaining the first advantages, which both at home and abroad, are of immense importance, the concentration of all the forces available as promptly as possible, has been clearly the course of generalship and true economy.

The first blow is said to be often half the battle. The war policy of Scott and the Northern Government has all the effect of the first blow. The final result we cannot in the slightest degree doubt. The immediate result will depend, in a great measure, upon the number of troops now got ready, and the efficiency of the preparation made for them by the Confederate government during the same period Scott has been at work.

Let us not commit the mistake of underrating our enemy, or of supposing that in modern warfare, it is only the courage of a people and the relative military talent of their field officers that decides the issues of war Ability in combinations and bravery in executing them fail of success where the material is wanting or deficient. An hour's delay of a corps of reserve lost the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon fought the battle with the best troops in the world, yet they were cut to pieces.—*Charleston Mercury, May 31.*

The last words written by Lord Macaulay were—"Canvassed actively on the whig side."

War Sermon.

A discourse on Patriotism and War, and our Duties at the present crisis, was delivered by Rev. W. C. Whitcomb, on Sunday evening, June 2d, at "Greenwood Hall," So. Reading, underneath which the arms of the new military company of South Reading are stored. The following extracts have been communicated for the Journal:—

In the name of our God we will set up our banners. He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one.—Ps. 20:5, and Luke 22:36.

It may seem to some minds as both singular and inconsistent for a minister of the Prince of Peace, and especially for one who glories in nothing so much as being a Peace-maker, and delights in nothing so much as scattering the seeds of love, should presume to preach a War Sermon, and join with others in summoning the people to arms. And it must seem still more surprising and remarkable that the Prince of Peace himself, the divine and loving Jesus, whose advent was heralded by that sweet song from angel lips, "Peace on earth good will to man," should ever have said, as in the text, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one," and on another occasion, "I come not to send peace on the earth, but a sword."

There is a dark back-ground even to the mild, peaceful character of Him who is a God of compassion, whose very name is Love, all of whose attributes are permeated with clemency and kindness, the smiles of whose countenance illumine our earth and irradiate the heavenly world; for "he will by no means clear the guilty," and must declare of incorrigible rebels, who madly reject his easy reign and traitorously secede from his all-wise administrative government, "These, mine enemies, who would not that I should rule over them, bring them hither and slay them before me."

So in the most lenient human governments, however merciful and paternal, "there is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue," when the "Rubicon is crossed," and the "die is cast," when further to tolerate rebellion is suicidal and ruinous. And such a crisis has arisen in the history of this nation. As a *last* resort, all peaceable means being exhausted, force must be resorted to. Now are we of the North obliged to fight to save an imperilled Union. Now must we manfully and courageously submit to a baptism of blood; while upon the aggressive South will rest the dread responsibility of all the evils accruing therefrom. "In the name of our God will set up our banner,"—the *Star-Spangled Banner*, and restore the dignity and luster of the American flag.

After other preliminary remarks, the speaker proceeded to establish these two points:

First, that we should cherish a patriotic love of country, of our whole country, in its entire length and breath, including 34 States and several territories, seeking to preserve, unsullied, its floating banner. And secondly, that genuine Christian patriotism requires on the part of the legalized authorities, backed by the right arm of strength and the right heart of sympathy on the part of the masses of the people, the enforcement of national laws and the suppression of all anarchy and treason at whatever cost.

After arguing these propositions at considerable length, the following reasons were offered for *peculiar joy* amid our manifold sorrows at the present time:

1. All parties in the Free States are harmonized; and we have a "united North" at last.
2. The most intense, disinterested, and, enthusiastic Patriotism everywhere abounds.
3. Not only the men, but the women, as in the first Revolution, are ready to make great self sacrifices for the sake of the general welfare.
4. The Lord God omnipotent reigneth, therefore let the earth rejoice; and especially the long down tramped bondmen, for "the day of their redemption draweth nigh."

In conclusion the preacher spoke substantially as follows:

Some may despondingly cry out, "Terrible times these!" "A dreadful state of things!" &c., &c., which may be true to a certain extent. But, I say, and cannot help saying, looking at the matter in its various bearings, so far as we can judge, without foreseeing all the developments of the future, *Glorious thrice glorious times!* and we have more to rejoice in to-day than we've had before for many, many months. As another hath observed, "When the Stars and Stripes went down at Sumter, it was the signal for the elevation of the still undisturbed ensign on a multitude of flag-staffs. When the 70 men surrendered to the 7,000, not less than 17 millions, with one voice, proclaimed that not a star should be stricken out, nor a stripe erased from its honored folds." The tocsin has been sounded, the alarm rung; the people are arousing, nor is the pulpit here or elsewhere silent.

"Old Plymouth Rock hath yet a tongue,
And Concord is not dumb;
While voices from our father's graves,
And from the living come!"

Dear brethen and sisters in Christ, neglect not *prayer* at this momentous period. Well did one of the tyrants of Europe, in a former century, declare that the prayers of that godly man, John Knox, were more to be feared than all the armies of Christendom! And Dr. Watts is correct in saying that

"Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates."

Hence, glad was I to learn, while attending the Anniversaries last week, that 200 of Henry Ward Beecher's churchmembers had enlisted; that 300 Sunday School teachers had gone to the wars from New York alone; and that a large propotion of those 777 armed and equipped Vermonters, whom I saw passing through Broadway, were pious, praying men, taking the Lord and the angels along with them, and likely to prove the most invincible and successful of all our troops, while battling for Freedom and Christianity.

"In the name of our God, we will set up our banners!" Therefore "let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one." ARISE! ARISE! OR BE FOREVER FALLEN! Contending earnestly for the Union, and for those fundamental principles of Justice and Humanity which render the Union desirable, lay not aside your armor until Right triumphs, and the year of Jubilee has come!

THE RICHMOND WHIG's opinion of Northerners is certainly not very flattering. Read what it says:—

"To be conquered in open and manly fight by a nation of gentlemen, and subjected to their sway, might not drive us raving and distracted with rage and shame; but for Yankees—the most contemptible and detestable of God's creation—the vile wretches whose daily sustenance consists in the refuse of all other people—for they eat nothing that anybody else will buy—for them to lord it over us—the English language must be enlarged, new words must be invented to express the extent and depth of our feelings of mortification and shame. They have long very properly looked upon themselves as our social inferiors—as our serfs—their mean, niggardly lives—their low, vulgar and sordid occupations have ground this conviction into them. But of a sudden, they have come to imagine that their numerical strength gives them power—and they have burst the bonds of servitude, and are running a riot with more than the brutal passions of a libreated wild beast. *This uprising has all the characteristics of a ferocious, servile insurrection.*"

"STIMULATING ONGUENT."—Such is the title of a brilliantly compounded preparation (originating with the famous Dr. Bellingham, of London) for improving the growth, and beautifying the condition of the human hair. We learn that Messrs Horace L. Hegeman & Co., of New York, have obtained the entire agency for the American continent, and we therefore invite attention to their "*Stimulating*" announcement in another column.

Good order is bread; disorder is starvation.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TOWN MEETING.—At the Town Meeting, last Monday afternoon, the different articles in the Warrant were disposed of as follows:

Art. 1. Hon. O. R. Clark was chosen Moderator. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Meeson.

Art. 2. In reference to exchanging a piece of the Adams School-house lot, for a piece of land adjoining said lot, fronting on Swanton Street, and permitting the School-house to be moved a short distance, was referred to the Selectmen with full powers to act in the matter, and authority to make and deliver any deeds in case any exchange be made necessary to effect the same.

Art. 3. In reference to purchasing the lot of land upon which the School-house in the Wyman District now stands, locating the same thereon, or purchasing some other land in said District for such location,—was discussed at considerable length, and finally referred to Messrs. M. Wyman, S. W. Twombly and D. W. Locke, as a Committee, to report upon the same at the next town meeting.

Under Art. 4, It was voted that all the claims by or against the town, arising out of the doings of late Treasurer and Collector, be referred to the Selectmen, with full authority to defend, prosecute, or refer the same to arbitration, and to employ counsel on behalf of the town in the premises. Also, voted, that if it becomes expedient or necessary, the Selectmen may authorize the Treasurer to give a new note or notes in place of all or either of the notes due, or any part thereof, to the Lowell Five Cents Savings Bank, and Stephen Cutter.

Under Art. 5, It was voted, that the Treasurer be authorized, under the direction of the Selectmen, to borrow on behalf of the town previous to July 1st, in anticipation of the taxes, to meet the demands upon the treasury, the sum of three thousand dollars, and to give the note of the town for the same, signed by him as Treasurer and approved by the Selectmen, with an attested copy of this vote authorizing the same.

Under Art. 6, It was voted, that the Treasurer be authorized under the direction of the Selectmen to borrow in behalf of the town the sum of fourteen hundred dollars for a term of time not exceeding ten years, to pay the note of the town due Oct. 25th, 1861, to the Lowell Savings Bank, and to give the note of the town for the same, signed by him as Treasurer and approved by the Selectmen, with an attested copy of this vote authorizing the same.

Under Art. 7, It was voted, that the Treasurer be authorized, under the direction of the Selectmen, to borrow in behalf of the town the sum of two thousand dollars, for a term of time not exceeding ten years, to pay a note of the town now due to Hon. Horace Conn, and to give the note of the town for the same, signed by him as Treasurer, and approved by the Selectmen, with an attested copy of this vote authorizing the same.

Under Article 8, It was voted, that the Selectmen be, and hereby are, authorized to furnish to the families of the volunteers belonging to this town, such aid as they may need, so long as such volunteer may be engaged in the the State or United States' service; such aid to be paid out of any moneys in the town treasury.

The meeting closed about 5½ o'clock.

BEQUEST.—The late Robert Bacon, Esq., has bequeathed $1000 to Tuft's College.

FUNERAL SERVICES.—The funeral services of the late Robert Bacon, Esq., took place on Thursday afternoon of last week, at his late residence. Although the weather was very stormy, yet a large number were present, including some of his former associates in business from the city. The venerable form was enclosed in a beautiful casket and appeared as if in a quiet sleep. On his breast lay a large cross of evergreen with a large number of japonicas intermingled, while at his feet was a wreath of of the same material. Rev. A. A. Miner, of Boston, read appropriate selections of Scripture and offered some remarks. He alluded to his first meeting the deceased twenty-two years ago at one of their denominational gatherings, and to his having seen him on every prominent occasion since, until recently when age and infirmity had prevented his attendance. His presence seemed to be a benediction, an example to the young and an encouragement to all. Five years previously our venerable friend was called to bid adieu to the loved partner of his joys and sorrows, while a little before that period an honored son had passed from death unto life. He referred to the character of the deceased, the patience with which he had waited for the hour of his departure, and the lessons to be derived from his life and death. Rev. C. H. Leonard of Chelsea followed with an earnest, consoling prayer. The remains were interred at Mt. Auburn.

WAR ITEMS.—The following is a list of those belonging to Winchester, who have enlisted for the war:—In the 2d Regiment (Col. Gordon's,) Company G, Capt. Cary, Ira L. Gove, Charles H. Hazelton, George H. Burnham, Moses Richardson; Company — Capt. Savage, Allen D. Martin; Mr. Gove holds the position of wagoner of his Company; In the West Cambridge Volunteers, to be attached to the Mozart (N. Y.) Regiment, D. B. Coffin and John Rogers, from the Woburn Phalanx.

BURGLARY.—The residence of Mr. Henry Cutter was forcibly entered, on Friday evening of last week, and silver ware, &c., to the value of one hundred dollars, taken. The burglars effected an entrance through a bay window in the dining room, from whence they took the property mentioned, and also a writing desk belonging to T. S. Holton, which was rifled of its contents (except those in a secret compartment which was not discovered,) and found by the side of a railroad track. Two overcoats and a cloak were taken from the entry. Mrs. Holton was awakened by the noise made by the robbers, but supposed it to be one of the family, and went to sleep. Afterwards she was again awakened and aroused her husband who went down but found the thieves had fled. They probably passed down the railroad track as one of the spoons was found near West Medford. EXCELSIOR.

☞ One of the slaves at Newport News, on being questioned as to whether he had run away from his master, replied, "No, golly, *massa run away from me!* When he see de soldiers comin' he run like de debbil. I spec' he's gone to Richmond."

☞ A little bright-eyed four-year old came running up to me one lovely day in summer, exclaiming, "Oh, I feel as if I wanted to *hug the morning*, it is so beautiful!"

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The first Floral Exhibition under the direction of the South Reading Horticultural Society, will be given at the Post Office building on Wednesday afternoon, June 26th. This is a new entertainment with us, but it will be generally appreciated. This season furnishes more leisure for the cultivation of flowers, and there are many among us who display excellent tastes in arranging their gardens. Certainly this first exhibition will be well attended for several reasons. Most people have time to devote to it; it being on Wednesday afternoon, the schools can be present, and their interest in such matters is marked by the quantity of bouquets that frequently supply the desks of teachers; then the admission is free, which in these times is quite a consideration. All persons, whether members or not, are invited to contribute flowers and fruit for this exhibition, to be carried in on the forenoon of Wednesday.

The citizens will be glad to learn that the obstructions on Chestnut street at the crossing of the Boston & Maine Railroad, are about to be removed. The fence to prevent the crossing at this point was put up by the B. & M. Railroad Corporation by the permission of the late Chief Justice Shaw, pending a question of right before the courts. Such has since been the decision that the town authorities saw no reason why the community should be deprived of the use of a street, which by orders of the County Commissioners, was completed nearly one year ago, and they have constantly urged the Corporation to remove the fence and properly plank the track according to the orignal order. Assurances have been given that it shall be done forthwith.

Dr. S. O. Richardson, patron of the Richardson Light Guard, and Geo. O. Carpenter, Esq., former commander of the Company, have determined upon visiting the Company at the seat of war. They will go with authority from the town to look after the wants and provide for the comfort of the members. They will leave Boston on Sunday afternoon 16th inst., intending to return on the afternoon of the following Sabbath.

On the 10¼ morning train from Boston on Wednesday, the writer, with some others, enjoyed a pleasant laugh at an innocent mistake of a female passenger. Two ladies seemed much engaged in discussing the war news, when the polite conductor came along for the tickets. One of them looking up very earnestly, said, "Please leave me at the Manassas Junction,"—but immediately recollecting herself, added, "No, no, I mean at Wyoming."

Miss Mary Ellen Evans has resigned her charge as teacher in the North Senior school, and Mrs. Mary Ellen Tyler has been appointed to finish out the term. Mrs. Tyler taught in the District during several former years. Miss Evans found the labors and responsibilities of the school too great for a delicate constitution.

A large number of children and others from this place visited the Aquarial Gardens on Saturday last. Mrs. D. B. Wheelock, one of the company, had her pocket relieved of a purse containing several dollars. A misfortune in these times.

Many persons from this town and vicinity, spent the past week upon the sea shore, camping and fishing. M.

Special Notices.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

IN INSOLVENCY.—In the case of John Page, jr., of Woburn, in said County, Currier, insolvent debtor. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed assignee of the estate of said JOHN PAGE JR., and that the third meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtor, will be held at the Court of Insolvency at Cambridge, in said county, on JUNE 26th, at NINE O'CLOCK in the forenoon, at which time and place creditors may prove their claims.

ALBERT B. JOHNSON, Assignee.

Woburn, June 11, 1861.—2w

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF

SPRING PATTERNS

—OF—

ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to $1.50 per roll.

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Papers ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles.

☞ Purchasers are invited to call and examine samples.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE undersigned grateful to his many Patrons and friends in Woburn and vicinity for past favors, takes this opportunity to announce his intention of pursuing his present business strictly on the

CASH SYSTEM!

Our goods will be sold at prices that will make it an object for every one to purchase for cash.

J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building, Woburn.

June 8—3m

HOUSE AND LAND FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, in Woburn, a TWO-STORY HOUSE, situated on Vernon Place, leading from Railroad street, containing eight rooms. There is a good well of water on the premises, and about half an acre of land with thirty good fruit trees. Terms favorable. Apply to ISAIAH BOWMAN, on the premises.

Woburn, June 8th, 1861.—tf.

BARGAINS!

BOOTS AND SHOES will be sold for a few weeks at very low rates. Prices range as follows:

Gents Boots	from	$2.75	to	4.00.
" Shoes	"	1.00	"	2.50.
Ladies'	"	.40	"	1.50.
Misses'	"	.40	"	1.00.
Boy's	"	.50	"	1.25.
Child'n's	"	.25	"	.75.

Also, just received, Two cases fine French Calf Gent's Boots, at A. ROUNDY'S.

Woburn, May 25, 1861.

To the Honorable Commissioners of Middlesex County:

THE undersigned respectfully represent that the public good requires that a public highway should be laid out and built from Franklin Street to Melrose near the Stoneham Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southerly over Tremont Street, crossing Melrose Street and thence Southerly over lands late of heirs of Winthrop Richardson's and others, and nearly parallel to the Boston and Maine Railroad, to Emerson Street at the intersection of Luke Avenue therewith, and thence Southerly and Easterly to Main Street in said Melrose.

FRANK A. MESSENGER, and others

Melrose, May, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Concord in said county, on the first Tuesday of June in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Highland Station on the Boston and Maine Railroad in Melrose on the twenty-sixth day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., by serving the Town Clerk of Melrose, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Melrose fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and order thereon,

Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

A true copy Attest,

MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

An Important Fact!

1

It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!

2

Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.

3

Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.

4

In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.

5

At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING,
J. F. PICKERING.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of NANCY D. REED, late of Woburn, in said County, widow, deceased, GREETING.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented for Probate by Edward Simonds, the Executor therein named,—You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the Second Tuesday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be proved and allowed.

And the said Simonds is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Middlesex Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be three days at least before said court.

Witness my hand this twenty-third day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of Probate Court.

A true copy, Attest, J. H. TYLER, Register.

MRS. C. F. PORTER,

HAS taken the Store formerly ocupied by MR. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the

Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of

MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861.—3m

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,

and all articles used in Millinery. Also,

Dress Making attended to,

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinuance of the same.

April 19.—tf

FOR SALE

IN Woburn, a COTTAGE HOUSE, BARN and WORKSHOP, within a few minutes walk of Churches, Schools and R. R. Depot. There is a never failing well of water upon the premises. Will be sold low for cash. Inquire at this office.

TO LET.

THE subscriber has several PLEASANT ROOMS in his new building on Union street, which he is desirous of letting for some light business. Particulars will be given on application.

L. W. COOPER.

Woburn, Dec. 15th, 1860.—tf

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL FOR $30.

CALLING AT CORK.

THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steamships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin, $75. Third Class, $30. Third Class, *from Liverpool*, $40. Third Class, *from Cork to New York*, $30. Third Class, *from Cork to Boston*, $32.50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents 99 State Street and Constitution Wharf, Boston, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

REMITTANCES:—Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britian or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN.

SOMETHING NEW!

I AM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of

LIGHT AND DARK GOODS

—FOR—

SPRNIG CLOTHING.

G. R. GAGE.

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without injury

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of

MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN, 148 Hanover Street, Boston.

LBACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.

☞ New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale.

GEORGE ALLEN.

Winchester, Sept. 1. tf

Winter Style!

—OF—

HATS AND CAPS

For 1860,

Now manufacturing at

W. A. HASLAM'S,

COR. OF MAIN & WALNUT STS., WOBURN.

☞ Silk Hats Warranted Waterproof

HATS and CAPS, made to order at short notice Old Hats renovated and made to look as good as new.

BOSTON AND LOWELL and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.30 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.30 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.30 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.30 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30. p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00 5.16, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Saturdays at 10 p. m.
Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00, 11.45 a m, 5 p m.
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m, 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7.55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant B. L. and N. & L. R. R.

May 1st, 1861.

WILLIAM WINN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

A. B COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street

At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

ALSO, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware, Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

☞ *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.*

(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).

Nov1, 1858. ytf

CHARLES A. SMITH

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand

☞ SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.

Woburn, Feb. 14.

BOOKS BOOKS.

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book sellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

Lyceum Building, Winchester. June 7.

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1858. ytf

H. HARRIMAN,

HARNESS AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER.

Corner of Oakley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices

Repairing neatly done.

Nov. 20.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Woburn, January 11, 1861. Apply at this Office.

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,

Woburn Centre

Jan. 21, 1860. tf

HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,

PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satsfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by loaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,

School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL, ...WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.*

East Woburn, Sept. ytf

Central Market

Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.

Oct 8, 1859. tf

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL Printing Establishment,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WE call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

Printing of Every Description.

All classes of the community can have their wants supplied in any style of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS,
INSURANCE POLICIES,
BANK CHECKS,
NOTE BOOKS,
BLANK RECEIPTS,
LEGAL BLANKS,
BILL HEADS,
CATALOGUES,
SERMONS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
PAMPHLETS,
ORDER OF EXERCISES,
BUSINESS CARDS,
ADDRESS CARDS,
BALL CARDS,
ORDER OF DANCES,
SHOW BILLS,
POSTERS,
AUCTION BILLS,
SHOP BILLS,
MILK BILLS,
LABELS,
&c., &c., &c.

Particular attention paid to printing

Posters of all sizes; also Visiting, Marriage, Invitation, Ball and Business Cards.

☞ Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS *STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER, BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c.*, has just been added to the former stock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry, Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Intermediate and Primary Schools.

American and English Family, Pocket and School Bibles and Testaments, a very large stock; Psalmist, Watts and Select, Plymouth Collection, and Christian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post, Political and Ornamental Writing Papers. White, Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes.—Gillott's and Commercial Pens and Holders of various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and Indellible Ink. Covered, Plain, Transparent, and Porcelain Slates. Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper. Whitney's Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Ink Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Faber's, Carpenters, and Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders, Drawing Books, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Tearers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

JUVENILE BOOK,

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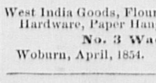

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E. S. DAVIS, Postmaster at Williamsport, Ohio, says: "They give great satisfaction. I used them myself, having taken cold, become prostrate and lost my appetite. It relieved me and I can recommend it with great assurance of its merits."

Dr. WM. M. KERR of Rogersville, Indiana, writes us that they are the most valuable medicine offered. He has recommended them with great success, and with them made several cures of palpitation of the heart and general debility.

THOMAS STANFORD, Esq., Blountville, Henry Co., Indiana, writes us a long letter under date of May 4, 1860. He was much reduced, having been afflicted for three years with great nervous debility, palpitation of the heart of the most severe and prostrating character, "after using a few bottles I was completely restored, and am now in robust health."

GEORGE W. HOFFMAN says he was afflicted with rheumatism for 20 years in all its various forms, and at the date of his letter he had been two years; the bitters effecting the cure, when several physicians attending him could do him no good.

He says, "for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney affection or dropsey, it is a specific and certain remedy."

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YOUR attention is called to the following notice of *Dr. Wheeler's Celebrated Sherry Wine Tonic Bitters*, prepared entirely of roots and herbs, compounded with Sherry Wine. This invaluable tonic is peculiarly beneficial when any tonic impression is needed to give tone and action to the stomach, strength to the digestive organs, and reinstates, in all cases of general debility and loss of appetite, without infringing by its use any conventional forms, neither violating by its companionship the statutes of the land, nor deviating from the most fastidious observances of temperance, whilst enjoying its vivifying influence, makes it the most healthy, and appropriate tonic for Hotels, Steamboats, and Saloons, (as well as the family circle,) that has ever been offered to the public; and by partaking of it unmixed from a wine glass, its medicinal effects will be more highly appreciated. Prepared only by LEWIS WHEELER & CO., DRUGGISTS, *No. 3 Custom House Street, Boston.*

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They combat with other disease, viz. lowness of spirits, diarrhœa, dysentery, and readily conquer.

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Fling out the nation's stripes and stars,
The glorious standard of the free,
The banner borne through freedom's wars,
The hallowed gem of liberty.
On mountain top, in valley de p,
Wherever dwell the free and brave,
O'er graves where freedom's martyrs sleep,
Columbia's flag must freely wave.

Raise high the bright, auspicious flag,
From every height and lowly glen,
In forest dell, on jutting crag,
Afar among the haunts of men;
The sparkling banner widely flung,
Shall proudly wave o'er land and sea,
And freedom's anthem sweetly sung,
Shall swell our country's jubilee!

Oh! let the world that flag behold!
The emblem of the brave and free;
The brightest crown of streaming gold
That decks the Goddess Liberty.
Spread out its folds till heaven's dome
Reverberate the holy sound,
That all oppressed have found a home
On freedom's consecrated ground.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. BUTLER.—We find the following anecdote in *Harper's Weekly*. It is eminently characteristic:

"During the Presidential contest in 1856, Hon. Rufus Choate had been invited to address the Conservative citizens of Lowell. The largest Hall of the city was crowded to excess. The audience was wild with enthusiasm, as the brilliant orator swayed them by his eloquence; but, in the midst of the applause, a jar was felt, a crash was heard, and every face save one turned pale as the cry went forth, "The floor is sinking!" The man whose cheek knew no pallor was General Butler. He sprang up and calmed the fears of the multitude by telling them that he did not apprehend the least danger; that the architect was present; but to allay any misgivings he would go with the architect and examine the building. An immediate investigation showed that the edifice was in the greatest possible danger, and a sudden movement, a rush on the part of the assembly, would result in the slaughter of thousands. Forgetful of himself, he bravely pushed through the dense crowd. He did not shriek—he showed no marks of trepidation—but with a bland countenance whispered a few apparently pleasant and assuring words to Mr. Choate. Mr. Butler then turned to the audience, and, in a calm, clear voice, remarked: "My friends, there is no present danger; but as the house is over-crowded, it will be better to adjourn quietly to the open air; and I therefore invite you to the front of the Merrimack House." The whole thing was accomplised in a few moments. It was only by Mr. Butler's self-possession that the great catastrophe was avoided. On this occasion he showed more cool courage than any battle will ever call into requisition. In the life of Mr. Choate we find what the words were that blandly fell, *sotto voce*, from Mr. Butler, viz:—"Mr. Choate, I must clear this house, or we shall all be in h—l in five minutes!"

ANECDOTES FROM MRS. PIOZZI.—Lord Thurlow was storming one day at his old valet, who thought little of a violence with which he had been long familiar, and "Go to the devil, *do*," cries the enraged master; "Go, I say, to the devil." "Give me a character, my lord," replied the fellow, drily; "people like, you know, to have characters from their acquaintance."

Lord Guilford had a habit of saying, "How does the pot boil?" A political opponent, who probably disliked the rough address, when Wilkes and liberty set London maddening, called to Lord Guilford across a circle of ladies round the tea-table, and cried exultingly, "Well, my good lord, how does the pot boil now?" "Troth, sir, replied the peer, without hesitation, "just as you gentlemen would wish it to do,—scum uppermost."

The following is told of Sir R. Jebb. One day somebody had given him a bottle of *castor* oil, very pure; it had but lately been brought into use. Before he left his home, he gave it in charge to his man, telling him to be careful of it. After the lapse of a considerable time, Sir Richard asked his servant for the oil. "O, it's used!" replied he. "Used!" said Sir Richard; how and when, sir?" "I put in the *castor* when wanted, and gave it to the company."

GIVE ME DRINK.—McLeod, an English writer, puts the following language into the mouth of those who visit the rum seller's den:—

"There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothing and food—give me drink! There's the clothing, food, and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There is the money I have robbed from the schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the storekeeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink, for more will I pay for it. There's my health of body and peace of mind—there's my character as a man and my profession as a Christian—I will give up all—give me drink! More yet have I to give. There is my Heavenly inheritance, and the everlasting friendship of the redeemed—there is all hope of salvation! —I give up my Saviour! I give up my God! I resign all! All that is good, great and glorious in the universe, I resign forever that I may be drunk!"

SENTIMENTS OF A TRAITOR'S WIFE.—Last summer, a party of ladies and gentlemen were assembled at the residence of one of our celebrated painters at West Point, and among other objects of interest introduced by him was a relic of Washington—the copy in his own handwriting of the various orders and dispatches issued by him during the war of Independence. Every one present was, of course, deeply interested in the examination of this precious souvenir, except one, and the exception was a lady. It was presented for her inspection, but she refused to look at it saying that she was sick and tired of hearing so much about Washington; for her part she couldn't see much to admire in the character of such a *bloodthirsty cut-throat*. The lady was Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

☞ We have a little friend by the name of Freddy, who is less than four years old. His sister, who is not quite a year old, was sitting in her father's lap crying and fretting for her mother, who had gone out, when Freddy turned to her and said, in the most earnest manner possible: "There, Alice, you've cried enough; there's no use fretting any more; mother's gone away—and father don't keep the *article you want*!"

WAR TIMES.—The trees are *shooting*; the ground is covered with *blades*; the flowers are full of *pistils*; and the bulrushes are out.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASMATIC & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medicine will be needed*.

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WE offer the country trade and consumers, a complete assortment of every variety of LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Importers is not only a sufficient guarantee for the *Purity of our Goods*, but that it enables us to offer advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and reliable article of *Liquors and Wines* for medicinal and other purposes, we have for many years given special attention to filling orders for *Private Use*, and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to send their orders to us direct, as we employ no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons who require *Pure Liquors and Wines*, in large or small quantities, may rest assured that all orders will receive our best personal attention, and that every article sent from our house will be satisfactory in every respect. Communications by mail will receive prompt attention, with full and complete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS,
87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass.
Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1yr

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THE established popularity of this CHOICE OLD BOURBON as a medicinal agent, renders it superfluous to mention in detail the characteristics which distinguish it from the ordinary grade of Kentucky Whiskeys.

Being distilled in 1848, and manufactured expressly for us with great care, it can be relied upon as a strictly pure stimulant, and peculiarly effective for the treatment of Lung Complaints, Dyspepsia, derangement of the Stomach, Nervousness, &c

As a curative agent it has a tendency to recreate and strengthen; while age having contributed its genial charm and enriched it with a delicous flavor and an oily body, it affords a pleasant incentive to the preservaton or recovery of health, through the agreable medium of a well pleased palate.

Put up in a variety of attractive forms, in iron bound, of one and two dozen bottles each, and sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

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For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO. Nos. 11 and 12, Marshall st., WEEKS & POTTER SETH E. PECKER, D. GOODNOW & CO., REED CUTLER & CO., M. S. BURR & CO., STEPHEN WEEKS, T. L SMITH, S. PIERCE & CO., C. S. DAVIS & CO., and JAS. MACKINTIRE.
24—1y

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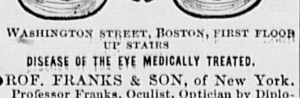

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T. FOSTER FARMER.
Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.

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WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

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THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the Globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES

are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freezing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of Gravel.

Also *WORMS*, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.

SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone

FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease —a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS, —General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds. Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.

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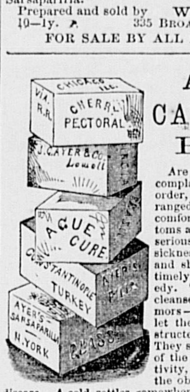

AYER'S

CATHARTIC PILLS.

Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering, and disease. While in this condition, oppressed by the derangements, take Ayer's Pills, and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint, is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly, and many of them surely, cured by the same means. None who know the virtues of these Pills, will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure.

Statements from leading physicians in some of the principal cities, and from other well known public persons.

From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her.

ASA MORGRIDGE.

As a Family Physic.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, New Orleans.

Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Headache, SickHeadache, Foul Stomach.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.

DEAR BRO. AYER: I cannot answer you *what* complaints I have *cured* with your Pills better than to say *all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine*. I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 1, 1855.

DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst *headache* any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once.

Yours with great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Adrion.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.

Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *bilious complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., 7th Feb., 1856.

SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them. Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.

From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.

Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses for *bilious dysentery and diarrhœa.* Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and *purify the fountains of the blood.*

JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, etc.

From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.

Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of *costiveness.* If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are worse. I believe *costiveness* to originate in the liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.

I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the *natural secretion* when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to *cleanse the stomach* and *expel worms.* They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

PULASKI HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.

HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief our skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating *neuralgic pains*, which ended in *chronic rheumatism.* Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SENATE CHAMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.

DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured, by your Pills, of *Rheumatic Gout*—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

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Sold by Druggists and Medicine dealers.

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The undersigned having used Professor HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES in our families with the most satisfactory results, and having full confidence in their genuineness, purity, and efficacy, cheerfully recommend them to all persons who wish to have safe, reliable, and efficacious remedies at hand for private or domestic use.

The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of "The Northern Independent," Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. E. H. Cressey, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. B. I. Ives, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison; the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, Rector, New-Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. Allen Steele, New-York Conference; the Rev. Samuel Nichols, East-Genesee Conference, N. Y.; the Rev. P. S. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; the Rev. John E. Roble, Buffalo; A. C. Hart, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; the Hon. Neal Dow, Portland, Me.; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, South-Bend, Ind.; the Hon. George Humphreys, N. Y.; Henry D. Cook, Esq., Editor of The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio; the Hon. R. H. Graham, Moline, Ill.; the Hon. Thomas J. Chase, Monticello, Fla.; the Hon. Joseph Benedict, Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bristol, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; A. S. Pond, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; James Plunkett, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

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No. 11.—FOR FEMALE IRREGULARITIES, Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Periods.
No. 12.—For Leucorrhea, Profuse Menses, and Bearing Down of Females.
No. 13.—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.
No. 14.—SALT RHEUM PILLS—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.
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A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Old Mismanaged Agues.
P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.
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C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In all acute diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas, the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened, and rendered less dangerous.

Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

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(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles, (mostly from St. John Timber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.

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STIMULATING UNGUENT,

For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

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is prepared by Dr. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair If applied to the scalp, it will cure BALDNESS, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn RED or towy hair DARK, and restore gray hair to its original color leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Unguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price One Dollar a box—for sale by all Druggists and Dealers; or a box of the "Unguent" (warranted to have the desired effect) will be sent to any who desire it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1.18. Apply to or address

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THE READY FAMILY SOAP MAKER, AND UNIVERSAL CLEANSER.

WILL make hard water soft, clean Paint, remove Ink from Type, Grease from Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.

One Box costs	25 cents
4 to 4½ lbs. refuse grease, usually given away, at about ½ cent per lb., say	20
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Forty-five cents, therefore, is the cost of a barrel of FIRST RATE SOFT SOAP.

Recipe for making different kinds of Soap, SENT FREE by addressing depot of Company.

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Vol. X : : No. 38. WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Spring Thoughts.

TO —— IN HEAVEN.

Beloved! sweet Spring the beautiful, has come;
Dost hear my whispers in thy far off home?
Oh how my heart yearned for thee when I heard
The silent forest wak'd by song of bird.
The robin comes each morning now, and sings
In its glad joyousness, and softly brings
The memory of thy songs; the path is green
That leads to the blue rivers's brink; between
The dear hills where the moonbeams soft and clear
Fall sweetly down e'en as when thou wert here.
The Violet to thy bright home looks up,—
Arbutus fills with sweet perfume its cup;
With silver buds the willow droopeth low;
Beloved, dost thou the joyous, bright Spring know?
While all these beauties to this earth are given,
Tell me, beloved! is there no change in Heaven?
Are not the green fields greener still? the light
Of the glad sun more beautiful? more bright
The golden streets? the angel's wing
More eager earthward in the sweet, sweet Spring?
The tree of life, more fair its verdure now
That Spring has kissed cold Winter's withered brow?
Are not the flowers more joyous? and their smile
Mirrored more clearly in the stream of Life the while?
'Tis all in vain—these questions— it may be
That I have sinned in speaking e'en with thee,
Oh then, beloved! kneel thou before the Throne,
And let not my weak prayer ascend alo ie.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

Select Literature.

THE NEW CARPET.

"There's no use trying any longer to suit Isaac Parsons," muttered the afore-named individual's better half, as she sat in a corner of the farm kitchen, rapidly divesting a chicken of its feathers; "I've worked and slaved myself to death for his and his'n, and all the thanks I've had for the last fifteen years has been short words and general growlin', and fault-finding, until now, I'm just determined to stand out and have my own way, or let things take their own course, and he'll find, after all, Melissy Talcott has got some spirit in her that can't be crushed out with all his abusin' and aggravation!

"To think he should have the heart to refuse me a new carpet after he had such good luck with his wheat crop, and I jest slaved myself through harvesting and got along with one girl.

"The more that man gets, the stingier he grows, and there isn't a woman among all my acquaintances that would stand such treatment, and I won't. I'll put my foot down from this moment," setting down most emphatically that solid member of her comely person on the kitchen floor; "if Isaac Parsons won't come to terms, *I'll quit him*—that's all!"

It was a still, serene morning in the early autumn. The kitchen windows were open, and through them came, like golden wings, the sunshine to linger and laugh on the white kitchen floor, and flash along the ceiling, and brighten everything into picturesque beauty in that old farm-house kitchen. The song of the birds in their nests among the old bell pear trees, came also through the windows in sweet eddies and jets of music, and so did all those ripe, fragrant, spicy scents, which belong to autumn, and which have always a whisper of the tropics, with their still, stately splendor, their groves of balm and forests odorous with gums, and beautiful with all strange and gorgeous blooms.

But better than all this, that autumn morning was one to brim the heart with gratitude and love to God, the Giver of perfect beauty, to calm the human soul into peace, and trust in the wisdom and love which had ordained that day a high priest to man, and its robe was like the robe of Aaron's ephod, all of blue, and its bells were the early winds ringing to and fro in the still air, and on the forehead of the morning was written, so that all eyes might read—"all his works do praise him."

But Mrs. Melissa Parsons heard and saw none of these things. Down among the fogs and darkness of her own narrow, fretful cares and anxieties, she walked with warped vision and angry thoughts, which seethed and flashed into rebellion and hatred. For her there was no beauty in that autumn day, no token of God's love and care for man in its sweet face—no voice calling her to prayer and praise in the whisper of the winds or the songs of birds.

Mrs. Melissa Parsons had been a remarkably pretty girl in her youth, and thirty-seven years had made her a fair and comely woman.

Her husband was a somewhat phlegmatic man, stubborn and opinionated, and as his early life and social atmosphere had not enlarged nor softened his character, the hardest and most disagreeable part of it expanded with his years. He loved money, and as the æsthetic part of his nature had never been cultivated, he regarded it as wastefulness and extravagance to indulge in much grace of surroundings.

Still there was another side to the man; his affections were deep and tender, and a judicious and loving woman could have reached and influenced him to almost any degree through these. But Mrs. Parsons never understood her husband. She was an impulsive, high-spirited, and really warm-hearted woman, with a good deal of petty social ambition, and she and her husband were constantly jarring each other.

His obstinacy always inflamed her anger, while her imperious temper only hardened him into fresh stubbornness, and so the current of their lives ran most inharmoniously, and was constantly interrupted by jars and bickerings, and angry altercations. That one fair and precious lily of tenderness, whose grace and beauty filled her youth with fragrance, cast its leaves, and at last only the root was left; and what dews or sunshine should nourish it in a soil that grew more barren year by year—a soil overgrown with thistles, and rank and noisome weeds?

Yet all these years the barns and storehouses, the lands and gold of Isaac Parsons increased, and God sent children—two boys and a girl—to soften the hearts of the father and mother, and to be to them angels of a new covenant of household peace and tenderness. But, alas! alas! the sweet faces, and all the beautiful ministrations of childhood never accomplished their mission; and, with hearts and tempers fretted, and soured, and worn, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons counted the years going over them, and both felt that their marriage had been a mistake and a misery, and with blind eyes that would not see, and hard hearts that would not understand, each blamed the other and mutual recrimination only produced fresh bitterness.

At last a crisis came. Mrs. Parsons had set her heart that autumn upon a new parlor carpet, which was in nowise unreasonable, and in which her husband ought to have indulged her, but the manner of her request, which was in reality a command, at once roused the inherent stubbornness of the man, and he flatly refused her. Then followed passionate words and angry retorts, till the husband and wife separated with mutual bitterness and rage.

But as Mrs. Parsons took up her denuded chicken and plunged it in a pan of hot water, her eyes glanced on the weekly paper, which lay on the the table, and they settled upon this passage, which completed a short sketch—"Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed his cause to Him that judgeth righteously."

And these words stole, in a still, serene, rebuking voice, through the stormy soul of Mrs. Parsons. She had read them innumerable times before, and they had had for her no special message nor meaning, but now God had sent his angel to drop them in her heart; and in a moment something of the sin and wrong of her life rose up and confronted her.

She sat down in a low chair by her kitchen table, and rested her forehead on her hand. The hard, fretful, angry look went out from her face, and was succeeded by a soft, thoughtful expression, and the sunshine hovered in yearning, golden, shifting beauty about her.

And the years of Mrs. Parsons rose up like pale, sorrowful faces from the dead, and looked reproachfully upon her, and suddenly, in sharp, clear, strong features, stood revealed to her roused conscience the heavy part she had borne in all the sin and misery that had blasted her married life.

And then the woman's memory went back to her first acquaintance with Isaac Parsons. He had chosen her from among a score of others who had envied her that good fortune, and how those early days of their courtship came over the softened heart of the woman, as the first winds of spring came up from the south, and went softly over the bare, despairing earth. Then she saw herself once more a shy, tremulous, joyful bride at the altar, leaning on the strong arm and the tender heart, to whom she gave herself gladly and trustingly, as a woman should.

And she remembered that morning a little later, when her proud and happy young husband brought her to the house which had been his father's, and how for a little while the thought of her being mistress of the great old farm-house fairly frightened the wits out of her.

She meant to make it a sweet and happy home for Isaac Parsens. She remembered, as though it had all happened yesterday, the little plans and contrivances she had made for his surprise, and their mutual comfort.

But the quarrel came. How well she remembered it, and how clearly she saw now the foolish and sinful part she had borne in that! If she had controlled her temper then—if she had only been gentle and patient, forbearing and forgiving, instead of being proud and passionate, fretful and stubborn! If she had only borne her woman's burdens and done her woman's duties! Here the wife and mother broke down; she buried her face in her apron, and cried like a child.

Mrs. Parsons was an energetic, determined woman, and when she had once made up her mind on any course of action, she would not shrink back from it. What went on in the softened woman's heart that morning, as she sat with her apron at her eyes, and the sobs in her rocking to and fro in her low chair, and the sweet, restless sunshine all about her—what went on in the woman's softened heart, only God and the angels know.

"Are you tired, Isaac?"

The farmer was wiping his face and hands on the brown crash towel which hung near the window. He was a tall, stalwart, muscular man, sun-browned and weather-beaten, yet he had keen, kindly eyes, and the hard features had an honest, intelligent expression. Mrs. Parsons was cutting a loaf of rye bread at the kitchen table. Her husband turned and looked at her a moment, as though he half doubted whether he had heard aright. His wife's face was bent over the bread, and, he could not see it; but the words came a second time:

"Are you tired, Isaac?"

It was a long time since Mr. Parsons had heard that soft, quiet voice. It stole over his heart like a wind from the land of his youth.

"Well, yes, I do feel kind of tuckered out. It's hard work to get in all that all that corn with only one hand besides Roger."

"I reckoned so; and I thought I'd broil the chicken for tea, and bake the sweet potatoes, as you'd relish them best so."

Mr. Parsons did not speak a word; he sat down and took the weekly paper out of his pocket, but his thoughts were too busy to let him read one word. He knew very well his wife's aversion to broiled chickens, and as the kitchen was her undisputed territory, he was obliged to submit and have his chickens stewed, and his potatoes served up in sauce, notwithstanding she was perfectly aware that he preferred the former broiled, and the latter baked; and this unusual deference to his taste fairly struck the farmer dumb with astonishment, and he sat still and watched his wife as she hurried from the pantry to the table, in her preparations for tea; and then there came across him the memory of some of the harsh, angry words he had spoken during their quarrel that morning, and the words smote the man's heart.

And while Mrs. Parsons was in the midst of taking up the daintily broiled chicken, two boys and a girl burst into the kitchen.

"Hush, hush, children," wound in among the obstreperous mirth like a silver chime, the soft voice of the mother. "Father's busy reading the paper, and you'll disturb him."

The children were silenced at once, not in fear of the reproof, but in wonder at it, for the wife as seldom consulted her husband's taste and convenience in these small, everyday matters which make the happiness or irritation of our lives, as he did hers.

In a few moments the hungry family gathered round the table. There was little spoken at the meal, but a softer, kindlier atmosphere seemed to pervade the room. The children felt, though they did not speak of it.

"Are you going out this evening, Isaac?"

"Well, yes, I thought I'd step round to the town meetin'. Want anything at the store?" continued Mr. Parsons, as he tried to button his collar before the small, old-fashioned looking glass, whose mahogany frame was mounted with boughs of evergreen, around which scarlet berries hung their charm of rubies.

But the man's large fingers were clumsy, and after several ineffectual attempts to accomplish his purpose, Mr. Parsons dropped his hand with an angry grunt, that "the thing would not work."

"Let me try, father." Mrs. Parsons stepped quickly to her husband's side, and in a moment her hand had managed the refractory button.

Then she smoothed down a lock or two of black hair, which had strayed over the sunburnt forehead, and the touch of those soft fingers felt very pleasant about the farmer's brow, and woke up in his heart old sweet memories of times when he used to feel them fluttering like a dream through his hair.

He looked on his wife with a softness in his keen eye, which he little suspected. And the softness and the smile stirred a fountain warm and tender in Mrs. Parsons' heart, which not for years yielded one drop of its sweet waters. She reached up her lips impulsively, and kissed his cheek. Any one who had witnessed that little domestic scene would scarcely have suspected that the married life of Isaac Parsons and his wife counted three-quarters of a score of years.

The woman's comely face was full of shy blushes as a girl's of sixteen, and Isaac Parsons seized his hat and plunged out of the house without speaking one word, but with a mixture of amazement and something deeper on his face, not easily described.

But at last he cleared his throat, and muttered to himself, "Melissy sha'n't repent that act; I say she sha'n't!" and when Isaac Parsons said a thing, everybody knew he meant it.

* * * * * * * * *

The sunset of another autumn day was rolling its verdures of purple and gold about the mountains when the wagon of Isaac Parsons rolled into the farm-yard. He had been absent all day in the city, and the supper had been awaiting him nearly an hour, and the children had grown hungry and impatient.

"O, father! what have you got there?" they all clamored, as he came into the house tugging along an immense bundle tied with cords.

"It is something for your mother, children," was the unsatisfactory answer.

At this moment Mrs. Parsons entered the kitchen. Her husband snapped the cords, and a breadth of ingrain carpeting rolled upon the floor through whose dark green groundwork trailed a russet vine and golden leaves a most tasteful and graceful pattern.

Isaac Parsons turned to his amazed wife—"There, Melissy, there's the parlor carpet you asked me for, yesterday mornin'. I reckon there ain't many that will beat it in West Farms."

A quick change went over Mrs. Parsons' face, half of joy, half of something deeper.

"O, Isaac!" She put her arms around the strong man's neck, and burst into tears.

The trio of children stood still, and looked on in stolid amazement. I think the sight of their faces was the first thing which recalled Isaac Parsons to himself.

"Come, come, mother," he said, but his voice was not just steady, "don't give away now like this. I'm as hungry as a panther, and want my supper before I do anything but put up my horse"—and he strode off to that impatient quadruped in the back yard.

So the new carpet proved an olive-branch of peace to the household of Isaac Parsons. While others admired its pattern or praised its quality, it spoke to Mrs. Parsons' heart a story of all that which love and patience may accomplish. After many struggles and much prayer, the triumph over pride and passion and evil habits was at last achieved; and this was not accomplished in a day or a month or a year, but the "small leaven that leaventh the whole lump" worked silently and surely, completed at least its pure and perfect work, and in the farm-house of Isaac Parsons reigned the spirit of forberance and self-relinquishment, of gentleness and love, which was given unto those "who fear God and keep his holy commandments."

Washington's Vision.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-one, and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which, he said, he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a shaking hand—"what time is it? I can't see so well now as I used to."

"Half-past three."

"Come, then," he contined, "let us go into the Hall; I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself, and if you live, you will before long, see it verified. Mark me, I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified."

Reaching the visitors' room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved, we sat down upon one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable friend related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it as nearly as possible, in his own words:

"When the bold action of our Congress, in asserting the independence of the colonies, became known in the world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels, whom British grenadiers would soon tame into submission; but, undauntedly, we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days Seventy-Six, but they little know—neither can they imagine—the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I much fear, and that is, that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and, unless it is checked, will, at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the Republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

"From the opening of the Revolution, we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and now ill, at one time victorious, and at another conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's care-worn cheeks as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray. Well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God the interposition of whose divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"One day, I remember it well—the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly—he remained in his quarters nearly the whole of the afternoon, alone. When he came out, I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"'I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld, standing exactly opposite me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I—for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, third, and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor other than a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually, the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to rarify, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing, fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"'Presently I heard a voice, saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn!" while, at the same time, my visitor extended her arm and fore finger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay stretched out in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. "Son of the Republic," said the same mysterious voice as before, "look and learn!"

"'At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel, standing, or rather floating, in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe some with his left. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly eastward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

"'A second time the angel dipped from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, into whose heaving wave it sunk from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice, saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn."

"'I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns, and cities springing up, one after another, until the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say, "Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn."

"'At this the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every village, town, and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word UNION, bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, and said: "Remember, ye are brethren!"

"'Instantly, the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, "Son of the Republic, the second peril is passed—look and learn."

"'And I beheld the villages, towns, and cities of America increase in size and numbers, till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in heaven, or as the sand on the sea-shore. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying, "Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn."

"'At this, the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia, and Africa.

"'Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of those countries arose thick, black clouds, which soon joined into one, and throughout this mass gleamed a dark red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn villages, cities, and towns that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice, saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn."

"'When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long, fearful blast.

"'Instantly a light, as from a thousand suns, shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone the word UNION, and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from Heaven, attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn."

"'As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel, for the last time, dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld the villages, towns, and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants: "While the stars remain and the heavens send down dews upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last!"

"'And, taking from his brow the crown, on which still blazed the word UNION, he placed it upon the standard, while all the people, kneeling down, said, "Amen!"

"'The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who, in that same mysterious voice I had heard before, said: "Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his Land, and the Union!"

"'With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had been shown the birth, progress, and destiny of the Republic of the United States. In UNION she will have her strength, in DISUNION her destruction.'

"Such, my friend," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her remember that in UNION she has her strength, in DISUNION her destruction."

Legends of Mississippi.

To those of the present day who are aquainted with Iowa by residence, summer trips, or family connections, it seems almost incredible that highly cutivated as it now is, and thickly dotted with towns and villages, this State was so lately the hunting-grounds of the Indians; and that even within twenty years, the Winnebagoes have carried on their inveterate warfare with the Sacs and Foxes, where now the rapid rail-car whirls you along for hundreds of miles, without once losing sight of the habitation of civilized man.

The discovery of the mineral resources on each side of the upper Mississippi, in northern Illinois and Iowa, must have resulted in an emigration to those parts exceeding the utmost anticipations of government; since the Winnebagoes, bribed at a high price to remove from their haunts in southern Wisconsin to the "neutral ground" in Iowa, were, in less than ten years, again bought out, and driven far away to the wild northwest; while the warlike Sacs and Foxes, with all that remain of the once powerful and semi-civilized Ioways, who so long inhabited the beautiful banks of the Des Moines, are now driven far beyond the Missouri, merged into one diminished and undreaded tribe.

Taking into consideration the rapid progress of events on the banks of the Mississippi, Dubuque may fairly be pronouced an *ancient city*, dating upwards of two centuries since it received its name from the early French settlers. Surrounded as it has been until within about twenty years, with Indian tribes, amongst whom the exchange of commodities, the settlements of the missions, and constant communication, produced a friendly feeling, strong friendships existed, and intermarriages were not unfrequent: thus the removal of the native tribes was attended on their own part with feelings of regret no payments could compensate, and of enmity and ill-will toward their aggressors, that can be eradicated only with their own extinction.

A short time before the purchase of the "Ioway country" from the Sacs and Foxes, a man named Pierre Leclerc, of French parentage, removed down the river from Dubuque, and settled with his family in the adjoining county, where the little town of Sabula has since risen. Many years before, he had discovered a young Sac warrior lying wounded, and almost dying, in the "underbrush." He had met with a serious accident while hunting, and but for timely assistance would have died in solitude and suffering. Leclerc took him to his own home, and carefully tended him until he could rejoin his tribe, which kindness had been returned with a devoted and lasting friendship; and he had never failed to visit his preserver with valuable presents of furs and deer-skins every year from that time.

But now a period has arrived when the Indian (a chief of his tribe) must bid farewell forever and he sought his friend in his new home for that purpose. He was moody and sorrowful, and gave utterance to many bitter and revengeful expressions against the Americans, unwilling to admit the justice of a mutual treaty. "White man thinks there are treasures beneath our hunting-grounds," said he, while a fierce and malignant expression overspread his features; "he will dig up our hunting-grounds to find bullets to shoot down our warriors and our red deer, and will drive us to the fierce tribes of the west, who make war upon us, and our wigwams will be no more spread on these meadows." Leclerc endeavored to pacify his Indian friend, who by-and-by, became more calm, and informed him that he was the possessor of a very important secret, and that if Leclerc would promise never to divulge it, and submit himself entirely to his guidence, he would confide it to him. The man had sufficient confidence in the Indian chief to make the required promise and yield himself up into his power. He was told he must be blind-folded, and go wherever the chief would lead him, immediately after sunset. Leclerc, therefore, permitted bandages to be bound carefully over his eyes, and was conducted to the river and into a canoe, which, after many circuitous twists and turns, was rowed steadily on for several hours, and then suddenly this way and that before stopping, in order, as Leclerc conjectured, to more effectually disguise the direction they had taken. He was carefully conducted on shore and led along a rough and tangled path, breaking through trees and bushes to effect their progress. After several minutes of this uncertain course, he had to crawl on hands and knees through a narrow passage, which seemed like a low, damp cave, for some distance his companion urging him on, until at last he was bid to stand upright, and the bandage was removed from his eyes.

To the astonishment of Leclerc, he found himself in total darkness, shut out from stars and sky—not a ray of light was discernable. He spoke, and his voice resounded on all sides, rolling along from echo to echo, like the rumbling of distant thunder. A cold chill ran through his frame, and his faith in his Indian friend was well-nigh failing. Had he inadvertently provoked his ire? and was he brought there to perish alone? But the brave Sac warrior was in the mean time producing a light, and suddenly setting fire to a heap of rubbish he had collected on the way, behold! what wonders were revealed to Leclerc. He found himself in a vast vault of glittering crystals. High up above his head, and around on all sides as far as the remotest glimmer of light could reach, glittering crystals of pure lead were packed in every direction. Bright and smooth, like millions of little mirrors, shone the metal. "Behold the treasure that lies buried beneath our wigwams," exclaimed the Indian; "but the Sac warrior *only* knows this cave, and he will never tell to white man the riches of our hunting-ground." Leclerc was permitted to ramble at will, and thoroughly convince himself of the reality of this buried wealth, while the chief dragged in more branches to heap on the fire; but no information could be elicted, not one hint as to the locality could be draw from him. And when at length the astonishment of old Pierre had abated, and his vision satiated with the beauty of this subterranean palace, the bandages were replaced over his eyes, and he was reconducted, on hands and knees, along the craggy paths to the canoe; and after a repetition of the same deceptive turnings, and five or six hours of steady rowing, he was landed, taken to his home, and once more restored to the privileges of sight.

On his death-bed, Pierre Leclerc revealed the secret to his son, who subsequently spent upwards of two years in exploring the banks of the Mississippi on each side within thirty miles of the spot where he dwelt; but in vain. This treasure is still a buried secret. That it exists is, a well-known fact in that neighborhood; and who can foretell the circumstance that may sooner or latter bring it to light?

This cave is supposed to be of galena, or sulphuret of lead, whose crystals are in cubes presenting a bright, smooth surface. The existence of lead, throughout that region, extending far beyond the mining districts, is frequently detected. Its presence is also indicated by the "lead plant" of botanists, "amorpha canescens," which is found in great quantities for many miles in that vicinity of the Mississippi; but whether this one mysterious cavern will be ever revealed or not, belongs only to the future annals of time. The leveling for a road, or the foundation of a building; the agriculturist, or naturalist in his researches, may in a moment discover it; or, on the contrary, the hardworking farmer may even now be partaking of his daily meals over his unexpected riches—the storms of winter and *debris* of years have long since choked up all access to it; or the foundation of a future city may have already cut off its discovery for ages, and man is pursuing his daily toil to amass a fortune for his family, every hour tramping over and over the very spot where wealth incaculable lies buried.—*Home Journal.*

The Two Gifts.

A boy with earnest eyes knelt at his mother's knee. She stroked the gold of his yellow hair, and bade God bless her boy. He grew in years and strength; and one day, in his boyish dreamings, there appeared to him two spirits, each offering him a gift. Both gifts were attractive, yet he could choose but one. One was a pearl, which at first might seem of little value, but the more you looked at it, the brighter it grew, until you saw that it was the pearl of great price—the love of God. The other was a yellow gem of most goodly seeming, burning with a fervent radiance, and was the love of gold.

Years passed away; springs were succeeded by summers, and summers passed into cold autums and colder winters. And as the years came and went, all the time the boy's heart was busy within him. He was now a bold browed youth with flashing eyes, but their fire was dimmed for a time, for his mother faded, and, at length, withered away. Birds sang, and shadows danced, and the silvery waterbells tinkled in the streams, and dandelions spangled the green turf upon his mother's grave, and the youth's heart was softened. The mildly beaming pearl seemed lovlier in his eyes, for his mothers voice had blessed it. He would have taken it to his heart, but the spirit of the other love was close beside his ear, "Wilt thou choose *that*, and with it poverty and contempt among thy fellow-men?" Look! this shall bring thee happiness, for it rules mankind. It shall bring thee power and honor with its riches. It shall fill thy coffers, so that men shall call thee honorable. It shall make for thee ready servitors, for thou shalt say to this one "Go," and to that one "Come," and all shall do thy bidding. It shall bring thee all that satisfies, for it shall bring thee homage from thy fellow-men.

And then in the boy's ears sounded his mother's words, "Fear God rather than man." "Seek first the kingdom of God."

The boy became a man, yet began to pass unheeded among men, for he had not gold. His proud spirit could not brook the world's neglect. The pearl was offered him again. Would he choose that, and walk obscurely, or the other, and be rich and be honored for his gold?

He forgot his mother's words, he forgot the all-seeing eye, he forgot the yearning tenderness of Him who became poor that we, through his poverty, might be made rich. He forgot it all, and he took to his heart the other love! and so subtle was its nature, that, unconsciously to him, it supplanted all other affection! The desire for gold, that he might command the homage of men, burned deep in his heart. It corroded and consumed the memories of his early life; and the long grass sodden with rain, over his mother's grave, wept the only tears which were now shed there.

The earnest, tender light had faded from his eyes—they were now cold and hard; and instead of the open glance which had been their wont, they had now a repellent suspicious gaze. His form was bent, too, and the brow furrowed and knit with care. In the worn, repulsive man, you scarcely recognized the frank and noble youth; for those powers which might have given him a high place in the intellectual world were prostituted to the base, sordid use of money-getting. His heart was canker-eaten!

But he gained his ends. Gold freely, lavishly, flowed into his money-chests, and men—low-minded—bowed, but they reverenced him not! When those who had early loved him died, he lived unloving and unloved. For he had lost all generous impulses, and he was now only a miser. Other men had treasures in the household; he had none but in his drawers and chests and bags. Other men had treasures in friends; he had no friends, and no treasures in any human heart. Other men had treasures in heaven; he had laid up none there, but hoarded them all on earth. He was offered the Pearl of Great Price, but refused it. He was offered the Love of Gold, and accepted it. He chose for what he should live, and lived for it. And then he miserably died! The first spirit came to his bedside and wept; the other came also and mocked. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

DR. GRATH AND MICKEY.—Of the stories preserved of Grath's social humor, some are exquisitely droll. Writing a letter at a coffee-house, he found himself overlooked by a curious Irishman who was impudently readingevery word of the epistle. Grath took no notice of the impertinence until he had finished and signed the body of the letter, when he added a postscript ot unquestionable legibility:

"I would write you more by this post, but there's a tall, impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time."

"What do you mean, sir?" roared the Irishman in a fury, "Do you think I looked over your letter?"

"Sir," replied the physician, "I never once opened my lips to you."

"Aye, but you have put it down for all that."

"'Tis impossible, sir, that you should know that, for you have never once looked over my letter."

☞ Shortly after the battle of Princeton, a witty Scotch farmer amused himself by writing a humorous ballad upon it, which so stung one of the officers who had behaved very badly on the occasion, that he sent the poet a challenge to meet him in mortal combat. The second found the farmer busy with his pitchfork, to whom he delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good-natured farmer, turning towards him with his agricultural implement in his hand, cooly said:—

'Gang awa' back to Mester Smith, and tell him I hae nae time to go to H—— to give him satisfaction; but if he likes to come here, I'll do what he did—I'll run awa'.'

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861

SOMETHING TO DO.

Sad indeed is the lot of the man or woman who has nothing to do. Many people, however, are so busy in doing nothing that they, perhaps, would not be willing to reckon themselves among those who have nothing to do. One of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of any one is a plenty of employment in some honorable calling. No man better relishes his food, or sleeps sweeter at night than he whose brow has been bathed with sweat while following the plough, using the spade or hoe, swinging the scythe, or plying the tools of the artisan and mechanic. Such men are worth something to themselves and to the community in which they live. They are not mere consumers, but they are producers also. They are men in the true sense of the term, and have a right to hold up their heads as becomes men. How different are those who have nothing to do; who seek to kill time by lounging in stores, shops, or wherever people meet for business. The employment of collecting and distributing the news and petty scandal of the day—to call it by no harsher name—is not a very honorable or very profitable calling. It will not help to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, or alleviate the grief of the sorrowful hearted.

There is something for us all to do, at all times, let business be as it may—whether prosperous or dull. We have intellectual and moral natures to cultivate that are capable of infinite expansion. It is for us to say whether they shall be overrun and choked with the weeds of passion and error, through our own idleness, or whether we will improve each moment that can be spared from business in strengthening our minds, enlarging the boundaries of our knowledge, and in cultivating those moral affections and graces by means of which alone we become like Him who went about doing good. Every man ought so to cultivate his moral nature that it would cause him to experience profound sorrow to learn that any one had been found swerving from the path of rectitude and moral integrity. And yet how many there are that gloat and rejoice over the shortcomings or the reported failings of others. They are never more happy, apparently, than when they are carrying about evil rumors concerning their fellow men.

There is a plenty for us all to do, better far than this, infinitely more honorable, and worthy the attention of immortal beings. There are severe battles to be fought at the seat of war in this country, but there are severer conflicts to be met and that must be met in the hearts of every one of us, if we seek in earnest to overcome all that is wrong within us. We must shut out the evil spirits of jealousy, envy, slander, and their attendant legions, or we shall be led captive at their will. If our minds are turned upon objects of thought that are purifying and ennobling, we shall thereby be advancing in what gives dignity and true nobleness to manhood, and shall be shielded from much that, once admitted into the mind and the heart, will do us infinite harm, and cannot be cast out without a struggle, long and often renewed.

In this calamitous period of our country's history, in this time of trial such as none of us have seen before, when there is laid upon each one as much as he can well bear, let us seek to lighten one another's burdens, to alleviate each other's sorrows, and thus fulfill that divine precept—Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Second N. H. Regiment.

The Second Regiment of N. H. Volunteers, Col. Gilman Marston, arrived in Boston on Thursday noon. They were received at the Eastern Railroad depot, by "The Sons of New Hampshire" in Boston. Escort duty was performed by the Independent Corps of Cadets. The Regiment proceeded through several of the principal streets of the city, headed by Gilmore's Full Band to the Music Hall, where a collation had been prepared for them by "The Sons." Gov. Berry, Ex-Gov. Goodwin, and many other men connected with the State government of N. H. were present, and added vastly to the imposing military pageant. "The Sons" occupied the galleries of the Music Hall. The Regiment was introduced "To the Sons" by Col. A. O. Brewster, a native of Hanover, N. H., and the speech of welcome was made by Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, the President of "The Sons." Col. Marston replied in a very felicitous manner.

After the collation, the Regiment was reviewed on the Common by Gov. Berry of N. H., and Gov. Andrew, attended by their staff officers. The Regiment numbers 1040 men. They are youthful in appearance, but march with steadiness and firmness that would do honor to older troops. The impression left by them upon the military men who saw them, is most satisfactory. They took their departure from Boston at 4½ o'clock at the Old Colony Depot, in twenty-two passenger and two baggage cars. They have twenty large baggage wagons to carry their camp equipage, and a Hospital Ambulance. These, wagons, drawn by 90 horses, passed through Woburn on Wednesday. While stopping to give their horses drink the drivers were bountifully supplied with a lunch by resident "Sons of N. H." The men remarked on reaching Boston, that Woburn was the only place where they had received such whole souled attention since they left Concord, N. H.

The Regiment is one of which N. H. and her sons, wherever they are, may feel proud. They will do their duty, and will not falter when the hour of trial comes.

NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION.—The Association held a very interesting meeting last Tuesday evening, at the house of Rev. Dr. Stebbins. The subject was the Natural Order of plants—Ranunculaceæ. Most of the species of this order growing in Massachusetts, were upon the table for examination. We mention the following:—Hepatica triloba,—out of flower—from Stoneham; Thalictrum anemonoides; Ranunculus aquatalis, (White Water-Crowfoot,) from Stoneham; R. abortivus; R. recurvatus; R. repens, R. bulbosus; R. acris; pressed specimens of R. fascicularis—(early Crowfoot,); Aquilegia Canadensis, (Wild Columbine,); and Actea spicata, var. alba, (White Cohosh).

The next meeting will occur in two weeks, at the house of Rev. Mr. Bronson. The subject will be Entomology. This last named subject has engaged the attention of the Association the past winter, and the members have found it very interesting. The great difficulty experienced in the pursuit of this branch of Natural History is the want of a suitable text book. When the work of the late Dr. Harris, which is now in press, is published, better facilities will be afforded the Entomologist. This work has been edited and illustrated by Prof. Agassiz, to meet a want that has long been felt in Natural History.

STONEHAM RIFLE COMPANY.—The Stoneham Gray Eagles, Capt. J. P. Gould, visited Woburn on Wednesday afternoon, marching into the village through Railroad street. They passed down Main street, through Warren street to Thompsonville, and from thence to the common, where, somewhat unexpectedly to them, we presume, they met with a pretty smart "brush." As they had stacked their arms they were in no very good condition to resist, and so bore it patiently and calmly. This being over, Capt. Gould was notified that a collation—such as the very short notice of their visit had enabled the citizens to prepare—was awaiting them at the Town Hall. Without ceremony the company and their Stoneham friends present, together with a goodly number of the citizens of Woburn, proceeded to the Hall. Mr. W. A. Haslam, in a brief but patriotic speech bade Capt. Gould and his Company a hearty welcome, and invited them to make an immediate attack upon the tables before them. Their march through the heat and dust had evidently well prepared them to relish what was spread before them.

After the collation they returned to the common, and spent some time in drilling. Their loading and firing, while lying upon the ground, in Zouave style, attracted much attention. On the arrival of the Woburn Phalanx from the west part of the town, where they had spent the afternoon in target shooting, both companies marched to the Wyman lot on Main street, where the Eagles continued their drill and evolutions till a little after nine o'clock. They then started for home, being escorted by the Phalanx to Wood's Hill.

The company presented a very fine appearance, being composed of men of very nearly the same height, muscular and active. Had a knowledge of their intended visit been more widely known, a much larger number of our citizens would have turned out to see them and to greet them. If their visit was as pleasant to them as it was to the people of Woburn, they must have enjoyed their trip If this company goes to the war it will make its mark if it gets a chance. Stoneham is standing in the front rank in helping put down the Southern rebellion, and can justly appropriate to herself a full share of the honor that is resting upon the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ORGAN CONCERT AND DEDICATION AT MEDFORD.—The concert at the opening of the new organ of the First Trinitarian Church (Rev. Mr. Marvin's), on Monday evening, 10th inst., was a grand affair. Mr. Whiting, the organist, and the choir from Woburn, did themselves great credit. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and all expressed themselves as delighted with the organ and the whole performance. The organ was built by Sirs Stevens & Jewett, of Boston, and is certainly a very superior one. It is amply large for the church, has a very prompt and flexible movement, and its tone is so pure and sweet that one of the most accomplished organists, who happened to be present, remarked that a bad sound could not be made from it.

The dedication services took place on Wednesday, June 12, and were highly appropriate and interesting. Master Henry Hadley presided at the organ, and it was thought that he brought out the power of the organ even more prominently than Mr. Whiting had done, and the choir of the congregation performed their part admirably. Certainly the music of this congregation will be of a superior order.

The order of exercises was as follows: 1st—Voluntary on the Organ; 2d—Invocation, by Rev. G. M. Preston; 3d—Chant; 4th—Reading of Scripture, by Rev. Daniel March; 5th—Original Hymn, beautifully alluding to the burning of the "former Temple;" 6th—Prayer, by Rev. J. C. Bodwell; 7th—Hymn; 8th—Sermon, by Rev. E. P. Marvin, an able performance showing the true idea of a sanctuary in contrast with the false, and giving an historical defense of the church as in reality the original church instituted in 1713, though compelled to change the organization in 1823, yet preserving the doctrines, spirit, and worship continuously, giving the claim to be called the "First Trinitarian Church" from the first to the present; 9th—Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. William Barrows, of Reading, a most remarkable effort in its appropriateness, scriptural thoroughness, fervency and ability; 10th—Anthem; 11—Benediction, by Rev. A. E. Kittredge.

Many clergymen and friends from the neighboring churches were present, and without exception they seemed to be well pleased with the proportions of the church, and with the plain, yet neat, appropriate and rich finish and furniture, both of the audience-room and of the vestries.

The common expression was, "it is in excellent taste throughout and is good enough for anybody." And yet this large church cost only $13,000, more than half of which was provided for by the insurance on the old church and by the ladies' fair. Nearly one-third of the hundred pews were sold on the day of the dedication. Why then should forty or sixty thousand dollar chuches ever be built, and congregations be loaded with twenty and forty thousand dollar debts?—*Traveller*.

I rejoice, Mr. Editor, that our Medford friends have been enabled to erect a new church so speedily and so cheaply, in the place of the one they lost by fire. But I do not see why they should, at the close of their gratulations, turn round and throw stones at other people. If any reply is necessary to the enquiry at the close of the article above quoted, it may be said that, although the new church just dedicated at Medford is a very neat, appropriate and cheaply built chapel, entirely adapted to the wants of the congregation worshipping in it, still it would not be just the thing for a congregation whose average attendance on the Sabbath is three or four times as large as the number present at the dedication of this house. There are those who think one large and strong society preferable to two small ones, of the same denomination, in the same place. This necessitates the erection of what may be truly called "large churches," promotes good feeling and the growth both of the religious body and of the town in which they are situated. Things that cost the least are not always the cheapest. We are accustomed to value things very much according to the price we pay for them. It has been found that those societies whose funded property reduces their expenses to a minimum, are apt to lose their energy and fall to pieces. Small societies can shoulder considerable burdens, and large societies, it is presumed, are able to do as much in proportion. But the First Parish in Woburn would not have been true to its own interests, had it erected an edifice corresponding in price and dimensions to that under notice.

Of the organ concert I have nothing to say, further than to express a little surprise, that the organist and choir received only a line or two of notice, while the thousand dollar organ received quite an airing. The comparison of the playing of one of the best organists in the United States, with that of a young tyro schoolboy, as the title *Master* indicates, is quite *recherche*.

I understand that the audience at the dedication numbered about three hundred,

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SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.—As the time for the public examinations of the several schools in this and adjoining towns is near at hand, we take occasion to suggest that the reports of them, if furnished as usual for our columns, be short and to the point. The necessary sameness from term to term and from year to year, render this the more necessary. Whatever is new, or particularlarly interesting should be brought foward, and common place matters be passed over briefly.

PARADE FOR TARGET PRACTICE.—Last Wednesday afternoon, the Phalanx turned out and marched to the west part of the town for target practice. The company numbered 50 men under Capt. Winn, and escorted the fine members—50 in number—under the command of Major Pierce. Judging from the appearance of the targets on the return of the company, the shots were exceedingly good, Wm. Miles took the silver medal for the best shots.

FOR THE WAR.—On Thursday ten more members of the Phalanx started for the seat of war. They took the 2¼ o'clock train from Lowell at Winchester, expecting to go on from Boston with the 2d N. H. Regiment. The following are the names of the men: T. F. Warland, M. M. Hovey, Josiah Leathe. jr., J. W. Smith, J. F. Jefferds, J. M. Maxfield, John E. Tidd, B. T. Livingston, Robert Pemberton, C. F. Mulliken,

They hope to find places in the 5th Regiment, now in Virginia.

CAPT. DIKE.—Capt John H. Dike, of the Stoneham Light Infantry, who was wounded at Baltimore on the 19th of April, visited Woburn on Wednesday. He walks with crutches, but says his wound is doing well. One thing is certain the ball in its passage through his thigh did not carry away any of his courage and patriotism, but apparently carried in and left a large amount. He is as true as steel, and evidently longs to be at the post of honor which is the post of duty and danger.

LARGE TURTLE.—Mr. R. Gilman, in the employ of A. Thompson & Co., caught a large turtle last Wednesday, in the pond at their tannery, weighing 22½ pounds, and measuring from head to tail a little over three feet, and one foot across the back. He has been seen at various times during the past seven years, but all attempts to capture him have been unavailing hitherto.

PICKPOCKET ARRESTED.—We learn from the *Herald* that "Sylvanus Wood Esq., a venerable citizen of Woburn, went to the Common yesterday afternoon, accompanied by his wife, to see the Maine regiment. While attempting to get a position near the lines he felt a hand in his right hand trousers pocket attempting to abstract his wallet. He looked around and saw a young man taking himself away rapidly. He raised an alarm, and Sergeant Clifford of the Fourth Station Police, chased the supposed pickpocket up Charles street and nabbed him. His name is Thomas Smith, and, after examination in the Police Court, was held in $100 to the SuperiorCourt."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July is promptly upon our table. Its contents are unusually interesting. The articles upon Emancipation in Russia; The Ordeal by Battle; Washington as a Camp; and Ellsworth, will cause it to be read extensively. For Sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

☞ Lieut. D. N. Stevens, commanding the Stoneham Light Infantry, 6th Regiment—will please accept our thanks for late Baltimore papers.

STRAWBERRIES.—We have received from "a friend," a dish of very large and nice strawberries. Many thanks to the kind donor.

GOV. JACKSON.—It is stated that a warrant is out for the arrest of Gov. Jackson, of Missouri, for treason. If caught he will stand almost no chance to escape a halter. It is indeed fortunate that such a man as Gen. Lyon is at the head of the Federal troops there.

☞ The Virginians assert that General Beauregard actually visited the Federal Camp at Alexandria in disguise.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you do me the favor to publish in the Journal the following letter and communication?

WASHINGTON CITY, June 18th, '61. }
CAMP CAMERON. }

SERGEANT CRANE,—*Dear Sir*:—Since you left here it has occurred to me that a letter from me may be of service to you, as I learn an effort has been, as is now being made to injure you in the estimation of your fellow townsmen. I wish to say I am familiar with the circumstances regarding your leaving Yonkers, and your efforts to aid the men with you while there, and consider you have acted well, and that your conduct has been in a high degree commendable. And I believe all who know the circumstances as I do, (and more fully than you can well tell,) will agree with me.

Wishing you success in your undertakings, I remain, Yours respectfully,
T. B. BUNTING,
Capt. Co. K. 9th Regt. N. Y. V. M.

The Woburn *Budget* of this morning, after mentioning the names of certain members of the Phalanx, including the undersigned, who had joined the N. Y. 9th Regiment, afterwards says, "We learn that all but Sergt. Crane were admitted into the Mass. 5th." I was told in Washington, by Lieut. Converse that the ten members of the Phalanx who first went on and joined the Mass. 5th, had voted that they did not wish me to join that Regt. because I had been the means of breaking up the Phalanx. Of the number above mentioned; Tileston, Perkins and Furbush were invited to join, but declined doing so, because they were unwilling to return with the Regt. at the end of its three months, which would be in about six weeks.

JOHN P. CRANE.

Woburn June 21st, 1861.

BILLERICA.—A special town meeting was held on Monday last, and it was voted to reduce the amount of money for those dependent on volunteers, from $2,500 to $1000, in consequence of the new State law. About twenty young men from this town have enlisted to go into actual service, and left town.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Last week Mr. Thomas Manning, living about a mile from Billerica Center, attempted hanging himself but was cut down, though, I understand, much against his will, declaring his purpose to kill himself the first opportunity.

The Funeral of Mr. Richardson, was largely attended at the house of deceased on Monday last.

CONCERT AT MANCHESTER, N. H.—Mr. George E. Whiting, of this town gave a second concert at Manchester, N. H., last Wednesday evening, The following notice which we clip from the Manchester Mirror, shows that it was a decided success:—

The Organ Concert last evening passed off finely. The church was well filled at an early hour by our lovers of good music, and all seemed highly delighted by the extraordinary playing of Mr. Whiting upon the fine organ at the Lowell St. Church. He fully sustained the high reputation which he established here at his first concert. The Beethoven "Andante" was a nice performance; and "God save the Queen," varied, was a telling piece, and showed great command over the instrument. The overtures, as at the first concert, were much admired, and perhaps better understood, than the fugues and the other more difficult pieces. Mr. Whitney sang his pieces in a truly artistic manner, which showed that he entered into the spirit of his compositions; he is a pleasing singer, and we believe, a general favorite here. We hope these two gentlemen will visit us again.

BALTIMORE.—Since the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the rebels, it looks very much as though the Secessionists of Baltimore would be obliged to act alone, as all direct communication is now cut off between them and the forces in Virginia. What the next move of Jeff. Davis's troops will be, remains to be seen. They seem disposed to keep retiring. It is said that Richmond is very strongly fortified; but what of that? Judging from the past Richmond will soon be evacuated. It was stated over and over again, that Harper's Ferry was so strongly fortified as to be impregnable, The rebels seem to have a penchant for destroying things. They began by an attempt to destroy the Union, and for pastime, we suppose, employ their time in destroying such property in the form of bridges, railroads, &c., as they can. It is always expected in war that opposing armies will destroy bridges when their own plans will be aided by such a course. But a reckless destruction of property, apparently for the reason that it belongs to the North, is a new feature in the beauties of Slaveocracy.

BUSINESS MATTERS.—There are indications of a slight revival of business in this city in some departments of trade. The movement, like the slight ripple upon the water after a long calm, is scarcely felt, and may not quicken into a steady breeze, but, so far as it goes, it is encouraging. The fact is, that in supplying even the *necessities* of life to the people of New England and the West, business must to some extent awake from its present lethargic condition, and in a few months will be made more manifest.

It will not reach all, but already one business man says to another—"My June sales look more encouraging." And again, a trader, with a more cheerful look beginning to spread over his anxious face, remarks—"Really, it is not so bad after all; in May my business only fell off one-third." Government is about to pay us money for sloops-of-war and gunboats; and farmers will want goods in return for the abundant harvest which is promised; matters look bad in many quarters, to be sure, but there are some bright spots to be seen.—*Traveller, June 19*.

THE WILL OF JUDGE DOUGLAS.—The last will and testament of the late Stephen A. Douglas, filed in the Probate Office at Chicago, bearing date Sept. 5th, 1857, and having a codicil dated July 30th, 1859, provides, that after the debts of the estate have been paid, the residue of the property shall be divided into two equal parts, one part to belong to the widow, Mrs. Adele Cutts Douglas, and the other to belong to the two children, Robert N, and Stephen A, Douglas. Mrs. Douglas is constituted sole guardian of these children, to control and educate them till they reach the age of twenty-one years. The executors of this will are Mrs. Douglas and Mr. Daniel P. Rhodes, of Cleveland.

NOBLE WORDS.—One of the boys in Col. Duryea's Regiment of Zouaves, who was in the Great Bethel fight, writes to his sister and friends:—"If I should die, remember the *holy cause* in which I fell, and let your sorrow, *if deep, be proud*."

RIFLED ARMS.—One of the greatest improvements in military arms is the rifling of cannon and muskets. Without this the range of the shot is uncertain, and far less efficient. Rifled cannon are most powerful and destructive in their effects. Trials have recently been made with rifled arms, with results in the highest degree satisfactory in a military point of view. The Providence Journal speaks as follows of the rifled cannon belonging to the Marine battery of Rhode Island:—

The pieces were on the bank of the Mark Rock shore, and were pointed so as to allow the range of the balls to be exactly measured.—Two shots were fired point blank, and ranged respectively 1,830 feet and 1,640. The difference in range was owing to the different kinds of powder used. Coarse powder was used the first time, a new artcle manufactured by Colonel A. G. Hazard, Enfield, Ct., and just introduced. It is much coarser than any heretofore manufactured, not being granulated as usual, but suffered to remain in lumps varying in size from a pea to an ounce musket ball. The second time powder of the usual kind was used, and did not prove equal to the coarse, the ball falling short 190 feet. This experiment would seem to indicate that coarse powder possesses the most power over projecttile.

"Other shots were fired at different elevations. At one degree a range of 2,600 feet was obtained; at two degrees, 4,366; at three 4,600; at four, 4,480; at five, 6,500; at six 5,900; at seven, 6,500. The last but one fell short owing to the undercharge of powder.

"Shells were also thrown into the water to test their explosiveness. Some ten were thrown and not one missed. They exploded the instant they struck the water, and in a few seconds after the fragments could be seen falling into the water for considerable distance around. The quantity of powder used was the regulation charge, a pound and a quarter. One shell was fired at the greatest elevation of the gun. Its range was more than two miles. It exploded as readily as the others, and was heard distinctly. A range was taken at a distant object to see if the shell varied to the right or left. It fell exactly in the line of sight, proving that the rifled gun, as constructed by General James, carries its missiles with most remarkable accuracy."

The Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following account of a trial of rifled muskets near that city:—

"The trial was for the purpose of testing the powers of resistance, to the best small arms now in use, of various thicknesses of iron and steel, and was held in the presence of Capt. Rogers, United States Navy, and numerous other gentlemen, iron manufacturers and others—Captain Rogers having been appointed by Government to superintend the arming and fitting up of steamers lately purchased here for gun-boat service.

"The arms tried on this occasion were the Enfield, Colt's and other celebrated rifles, Minnie or United States rifled musket, and lastly, our Ohio arms—the last named being the old United States regulation musket, rifled, sighted and other ways improved at Miles Greenwood's Eagle Iron Works in this city.

A sheet of the best quality, charcoal boiler iron was put up at ninety feet distance, and all the arms on the ground fired at it, but none succeeded in putting their balls through the metal excepting the altered musket. The balls of this gun penetrated it at every instance, and in fact seemed to meet with little resistance in passing through it. With three-eighths inch steel plates the result was about the same. Against all the other arms it was proof, but every shot from the altered musket passed through it with ease.—The last test was with the toughest and best quality of three-eighth inch wrought boiler plates. None of the balls passed through this, but while it was slightly marked by all the others the balls from our Ohio muskets penetrated the Iron to their depth and remained sticking in it, causing it to project five-eighth of an inch on the reverse side. Next to our muskets in strength of shooting appeared to be the United State rifle or Minnie musket, the Enfield proving decidedly inferior to these.

"We have heard that at a private trial had since the above, balls from the altered muskets succeeded in penetrating good three-eighth inch boiler iron; and that some satisfactory shots were made at a distance of over 2,400 yards, or nearly a mile and a half."

THE CROPS AT THE WEST.—It seems to be a fact that an unusually large amount has been sown and planted at the West, and the prospect is said to be good for an abundant harvest, The Chicago *Tribune* says—

"During the past week the weather has been moderately warm, and highly favorable for the growth of the wheat crop, which is reported as looking well all over the North-west, both winter and spring. The corn crop is backward, and, indeed, in some sections the farmers are still planting; but they nevertheless express themselves hopeful of a fair crop. With good warm weather in the latter part of June, and in July and August, there is no danger.

According to advices received from various portions of Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, it is highly probable that the breadth of wheat and corn sown and planted will exceed by one third the operations of last year. The unfavorable weather during the spring months tended very much to limit the work of the farmer, and the war excitement also drew from the country a large amount of valuable labor at the time when it was much wanted.

The winter wheat crop, however, will probably be the heaviest known for some years back, and will, in a measure, atone for the deficit in the spring crops."

AERONAUTICS.—A very successful experiment was made at Washington last Monday, by Prof. Lowe, with a balloon. He ascended 450 feet, having a telegraph wire attached to his car, and connected with the regular lines. He communicated with the White House, the War Department, Alexandria, and Philadelphia. The following—the first message sent—was to President Lincoln:—

BALLOON ENTERPRISE, }
WASHINGTON, June, 17th. }

To the President of the United States.

SIR:—This point of observation commands an area of nearly fifty miles in diameter. The city, with its girdle of encampments, presents a superb scene. I take great pleasure in sending you this first despatch ever telegraphed from an aerial station, and in acknowledging my indebtedness to your encouragement for the opportunity of demonstrating the availability of the science of aeronautics in the military science of the country. Yours respectfully,
T. S. C. LOWE.

If successful, as it now promises to be, bird's eye views of military positions can be secured by the aid of the balloon, when other means are unavailable.

Another Debate in the English Parliament.

POSITION OF ENGLAND UPON THE PRIVATEER QUESTION.—In the English House of Commons on the evening of June 3, Mr. W. E. Forster asked the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, whether Her Majesty's Government would exercise the discretion which by the law of nations they possess to prevent privateers sailing under the as yet unrecognized flag of the so-called Southern Confederacy from bringing their prizes into any port of Her Majesty's dominions? To which Lord John Russell replied:

My answer must be rather wider in extent than the question which has been put to me. The whole matter has been considered by her Majesty's Government, and it has been determined, after consulting the law officers of the Crown, that orders should be given to *interdict the ships of war and privateers of both parties* from entering ports or harbors of the United Kingdom, or of the colonies and dependencies of Her Majesty, with prizes. In order to make the matter more clear, the House will perhaps allow me to read an extract from the despatch which has been sent to the India office and to the Governors of the Colonies. [See despatch below.]

The orders went out to the Colonies on Saturday last, and they have gone to India today. I may also state that we have for the past week been in communication with the French Government upon this subject. I stated to the French Ambassador the view taken by Her Majesty's Government, and asked him what course the Government of France intended to pursue with regard to this subject. The French Ambassador has informed me that the French Government propose to act in conformity with the existing law of France.

That existing law is founded upon an ordinance passed in the year 1681; and the rule is that in case of a war in which France is neutral, no privateers are allowed to bring their prizes into the ports or harbors of France or its dependencies for a longer period than twenty-four hours. They are not allowed to sell the cargoes, or in any way to dispose of the prizes which they have taken; and after twenty-four hours have expired they are obliged to leave the port. Therefore, the course pursued by France is not very different from that which we intend to adopt.

Sir J. Pakington—I see that it is stated in the newspapers of to-day that the Government of the U. S. have expressed their intention to recognize the declaration of Paris of 1856. I wish to ask the noble Lord at the head of the Foreign office whether Her Majesty's Government have received any such intimation from the Government of the U. States, and, if so, what effect that will have upon the policy which Her Majesty's Government have announced that it is their intention to pursue with regard to the belligerent rights of the Southern States?

Lord J. Russell—The only answer which I can give to the Right Hon. gentleman is that propositions have been sent to America founded upon the declaration of Paris. Those propositions were made in concert with the French government, and are restricted in concert with that Government. We have not as yet received any answer to those propositions. They have been gone, I should think, a fortnight, and I expect soon to receive a reply to them. Until that answer is received I cannot pledge the Government as to the course which they will pursue.

Mr. Liddell wished to ask the noble Lord whether the course now proposed to be adopted of prohibiting the vessels of war and privateers of both parties from bringing prizes into the ports of the United Kingdom, was not different from that which had in former times been pursued by this country.

Mr. Henley asked whether the law of France, as stated by the noble Lord, applied to the vessels of States, or was confined to privateers only.

Lord J. Russell—I stated that the law is applicable to privateers only.

Sir J. Elphinstone asked what measures had been taken by the Government to inform British seamen who were at present at sea that it was their policy to observe a strict neutrality between the parties to this contest. Unless a notice was affixed to the mainmast of every British trader—("Order, order.")

The speaker informed the honorable Baronet that he was not in order in entering into any argument.

Lord J. Russell said that a proclamation had been issued by Her Majesty, declaring her neutrality in this contest, and of that proclamation, which had appeared in the *Gazette* and in all the newspapers, the crews of vessels calling at ports would receive intelligence.

Mr. R. P. Bouverie—will the noble Lord lay upon the table a copy of the despatch from which he had read an extract?

Lord J. Russell—Yes, in a day or two.

The following is a copy of the despatch alluded to by Lord John Russell:

"FOREIGN OFFICE, June 1, 1861.

My Lords,—Her Majesty's Government are, as you are aware, desirous of observing the strictest neutrality in the contest which appears to be imminent between the United States and the so-styled Confederate States of North America; and, with the view more effectually to carry out this principle, they propose to interdict the armed ships, and also the privateers of both parties, from carrying prizes made by them into the ports, harbors, roadsteads, or waters of the United Kingdom, or of any of Her Majesty's colonies or possessions abroad.

I have accordingly to acquaint your Lordships that the Queen has been pleased to direct that orders in conformity with the principles above stated should forthwith be addressed to all proper authorities in the United Kingdom, and to Her Majesty's naval and other authorities in all quarters beyond the United Kingdom, for their guidance in the circumstances. I have, &c.,
J. RUSSELL.
The Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty."

Similar letters have been addressed to the Secretaries of State for India, War, and the Colonies.

MAJOR THEODORE WINTHROP.—Major Winthrop was a native of New Haven, a son of the late Francis B. Winthrop, a nephew of President Woolsey of Yale College, and a descendant of the Winthrops who were Governors of the colonies of Connecticut and Massachusetts in their infancy. He was graduated at Yale in 1848.—*New Haven Journal*.

☞ The Morse telegraph patent expired June 20th.

☞ The new Southern Loan—Let Alone

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Leno *has not* "gone to the war," but wishes he was there, that is if there is to be any fighting there. I have been thinking of making application for a Major Generalship, and then methinks how I would start upon some very important expedition with a *few* men and *two* swivel guns, with *five* charges of powder; no matter how many masked batteries might be encountered, how I would plunk it into 'em and thereby make myself very popular in a little less than no time.

Four more of our townsmen will soon be en route for the seat of war, viz: Charles H. Lang, William L. Crow, Seth Bessey and Samuel Prentiss. They have attached themselves to the Stoneham Rifle Company, the last named going as fifer. The company above mentioned, named, I believe, the "Grey Eagles," paid our citizens a visit last week, and gave them an opportunity to witness their proficiency in military tactics. It seems almost incredible that they have accomplished so much in so short a time since their organization. Their evolutions were witnessed by large numbers, including a host of ladies, and their performances were highly spoken of by all. Their commander, J. P. Gould, Esq., is a very efficient officer, and the soldiers appear to lend a listening ear and cheerful obedience to his every word of command. Success to this fine company. Capt. Dike, who was wounded in passing through Baltimore, was present and was the observed of all observers. I am informed that he intends soon to return to the seat of war and give the rebels some yet, and it is earnestly hoped that he may be successful in so doing.

Now I have got against a stump, having nothing more to say. After pausing a moment another thought has hit me, so I will out with it before it is forgotten. Creeping things is my next topic, sometimes called bugs and worms, and the way they pitch into corn, potatoes, squashes, and almost every thing else green (except perhaps your correspondent,) is a caution to the oldest inhabitant. Whole fields of corn have been, in some localities, entirely destroyed and farmers have abandoned the idea of having any corn this year as it is too late to plant now. Old trees I believe they do not attack, I suppose on account of the size of the roots, being a little tough withal.

Some of our carpenters are quite busy while others find little to do in their line of business. Mr. Gilman Kingman is converting a shop into a dwelling house on Salem street, and also is building a barn near his residence. LENO.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal

It would seem that our Fire Department were acting upon the council of a wag, who advised that all their work at fires be done up this year, while there is not much else to do. Insurance Companies, however, may have a slight interest in having a part of such proceedings deferred until the times are better, and greater facilities are rendered for the payment of losses. Careless and vicious persons, however, seldom seek advice of Insurance Companies, so the Engine Company will promptly do their work, whenever it is "brought along." Two fires have occurred with us during the past week. Saturday forenoon last the house of Mr. Willard J. Sawyer, near the South Reading Branch Railroad station, was damaged by fire to the amount of $300 or $400. The fire evidently originated in the second story of the L, but *how*, it is difficult to conjecture. The Yale boys worked nobly, and considering the scarcity of water in the neighborhood, it is wonderful that any part of the building should have been saved. On Tuesday morning about 3 o'clock the barn of Mr. Jonathan Nichols in the East Ward, was entirely distroyed by fire, with 1 horse, 2 cows, hay, harnesses, tools, &c., &c. Mr. Nichols estimates the loss at $1000 or more, with an Insurance of $400. It is sad to trace this fire to its probable cause. Some two weeks ago, E. A. Upton Esq., Trial Justice went to Maine and took to himself a wife and returned on Saturday night last. On Monday night his friends (and a man has *many* on such occasions) were invited, or went without an invitation, to his residence in Montrose. Mr. Upton, naturally kind hearted and liberal, was probably filled with excess of joy in his new position, and welcomed them to his premises, it is said, in neat speech, and then set before them the hospitalities of his house, which proved altogether too strong for delicate stomachs, for at a late hour numbers of them staggered home as best they could, assisted by their more fortunate associates. It is said to that two such persons, one from Reading, and the other an inhabitant of the *county*, being too much fatigued to walk any farther, were deposited by their friends in Mr. Nichols' barn. Before 3 o'clock the barn was in flames, though the persons escaped. Whether there was any connection between the spree and the fire, the reader can judge.

It would be gratifying if a vail could be drawn over the transactions of Monday night thick enough to cover the disgrace which many feel has been brought upon the town. We speak more "in sorrow than in anger," but with all our respect for our Trial Justice, truth compels the remark, that this is the great, grievous mistake of his life. He has so often seen miserable beings brought before him for trial and sentence, on account of brutal intemperance, that it is a marvel he could cater to such depraved appetites. But his liberal heart prompted it, though probably other hands mixed the stultifying beverage. Punch was christened "Lemonade," then tempered from the decanters to suit, until boys and men thoughtlessly and unsuspectingly lost their self control. Many, it is said, were caught that night, that never would have dreamed it of themselves, and will carry the blush of shame with them to their graves. It is high time that such doings be discountenanced, that respectable men should set their faces against these entertainments, both in providing them, and being guests at them Of course the Judge did not anticipate *such* a result, nor many of those who were present, but there is instruction given in Matthew 24, 28, about the gathering together of eagles which should teach lessons of wisdom even to the inexperienced. It is but just to say that in the gathering of one hundred or more, other towns were largely represented.

M.

☞ The women of Portland have furnished to the Maine Volunteers 3,400 flannel shirts; 1,600 pairs of drawers; 4,200 towels; 1,800 needle-books; 1,200 neck-ties; 1,600 hand kerchiefs; 700 bed-sacks; 900 sun-hoods; 800 linen Havelocks; 840 rubber blankets.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS.—The annual examination of the High School took place on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning of last week. Thursday afternoon was occupied by the recitations of the several classes in the various branches of study. Friday morning the exercises were more of a general character and came off in the following order: Reading by Masters Cate, Sanborn and Skillings, Misses Taylor, Lindley and Cate; selected from the different classes; composition by Miss Ella Stanton, subject, "There is no new thing under the sun;" composition by Miss Ellen E. Morse; class in Virgil; the "High School Offering," edited by Miss Abbie F. Johnson, and read by the editor, containing articles entitled "Better times coming," Young America vs. Pedagogue," "Angels of the Fireside," "Winter Scenery," together with several conundrums, and other pieces; composition by Master James T. Hanson, subject, "The Radical and Conservative;" class in Rhetoric; the "School's Voice," edited by Miss Vreeland, and read by the Editor, containing an amusing article on the "Dutch Nightingale," commonly known as the Frog, "Peace," "An exciting Adventure," "A rainy day," "From the Old Stove," conundrums, and other amusing and interesting articles; reading, "Paul Revere's ride," by Master Langley; some poetry on Scripture personages, by Master Skillings; "The Angels do always behold the face of their Heavenly Father," by Miss Emily A. Bond; composition by Miss Sarah W. Ford, subject, "Conversation, what it should be;" composition by Miss Mary I. Hanson, subject, "Our School Days." This closed the exhibition which was witnessed by a large number of the parents, friends and former graduates of the school. Mr. S. A. Holt of the Committee, expressed his gratification at the result of the examination. "Their deportment would do credit to Andover or Hadley. The recitations were excellent and their translations remarkably correct. Their examination in Rhetoric evinced a retentive memory on the part of some which would prove of great benefit. He hoped they would improve the long vacation (11 weeks) and be much benefited thereby, as many of them bore the marks of close application to their studies." Mr. Salem Wilder of the Committee, spoke of the importance of studying the languages and thereby understanding the exact meaning of every word. The members of the graduating class which consisted of James Ira Hanson in the Classical department, and Sarah Webster Ford and Mary Isabella Hanson in the English department, were then presented, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, the chairman of the Committee, with the usual diplomas certifying to the completion of their studies. In presenting them he remarked, that he had but two words to offer,—congratulation and caution. He congratulated them on reaching the goal for which they had so long been toiling. The class with which they commenced, was one of the largest that had ever entered the school, but from various causes, they were the only ones remaining. He cautioned them not to think that their education was completed; it had just begun. Their whole life was a school. They should not live to themselves alone, but grow in knowledge and in every christian grace, and strive to make themselves useful in the world and when called from earth, receive the welcome of "Well done, good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of your Lord." The whole number of the school this term, 46, average attendance, 53; over 15 years of age, 31, present at every session, 25; days in the term, 59; not been tardy through the term 45. The graduating class with the addition of Miss Augusta M. Spaulding who leaves the school, but has not on account of sickness completed the full course of studies which alone entitled her to a diploma, presented the Principal of the school, Mr. Thomas Emerson with "The Works of Charles Lamb, London Edition, Royal Octavo size,—and to Miss Nancy P. Dodge the accomplished and popular Assistant, "Hymns of the Ages," compiled by Rev. Dr. Huntington, an elegant edition. In reference to this school nothing more need be said than that it maintains the reputation which it has attained, through the faithful and persevering efforts of its teachers. Some of the compositions showed considerable talent, and the recitations in the different branches evinced that thoroughness which is so very essential to success. The quarterly examination of the remaining schools will take place in the following order, and at the time stated, viz:—Thursday morning, June 27th, Mystic and Rumford; afternoon, Gifford and Adams; Friday June 28th, morning, Hill and Primary; afternoon, Washington and Wyman. Examination of candidates for the High School on Saturday morning June 29th in the usual form.

WAR ITEMS.—The volunteers from our village who joined the Webster Regiment have been honorably discharged on their own application they not seeing any immediate prospect of being called into active service in the field, and not liking the idea of going into camp. Since they left however, the Regiment has been accepted by the Government and will be sent off to the seat of war as soon as ready. Allen Martin who enlisted in a Company in the Gordon Regiment has been discharged. D. B. Coffin who went on to join the Mozart (N. Y.,) Regiment returned last Sunday, not being satisfied with the appearance of affairs connected with it. This leaves only some five or six volunteers from this town that are really enlisted. The Selectmen have decided to pay the families of this town the sum of four dollars per week for the present. Should circumstances require it, however, a larger amount will be paid, and such families will not be allowed to suffer on account of the absence of those to whom they looked for maintenance and support.

WEDDING.—The usual monotony which pervades the doings in this place, was somewhat enlivened by a wedding which came off on Tuesday afternoon last, at the residence of one of our prominent citizens on Main street. The parties were Col. John H. Gage of Nashua, N. H., commander of the Governor's Horse Guards, a well known and respected citizen of that city, and Miss Julia, only daughter of William C. Boon Esq., of this town. A select company of relatives and intimate friends were present, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Robinson of this town assisted by Rev. Mr. Hill of Nashua. The costumes of the bride and her maids were very beautiful, and the whole affair passed off in the best style. The wedding took place about 2 o'clock, after which they received the congratulations of the company and united in a pleasant sociable time. Late in the afternoon, the new married couple left for Boston where they tarried one night and then continued their wedding tour to New York. The best wishes of their numerous friends attend them.

EXCELSIOR.

☞ It is stated that at the battle of Solferino the Austrians fired 8,400,000 times; yet they killed only 2000 of the enemy, and wounded 10,000. From this it appears that only one in 700 of the shots took effect at all, and only one in 4,200 killed its man. Taking into account the excellence of the Austrians as soldiers, it seems wonderful that so small a proportion of their shots took effect.

REPORTERS.—Gen. Scott says he had much rather have one hundred spies in his camp than a newspaper reporter. The wonder is that the Goverment has not long ere this put an entire stop to publishing through the press the surmises of military plans, or actual facts when they could be procured. The people should be willing to wait for what the Government actually does, without being so anxious to know what it is going to do.

THE HAIL STORM ON SUNDAY.—A writer from Plymouth represents the hail storm in that place as more severe than was ever known there before. At "Hobbs's Hole," in that town, the hail stones were larger then hens' eggs, breaking window blinds and windows, At Sandwich, at Newton Lower Falls and in Providence, Rhode Island, the storm was very severe.

Special Notices.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

Married.

GAGE—BOON—In Winchester, 18th, inst., by Rev. R. T. Robinson, assisted by C. J. Hill, Col. John H. Gage, of Nashua, N. H., to Julia M., daughter of William C. Boon, Esq. of Winchester.

SHEDD—DENNETT—In Lowell, 16th, inst., by Rev. Dr. Cleaveland, L. J. Shedd, to Miss Annie M. Dennett, both of Woburn.

Died.

RICHARDSON—In Billerica, June 15th, Mr. John Richardson, aged 71 years, 7 months.

GOULD—In South Reading, June 13th, Mr. Joshua Gould, aged 21 years.

CONVERSE—In Reading, June 13th, Mrs. Vestina Converse aged 33 years, 7 months, 11 days.

NICHOLS—In Reading, June 16th, Mrs Laura B. Nichols, aged 23 years.

Mortgagee's Sale of REAL ESTATE.

PURSUANT to a power of Sale, and for breaches of the conditions contained in a mortgage of Real Estate, given to me by Alvan Cheney of Winchester, in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated 25th day of April, A. D. 1857, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds Lib. 768, Fol. 99, Sarah S. Cheney, wife of Alvan Cheney, joining in said mortgage in release of both dower and homestead in and to said premises, I shall sell by public auction on Monday, the fifteenth day of July next at four o'clock in the afternoon, upon the premises, to wit, on the parcel of land first described, all the right, title and interest, in and to said premises which were conveyed by said mortgage, and all the right, title and interest in the same premises remaining in the said Alvan Cheney upon the giving of said mortgage, such sale to be made for breaches of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the money secured thereby.

Said premises consist of a certain piece of or parcel of land situated in said Winchester, being a part of the Symmes lot, so called, and contained in a plan of said land recorded with the Middlesex Deeds, beginning at the corner of Stevens and Symmes streets, as laid down on said plan, and running about west on the line of said Symmes street one hundred feet, then turning and running nearly south across Symmes street to the line of a new street, then turning about east on the line of said new street one hundred feet, then again turning and running a little east of north across said Symmes street to the point of beginning, being the same land which was conveyed to said Alvan Cheney by Edward L. Stevens by his deed dated the sixteenth day of October A. D. 1850, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds Book 607, Page 303. Also a tract or parcel of land situated in Winchester aforesaid containing fourteen thousand one hundred and thirty seven square feet, more or less, and bounded Easterly by Stevens street, so called, one hundred and forty-two feet, Southerly by said Cheney's other land, formerly called Symmes St. one hundred feet, Westerly by land of Benjamin A. Shepard one hundred forty-nine and a half feet Northerly by land of Joel White one hundred feet, being the same land which was conveyed to the said Alvan Cheney by James Bridge, by his deed dated the fifteenth day of April A. D. 1851, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds Book 607, Page 303. For a more particular description of said premises referance may be had to said deed of mortgage and record.

Terms and conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

ELBRIDGE GERRY, Mortgagee.
SILAS DEAN Auctioneer.

Stoneham June 18th, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

IN INSOLVENCY.—In the case of John Page, jr., of Woburn, in said County, Currier, insolvent debtor. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed assignee of the estate of said JOHN PAGE, JR., and that the third meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtor, will be held at the Court of Insolvency at Cambridge, in said county, on JUNE 26th, at NINE O'CLOCK in the forenoon, at which time and place creditors may prove their claims.

ALBERT B. JOHNSON, Assignee.

Woburn, June 11, 1861.—2w

To Consumptives.

THE Subscriber will cheerfully send (free of charge) to all who desire it, the copy of a SIMPLE RECIPE by which he was cured of that DIRE disease Consumption.

Sufferers with CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, or any lung affection, he sincerely hopes will try this Recipe, well satisfied if they do so they will be more than satisfied with the result. Thankful for his own complete restoration, he is anxious to place in the hands of every sufferer the means of cure. Those wishing the recipe with full directions, &c., will please call on or address

REV. WM. S. ALLEN,
No. 66 John Street, New York.

June 22—2w.

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF

SPRING PATTERNS —OF— ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to $1.50 per roll.

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Papers ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles.

☞ Purchasers are invited to call and examine samples at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

To the Honorable Commissioners of Middlesex County:

THE undersigned respectfully represent that the public good requires that a public highway should be laid out and built from Franklin Street to Melrose near the Stoneham Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southerly over Tremont Street, crossing Melrose Street and thence Southerly over lands late of heirs of Winthrop Richardson's and others, and nearly parallel to the Boston and Maine Railroad, to Emerson Street at the intersection of Luke Avenue therewith, and thence Southerly and Easterly to Main Street in said Melrose.

FRANK A. MESSENGER, and others

Melrose, May, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Concord in said county, on the first Tuesday of June in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Highland Station on the Boston and Maine Railroad in Melrose on the twenty-sixth day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., by serving the Town Clerk of Melrose, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Melrose fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
Copy of Petition and order thereon,
Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
A true copy Attest,
MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of NANCY D. REED, late of Woburn, in said County, widow, deceased, GREETING.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented for Probate by Edward Simonds, the Executor therein named,—You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the Second Tuesday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be proved and allowed.

And the said Simonds is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Middlesex Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be three days at least before said court.

Witness my hand this twenty-third day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of Probate Court.

A true copy, Attest, J. H. TYLER, Register.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING,
J. F. PICKERING.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,

and all articles used in Millinery. Also, Dress Making attended to, WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinance of the same.

April 19.—tf

MRS. C. F. PORTER,

HAS taken the Store formerly ocupied by MR. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the

Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of

MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861.—3m

FOR SALE

IN Woburn, a COTTAGE HOUSE, BARN and WORKSHOP, within a few minutes walk of Churches Schools and R. R. Depot. There is a never failing well of water upon the premises. Will be sold low for cash. Inquire at this office.

TO LET.

THE subscriber has several PLEASANT ROOMS in his new building on Union street, which he is desirous of letting for some light business. Particulars will be given on application.

L. W. COOPER.

Woburn, Dec. 15th, 1860.—tf

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL FOR $30.

CALLING AT CORK.

THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steamships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin, $75. Third Class, $30. Third Class, *from Liverpool*, $40. Third Class, *from Cork to New York*, $30. Third Class, *from Cork to Boston*, $32.50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents, 99 State Street and Constitution Wharf, Boston, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

REMITTANCES:—Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britian or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN.

LBACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.

☞ New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale.

GEORGE ALLEN.

Winchester, Sept. 1. tf

Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank.

THIS Bank pays interest on all sums from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Regular dividends five per cent. Extra dividends every fifth year. Interest not withdrawn is added to the principal. Bank hours every Saturday from 2 to 4 o'clock, in City Bank rooms West Lynn, near Lynn Common Depot. Depositors from other towns than Lynn, can deposit every day from 8½ to 12 and from 1 to 2.

B. V. FRENCH, *Treasurer.*

Dec. 8, 1860.—1y.

BARGAINS!

BOOTS AND SHOES will be sold for a few weeks at very low rates. Prices range as follows:

Gents Boots	from $2.75	to	4.00.
" Shoes	" 1.00	"	2.50.
Ladies'	" .40	"	1.50.
Misses'	" .40	"	1.00.
Boy's	" .50	"	1.25.
Child'n's	" .25	"	.75.

Also, just received, Two cases fine French Calf Gent's Boots, at A. ROUNDY'S.

Woburn, May 25, 1861.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE undersigned grateful to his many Patrons and friends in Woburn and vicinity for past favors, takes this opportunity to announce his intention of pursuing his present business strictly on the

CASH SYSTEM!

Our goods will be sold at prices that will make it an object for every one to purchase for cash.

J. W. HAMMOND,
Lyceum Building, Woburn.

June 8—3m

HOUSE AND LAND FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, in Woburn, a TWO-STORY HOUSE, situated on Vernon Place, leading from Railroad street, containing eight rooms. There is a good well of water on the premises, and about half an acre of land with thirty good fruit trees. Terms favorable. Apply to ISAIAH BOWMAN, on the premises.

Woburn, June 8th, 1861.—tf.

NATURAL HISTORY STORE,

16 Tremont Street, Boston.

CHARLES G. BREWSTER,

DEALER in Preserved Birds, Animals and Skins. Live Birds, fine singing Canaries, Cages, Marine Shells, Minerals, Insects, brilliant Feathers, Moss and Feather Work, Artificial Eyes and Leaves. Also, Aquaria Tanks, Goldfish, Glass Shades, Bird Seed of all kinds, Nests, Sand, &c. Birds and Animals preserved to order. When sent from other places they will be safely packed

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

Bellingham's Celebrated

STIMULATING UNGUENT,

For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

The Stimulating Unguent

is prepared by DR. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp. it will cure BALDNESS, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn RED or towy hair DARK, and restore gray hair to its original color leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Unguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

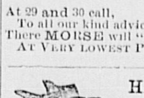
The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price One Dollar a box—for sale by all Druggists and Dealers; or a box of the "Unguent" (warranted to have the desired effect) will be sent to any who desire it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1.18. Apply to or address HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO., DRUGGISTS, &c., 24 William Street, New York.

21—6m.

An Important Fact!

1
It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!
2
Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.
3
Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.
4
In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.
5
At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.



HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,

PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satsfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by leaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

Central Market

Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.

Oct 8, 1859. tf

E. D. HAYDEN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN, MASS.

Feb. 13. ytf

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

A. E. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN

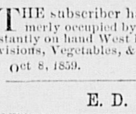
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

No. 3 Wade's Block.

Woburn, April, 1854.

DR. C. T. LANG



SURGEON DENTIST,

Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.,

WOBURN CENTR, MASS

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.*

East Woburn, Sept. ytf

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,

School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL,..............WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

BOOKS BOOKS.

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book sellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

Lyceum Building, Winchester, June 7.

Winter Style!

—OF—

HATS AND CAPS

For 1860,

Now manufacturing at

W. A. HASLAM'S,

COR. OF MAIN & WALNUT STS., WOBURN.

☞ Silk Hats Warranted Waterproof

HATS and CAPS, made to order at short notice Old Hats renovated and made to look as good as new.

SOMETHING NEW!

I AM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of

LIGHT AND DARK GOODS

—FOR—

SPRNIG CLOTHING.

G. R. GAGE.

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without Injury

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of

MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN,
148 Hanover Street, Boston.

Diaries for 1861!

ALL styles of Diaries for 1861, can be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.30 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.30 p m
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5.30 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.30 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00 5.16, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Saturdays at 10 p. m.
Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00, 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m, 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7.55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 p m.
Winchester at 6.05, 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant B. L. and N. & L. R. R.

May 1st, 1861.

WILLIAM WINN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estat attended to on reasonable term

Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

A. B COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Stree

At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

ALSO, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

☞ *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.*

(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).

Nov1, 1858. ytf

CHARLES A. SMITH

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand

☞ SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.

Woburn, Feb. 14.

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1858. ytf

H. HARRIMAN,

HARNESS AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER.

Corner of Ockley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices

Repairing neatly done.

Nov. 29.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Apply at this Office.

Woburn, January 11, 1861.

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,

Woburn Centre

Jan. 21, 1860. tf

THE LATEST NEWS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has made arrangements for a supply of the principal Daily and Weekly Newspapers, and Monthly Magazines, all of which will be furnished at the earliest moment after publication, and at the lowest prices. The following papers constantly on hand, and for sale:

DAILY.	WEEKLY.
Boston Post,	Ballou's Pictorial,
" Herald,	New York Ledger,
" Bee,	Middlesex Journal
" Traveller,	Lowell Vox Populi,
" Ledger,	Gazette,
" Transcript,	and others.

ALSO—Harpers' and Putnam's Magazines, Godey's Lady's Book, &c. Newspapers and Magazines of all kinds will be furnished at short notice

JOSIAH HOVEY,

Winchester, June Lyceum Building

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES!!

PENNSYLVANIA SALT MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S

Saponifier.

THE READY FAMILY SOAP MAKER, AND UNIVERSAL CLEANSER.

WILL make hard water soft, clean Paint, remove Ink from Type, Grease from Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.

One Box costs..............................25 cents
4 to 4½ lbs. refuse grease, usually given away, at about ½ cent per lb., say 20

45 cents

Forty-five cents, therefore, is the cost of a barrel of FIRST RATE SOFT SOAP.

Recipe for making different kinds of Soap, SENT FREE by addressing depot of Company.

LEWIS, JAMES & Co., PHILADELPHIA.

☞ The *SAPONIFER* can be had of any respectable store-keeper in the Country.

Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Manufacturers at Augusta, Me., would respectfully inform their former customers and the public generally, that they have opened on

HARLESTOWN STREET, NO 24,

(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles, (mostly from St. John timber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.

☞ Particular attention paid to orders by mail or express. E. K. ROBINSON & CO.

IT CAN BE DONE.

OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.

March 13th, 1861.—3m

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL Printing Establishment,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WE call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

Printing of Every Description.

All classes of the community can have their wants supplied in any style of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS,
INSURANCE POLICIES,
BANK CHECKS,
NOTE BOOKS,
BLANK RECEIPTS,
LEGAL BLANKS,
BILL HEADS,
CATALOGUES,
SERMONS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
PAMPHLETS,
ORDER OF EXERCISES,
BUSINESS CARDS,
ADDRESS CARDS,
BALL CARDS,
ORDER OF DANCES,
SHOW BILLS,
POSTERS,
AUCTION BILLS,
SHOP BILLS,
MILK BILLS,
LABELS,
&c., &c., &c.

Particular attention paid to printing

Posters of all sizes; also Visiting, Marriage, Invitation, Ball and Business Cards.

☞ Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS *STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER, BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c.*, has just been added to the former stock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry, Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Intermediate and Primary Schools, American and English Family, Pocket and School Bibles and Testaments, a very large stock; Psalmist, Watts and Select, Plymouth Collection, and Christian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post, Political and Ornamental Writing Papers. White, Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes.—Gillott's and Commercial Pens and Holders of various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and Indellible Ink. Covered, Plain, Transparent, and Porcelain Slates. Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper. Whitney's Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Ink Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Faber's, Carpenters, and Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders, Drawing Books, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Tearers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes. Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

JUVENILE BOOK,

in Cloth, Morocco, and paper covers.

Blank Books and Memorandums of all kinds in general use, Full and Half-Bound Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, and Letter Books. Tablet Paper and Ivory Memorandums, Writing and Exercise Books, School Journals, &c.

HOUSE PAPERS.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand, and supplied to order.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff, Back, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crotchet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and Toys of all kinds.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASMATIC & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medicine will be needed.*

Sold in Woburn, at the WOBURN BOOK STORE B. W. CONANT'S and ELBRIDGE TRULL'S, and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co., Tremont street, Carter, Colend & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carny, and Weeks & Porter, Washington street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

T. A. SWEETSER, Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.

January 25th, 1860.—1y

ATTRACTIVE MUSIC BOOKS.

HOME CIRCLE,—Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Marches, &c., for Piano, $1.50. *Shower of Pearls*, Vocal Duets, $2.00. *Operatic Bouquet*, Duets, Quartetts, Choruses, &c., from the best Operas, $2.00. *Home Melodist*, Words and Music of about 100 Favorite Songs, 25 cts. *Shilling Song Book*, Words of 175 Popular Songs, 12 cts. 100 Scotch Songs, 100 Irish Songs, 100 Comic Songs, each 50 cts.

Sent post paid, on receipt of price. Pianos and Melodeons for sale and to let at very low prices, by DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

HORSE SHOES.

BURDEN'S NEW PATENT MACHINE HORSE SHOES, punched, creased, and ready for fitting, warranted to fit up as easily and wear as long as the best hand-made Swedes Iron shoe, and sold at the price of good shoe iron. Weight from ten ounces to three pounds, packed in kegs of one hundred pounds, one size or an assortment, as preferred, in each keg. Samples may be seen at the store of LEEDS & TOBEY, 23 BROAD ST., BOSTON. Agents for the sale of Burden's Railroad, Ship and Boat Spikes, Boiler Rivets, Horse Shoes, and Merchant Iron.

T FARMERS, 80,000 BARRELS

POUDRETTE, made by Lodi Manufacturing Co., for sale in lots to suit purchasers. This is the CHEAPEST FERTILIZER in market. $3 worth will manure an acre of corn, will increase the crop from one third to one half, and will ripen the crop two weeks earlier. Price over seven Bar els $1.50 per barrel. A pamphlet, with satisfactory evidence and full particulars will be sent gratis to any one sending address to

LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
125 Commercial S , Boston, Mass

Boston Feb. 7th—3m.

ASTHMA.

For the Instant Relief and Permanent Cure of this distressing complaint use

FENDT'S BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & Co., 458 Broadway, New York.

Price, $1 per box; sent free by post.

For sale by all Druggists. 10 1y

PURE PICKLES,

DELICIOUS SAUCES, FINE MUSTARD, and GENUINE KETCHUPS, FROM CROSSE & BLACKWELL, *LONDON.*

CHOW-CHOW, Piccalilli, Mixed and other Pickles; Sultana's, Harvey, John Bull, Anchovey, &c., Sauces; Durham Mustard, India Soy, Curry, Walnut, and Mushroom Ketchups, Chutney, &c., are adapted to hot and cold

Meats, Fish, Soups, Gravies. &c.

They should be furnished for every table, and supplied to every cook.

C. & B.'s goods have gained great renown for their purity and quality, not only in England but in other countries. They are sold nearly as low as inferior goods, and purchasers wishing their preparations, should see that the name of Crosse & Blackwell, London, is oneach Bottle or parcel purchased.

Importers and Agents, BRAY & HAYES, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

ROMAN CEMENT,

Imported by

Bray & Hayes, 34 Cornhill, Boston.

Roman and Portland Cement, for brick or stone work, hydraulics, gas and water pipe joints, &c.,

JULIAN A. FOGG,

MANUFACTURER of every description of Polished ENGRAVED METAL SIGNS, for Store Windows, Office Doors, Door Posts, &c. Silver Door Plates neatly engraved to order. No. 221 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. Machine, Carriage, and Coffin Plates, furnished and engraved to order. Silver Letters and Numbers, Pew Figures, &c., &c. Orders sent from a distance will receive prompt attention. Diploma awarded at the late Mechanics' Fair, for Engraved Metal Signs.

$1200 A YEAR AND EXPENSES GUARANTEED AGENTS FOR FULLAM'S $10 Patent Stencil Tools.

THE WHOLE OUTFIT IN A NEAT TRUNK FOR $10.

TWO hours' practice enables any one to use those tools with facility. The outfit contains Chisels and Gouges for LARGE WORK, and stock enough to retail for $150. Circulars and samples sent free.

Address A. J. FULLAM, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston; 212 Broadway, New York; or Springfield, Vt.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Office 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Rev. N. Day, *President.* Rev. P. Mason, *Vice do*
Charles R. Greene, *Treasurer.*

PHYSICIANS:

R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D
MARY HARWOOD, FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

THIS Institution was established to secure greater perfection in the science of Medicine, and a more successful practice in the treatment of the various diseases upon natural or rational principles, discarding the use of poisonous drugs, and using such remedies, and such only, as act in harmony with the laws of life. Invalids, therefore, who wish to employ sensible means in a sensible way, for the recovery of health, will find advantages at this Institution not to be found elsewhere.

The Electro-Chemical Baths, together with Dr. Greene's improved Medication, have been adopted in this Institution, and have greatly aided in the removal of many diseases.

Most Diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Complaint, Female Complaints, and the great variety of diseases with which the human body is afflicted, are successfully treated with medicines which can be sent to any part of the world, with full directions, as a very correct knowledge can be obtained from answers to the questions in the "Indian Arcana," a copy of which will be sent free when requested. Persons wishing to learn more fully the theory and practice of this Institution, will be supplied with a pamphlet by mail, free, on the receipt of four postage stamps.

All persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should avail themselves of the personal attention of the physicians at the Institute, where proper boarding-houses are provided.

Consultations at the office, free of charge, from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M., or by letter on the receipt of a postage stamp.

All communications should be directed to DR. GREENE, 36 *Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.*

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

A Cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, General Debility, and all Scrofulus Humors.

THIS COMPOUND has been used with the most complete success by our most celebrated Physicians, for the removal and permanent cure of the above diseases. Hundreds for whom there was no hope before the discovery of this simple yet effectual remedy, have been raised to health and happiness by its timely use. The following case of Mr. J. Williams is sufficient to convince all of its Wonderful effects. He says:—

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for several months. I had used the clear Cod Liver Oil most of the time, but had derived but little benefit from it. I had an attack of Bleeding at the Lungs, which alarmed my friends very much, as they now supposed there was no hope for me. About this time I heard of your Compound Cod Liver Oil and Lime. I immediately commenced using it, and began soon to perceive its beneficial effects; in two months my cough had entirely left me, and I am now enjoying perfect health. Truly yours, J. Williams."

N. B. This Compound does not nauseate like the Clear Oil.—Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, No. 166 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Rubber Coats,	- $1.50	to	$8.00
Rub'r Horse Covers,	2.50	"	5.00
Rubber Foot Balls,	.60	"	1.60

All Goods at the Manufacturers' Lowest Prices.

ALFRED HALE & CO.,
India-Rubber Manuf'rs, 23 School Street, BOSTON.

ANDREW J. MORSE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Soda and Mineral Water Apparatus,

49 Congress Street, Boston.

Catalogues containing prices and description of the various articles will be sent upon application.

The French Burr Millstone Shop

Is removed from the foot of WEBSTER ST., East Boston, to

Nos. 17 and 19 Eastern Avenue,

THIRD DOOR FROM COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

CONSTANTLY on hand a choice selection of all kinds of French and American Esopus Burr Millstones. Stones dressed and repaired in Mills at short notice, and by most competent workmen. N. CRILLY.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL COMPANY,

Kerosene, Illuminating, Lubriacating and Binnacle Oils.

THE above Oils, from the manufactory of this Company, constantly on hand and for sale by the Agents,

BUSLEY & KING,

March 14, 1861. 36 INDIA STREET.

J. A. BRUCE,

NO. 106 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Dealer in

Horses, Carriages, Piano-Fortes, Iron Safes, Cigars, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

And various other kinds of Merchandise. Also, *Real Estate* bought and sold. Money loaned on Personal Property. Always ready to buy, sell, or exchange property.

FAIRBANKS & BREED,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Ale, Porter, Cider, Mineral water,

Congress Spring Water, Draught Ale, Porter, and Lager Beer.

Howard Athenæum Building,

HOWARD ST., BOSTON.

CRANE'S PATENT RUBBER BAND Carpet Sweeper.

THIS is the only article fit to sweep a Carpet. They save all the labor and dust, and the Carpets will last twice as long. They are one of the most important articles in house keeping, which no one will be without after once using it. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

PRICE $2.50.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE

RUBBER BAND CARPET SWEEPER CO.,

No. 55 Cornhill, Boston.

Miscellaneous.

June.

June maketh the woodland leafy,
And gleams in the distant blue;
The winds are full of its incense,
The flowers have caught its hue.

The uplands are bright with its verdure,
Its blossoms are on the trees,
And the cry of the joyous swallow
Descends from the homestead eaves.

I mark how the streamlet sparkles
Afar in the pleasant mead,
Where the sunlight warm is lying,
And the quiet cattle feed.

I list to the birds that are singing
As I stand in the winding lane,
And the burdens of life grow lighter,
And my heart feels young again.

The songs I heard in my childhood,
When life was the dream of a boy,
And still they wake in my fancy
The old, faded hopes of joy.

The birds, the breeze and the sunshine,
A reprieve of sorrow beget,
And whisper, away with thy sadness,
And banish thy vain regret.

The forms of the dim old mountains,
And the dome of the bending skies,
With the beautiful scenes around me,
Make earth seem a paradise.

Sweet June! thou art surely welcome,
Suggestive of rest are thy days,
And thy landscapes are ever the fairest
That the hand of nature displays.

—*Portland Transcript.*

Obeying Orders—Advice to Volunteers.

The following letter, written by a gentleman to his son, a young volunteer, contains some good advice. We quote:

"In the first place, then, my son, when a soldier shoulders his rifle under the flag of his country, he must surrender to that country his will, his whims, tastes, fancies and prejudices; and the first, highest and most solemn duty he owes to that country is the most implicit and prompt obedience to the orders of his superior officers. Disobedience, even in matters of minor gravity, frequently forfeits life. If an order is issued, that must be the end of inquiry. The success of a battle or campaign may depend upon the concealment of the purpose of the command: and it may become necessary to punish with death an omission to observe that which may seem to be a very unimportant order to the soldier who does not understand it.

"Frederick the Great once ordered the lights of the camp to be extinguished at 8 o'clock, and on seeing a light burning in the tent of an officer, after that hour had elapsed, he repaired thither in person, and entered the tent just as the officer had finished writing his wife's name on the back of a letter he had written to her. He told the emperor he had unconsciously violated the law for one moment, and it was done in the enthusiasm of affection, with which he had been overcome by thoughts of home. 'Unseal that letter,' said the Emperor, 'and write as I dictate.' The officer obeyed, and wrote as follows: P. S.—I die to morrow morning at 8 o'clock, for violating the laws of the camp, by not extinguishing the light in my tent at the precise time I was commanded to do it.'

"That decision may have seemed savage and barbarous, but when your intellect shall have matured to the comprehension of how much depends upon subordination and a rigid adherance to the laws of the camp, you will see that Frederick could only be just to the thousands of lives under his care by assuming the appearance of cruelty to this one delinquent.

"Obedience is not servility—it is duty. It is, therefore, not cowardly, but honorable. The camp is no place for the soft manners of the drawing-room, and soldiers are proverbially blunt; therefore, do not imagine if an officer speaks sharply to you, that he wants to insult you or brow-beat you."

Sanitary Directions.

Upon the recommendation of the Medical Commission, Governor Andrew has ordered the publication of the following:

Soldiers should recollect that in a campaign, where one dies in a battle from three to five die of disease. You should be on your guard, therefore, against the enemy, and you can do much more for yourselves than anybody can do for you.

1. Avoid especially the use of ardent spirits. If you will take them, take them rather *after* fatigue than before. But tea and coffee are much better. Those who use ardent spirits are always the first to be sick, and the most likely to die.

2. Avoid drinking freely of very cold water, especially when hot or fatigued, or immediately after meals. Water quenches thirst better when not very cold, and sipped in moderate quantities slowly—though less agreeable. At meals, tea, coffee, and chocolate are best. Between meals, the less the better. The safest in hot weather is molasses and water with ginger, or small beer.

3. Avoid all excess and irregularities in eating and drinking. Eat sparingly of salt and smoked meats, and make it up by more vegetables, as squash, potatoes, peas, rice, hominy, Indian meal, etc., when you can get them. Eat little between when you have plenty at meals.

4. Wear flannel all over, in all weathers. Have it washed often when you can—when not, have it hung up in the sun. Take every opportunity to do the same by all your clothing, and keep everything about your person dry, especially when it is cold.

5. Do not sit, and especially do not sleep upon the ground, even in hot weather. Spread your blanket upon hay, straw, shavings, brushwood, or anything of the kind. If you sleep in the day, have some extra covering over you.

6. Sleep as much as you can, and whenever you can. It is better to sleep too warm than too cold.

7. Recollect that cold and dampness are great breeders of disease. Have a fire to sit around whenever you can, especially in the evening, and after rain, and take care to dry everything in and about your persons and tents.

8. Take every opportunity of washing the whole body with soap and water. Rub well afterwards. If you bathe, remain in the water but a little while.

9. If disease begins to prevail, wear a bandage of white flannel around the bowels.

10. Keep in the open air, but not directly exposed to a hot sun. When obliged to do this, a thin, light, white covering over the head and neck in the form of a cap with a cape, is a good protection.

11. Wear shoes with very thick soles, and keep them dry. When on the march, rubbing the feet after washing with oil, fat, or tallow, protects against foot sores.

DIXIE.—A correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* says that it is a common error that "I wish I was in Dixie" is a Southern song, and offers the following explanation:

"Now I do not wish to spoil a pretty illusion, but the real truth is that Dixie is an indigenous Northern negro refrain, as common to the writer as the lamp-posts in New York city seventy or seventy-five years ago. It was one of the every-day allusions of boys at that time in all of their out-door sports, and no one ever heard of Dixie's land being other than Manhattan Island until recently, when it has been erroneously supposed to refer to the South from its connection with pathetic negro allegory.

When slavery existed in New York, one 'Dixy' owned a large tract of land on Manhattan Island and a large number of slaves. The increase of the slaves and the increase of the abolition sentiment caused an emigration of the slaves to more thorough and secure slave sections, and the negroes who were thus sent off (many being born there) naturally looked back to their old homes, where they had lived in clover, with feelings of regret, as they could not imagine any place like Dixy's. Hence it became synonymous with an ideal locality, combining ease, comfort, and material happiness of every description. In those days negro singing and minstrelsy were in their infancy, and any subject that could be wrought into a ballad was eagerly picked up. This was the case with 'Dixie.' It originated in New York, and assumed the proportions of a song there. In its travels it has been enlarged, and has 'gathered moss.' It has picked up a 'note' here and there. A 'chorus' has been added to it, and from an indistinct 'chant' of two or three notes it has become an elaborate melody. But the fact that it is not a Southern song 'cannot be rubbed out.' The fallacy is so popular to the contrary that I have been at pains to state the real origin of it."

THE WHITWORTH CANNON.—The four field pieces recently forwarded by Americans resident in England were exhibited in New York. The cannon is a twelve-pounder, eight feet long, rifled and breech-loading, and its range stated at five and a half miles, says the Evening Post. It is mounted upon a common truck in the ordinary way. The truck bears a plate with the words, "From the loyal Americans in Europe to the United States Government." Upon the side of the cannon are engraved the words, "Whitworth Ordnance Co., Manchester. 34. Patent. 1860." The missile is of cast iron, oblong, and made to fit the grooves in the bore of the barrel. Its diameter is about eight inches. The one on exhibition with the cannon is marked, "A secession pill—12 lbs.—5¼ miles."

☞ If you are a precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray, and many others, for the assertion that Ann "is an indefinite article."

☞ I have frequently seen men and women of superior culture and extraordinary intellect eclipsed in conversation by one whose talk was made up of delightful nothings strung on the merest raveling of a thought.

☞ The following note was lately received by a music-seller from a farmer in the country: "Sir, i want yew to send me by the postman the angel in a quodriel." Upon inquiry it was ascertained that he required a copy of "The Angelina Quadrilles."

"Don't the clouds begin to break?" inquired Harriet, during yesterday's rain. She was impatient for an opportunity to go shopping. "Guess so," was the answer, as the speaker glanced from the window, "Guess they're broke, they leak bad enough to be."

AN IMPROVED CATECHISM.—A young miss of our city, whose acquirements are rather beyond her four summers, was a few days since saying the catechism at her mothers knee. In response to the question, What did God create? she said "The earth, the sun, the moon, the stars—*and stripes*."

☞ A lady in a paroxysm of grief was said to have shed torrents of tears. "Poor thing!" remarked an unfeeling punster, "she must have had a cataract in each eye."

"Mary, is your master at home?"—"No sir, he's out."—"I don't believe it."—"Well, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

☞ A little boy in a railroad car seeing a man with an uncommon supply of hair on his face and lips, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, see that man with a cat in his mouth!"

☞ Men have not altered materially since Shakespeare said: "To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thousand."

☞ Next to being upright and faithful in the performance of duty, be decided, and then you make either friends or foes worth having.

☞ You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

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THE infamous practice of adulterating Brandies having become so common that a genuine article is the exception; it is of *vital importance* to those requiring it for Family use and invalids, that it should be of undoubted purity and efficacy.

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It is mild, delicate and fruity, and is designed to be always uniform in quality and character. Put up in pint and quart bottles, in cases containing two dozen pints and one dozen quarts, and is sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents. The above is also for sale in original packages, viz: Eights and Quarter Casks.

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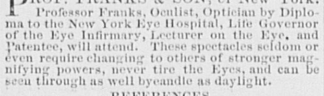

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LAWSON'S
NEURALGIC AND RHEUMATIC
Curative and Nerve Tonic:

For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Sore Throat or Diphtheria, Lame Back, Spinal Diseases, Swollen or Stiff Joints, Erysipelas, Pleurisy, Cramp, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Chilblains, Chafed Feet, Burns, Sprains.

THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

WILMINGTON DEPOT, May 16th, 1859.

PETER LAWSON—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station-agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and still continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincerely recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,

L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficancy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.

I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,

T. FOSTER FARMER.
Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly,

J. B. EATON.
Road-Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads.

DRACUT, Nov. 19, 1860.

HON. PETER LAWSON:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you, that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it very often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me, and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it, and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, that I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,

WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

PETER LAWSON, Lowell, Mass, proprietor.
M. S. BURR & CO., No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston General Agents for the United States.

The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by B. W. CONANT; in Reading, by THOMAS RICHARDSON; in South Reading, by J. D. MANSFIELD; in Stoneham, by E. T. WHITTIER; in Winchester, by JOSIAH HOVEY. 21—1y.

MAY MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
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LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOU'S,
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No. 20 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MOFFAT'S
LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS.

THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the Globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing variety of human diseases in which the

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES

are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind; Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Languor, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure *RHEUMATISM* permanently in three weeks, and Gout in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freeing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of Gravel.

Also *WORMS*, by dislodging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.

SCURVY, ULCERS, and *Inveterate Sores*, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood and all the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and *Bad Complexions*, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, sallow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of *SALT RHEUM*, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. *COMMON COLDS* and *INFLUENZA* will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone

FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other Medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent.—Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS,—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Disease of Females—the Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description: Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable Medicines. Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds. Palpitation of the Heart, Painter's Cholic, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.

Prepared and sold by W. B. MOFFAT,
10—1y. 335 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

And for the speedy cure of the subjoined varieties of Disease:

Scrofula and Scrofulous Affections, such as Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Blains, and all Skin Diseases.

OAKLAND, Ind., 6th June, 1859.

J. C. AYER & Co. Gents: I feel it my duty to acknowledge what your Sarsaparilla has done for me. Having inherited a Scrofulous infection, I have suffered from it in various ways for years. Sometimes it burst out in Ulcers on my hands and arms; sometimes it turned inward and distressed me at the stomach. Two years ago it broke out on my head and covered my scalp and ears with one sore, which was painful and loathsome beyond description. I tried many medicines and several physicians, but without much relief from any thing. In fact, the disorder grew worse. At length I was rejoiced to read in the Gospel Messenger that you had prepared an alterative (Sarsaparilla), for I knew from your reputation that any thing you made must be good. I sent to Cincinnati and got it, and used it till it cured me. I took it, as you advise, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a month, and used almost three bottles. New and healthy skin soon began to form under the scab, which after a while fell off. My skin is now clear, and I know by my feelings that the disease has gone from my system. You can well believe that I feel what I am saying when I tell you, that I hold you to be one of the apostles of the age, and remain ever gratefully. Yours,

ALFRED B. TALLEY.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.

Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Eruptions* by it constantly.

Bronchocele, Goitre or Swelled Neck.

Zebulon Sloan of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bottles of your Sarsaparilla cured me from a *Goitre*—a hideous swelling on the neck, which I had suffered from over two years."

Leucorrhœa or Whites, Ovarian Tumor, Uterine Ulceration, Female Diseases.

Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York City, writes; "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alterative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in *Female Diseases* of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhœa by it, and some where the complaint was caused by *ulceration of the uterus.* The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for these female derangements."

Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dangerous *ovarian tumor* on one of the females in my family, which had defied all the remedies we could employ, has at length been completely cured by your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Our physician thought nothing but extirpation could afford relief, but he advised the trial of your Sarsaparilla as the last resort before cutting, and it proved effectual. After taking your remedy eight weeks no symptom of the disease remains."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

NEW ORLEANS, 25th August, 1859.

DR. J. C. AYER: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the request of your agent, and report to you some of the effects I have realized with your Sarsaparilla.

I have cured with it, in my practice, most of the complaints for which it is recommended, and have found its effects truly wonderful in the cure of *Venereal and Mercurial Disease.* One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers in his throat, which were consuming his palate and the top of his mouth. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken, cured him in five weeks. Another was attacked by secondary symptoms in his nose, and the ulceration had eaten away a considerable part of it, so that I believe the disorder would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it yielded to my administration of your Sarsaparilla; the ulcers healed, and he is well again, not of course without some disfiguration to his face. A woman who had been treated for the same disorder by mercury was suffering from this poison in her bones. They had become so sensitive to the weather that on a damp day she suffered excruciating pain in her joints and bones. She, too, was cured entirely by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I know from its formula, which your agent gave me, that this Preparation from your laboratory must be a great remedy; consequently, these truly remarkable results with it have not surprised me.

Fraternally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint.

INDEPENDENCE, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859.

DR. J. C. AYER: Sir, I have been afflicted with a painful chronic *Rheumatism* for a long time, which baffled the skill of physicians, and stuck to me in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One bottle cured me in two weeks, and restored my general health so much that I am far better than before I was attacked. I think it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.

Jules Y. Getchell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been afflicted for years with an *affection of the Liver*, which destroyed my health. I tried every thing, and every thing failed to relieve me; and I have been a broken-down man for some years from no other cause than *derangement of the Liver.* My beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Espy, advised me to try your Sarsaparilla, because he said he knew you, and any thing you made was worth trying. By the blessing of God it has cured me, and has so purified my blood as to make a new man of me. I feel young again. The best that can be said of you is not half good enough."

Schirrus, Cancer Tumors, Enlargement, Ulceration, Caries and Exfoliation of the Bones.

A great variety of cases have been reported to us where cures of these formidable complaints have resulted from the use of this remedy, but our space here will not admit them. Some of them may be found in our American Almanac, which the agents below named are pleased to furnish gratis to all who call for them.

Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Melancholy, Neuralgia.

Many remarkable cures of these affections have been made by the alterative power of this medicine. It stimulates the vital functions into vigorous action, and thus overcomes disorders which would be supposed beyond its reach. Such a remedy has long been required by the necessities of the people, and we are confident that this will do for them all that medicine can do.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the Relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced Stages of the Disease.

This is a remedy so universally known to surpass any other for the cure of throat and lung complaints, that it is useless here to publish the evidence of its virtues. Its unrivalled excellence for coughs and colds, and its truly wonderful cures of pulmonary disease, have made it known throughout the civilized nations of the earth. Few are the communities, or even families, among them who have not some personal experience of its effects—some living trophy in their midst of its victory over the subtle and dangerous disorders of the throat and lungs. As all know the dreadful fatality of these disorders, and as they know, too, the effects of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them that it has now all the virtues that it did have when making the cures which have won so strongly upon the confidence of mankind.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass

Sold by Druggists and Medicine dealers.

Humphreys' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC REMEDIES for the People.

HEAR WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

The undersigned having used Professor HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES in our families with the most satisfactory results, and having full confidence in their genuineness, purity, and efficacy, cheerfully recommend them to all persons who wish to have safe, reliable, and efficacious remedies at hand for private or domestic use.

The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of "The Northern Independent," Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. E. H. Cressey, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. B. I. Ives, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison; the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, Rector, New-Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. Allen Steele, New-York Conference; the Rev. Samuel Nichols, East-Genesee Conference, N. Y.; the Rev. P. S. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; the Rev. John E. Robie, Buffalo; A. C. Hart, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; the Hon. Neal Dow, Portland, Me.; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, South-Bend, Ind.; the Hon. George Humphreys, N. Y.; Henry D. Cook, Esq., Editor of The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio; the Hon. R. H. Graham, Moline, Ill.; the Hon. Thomas J. Chase, Monticello, Fla.; the Hon. Joseph Benedict, Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bristol, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; A. F. Pond, Esq., Utica, N. Y.; James Plunkett, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1.—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.
No. 2.—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, Wetting the Bed.
No. 3.—For Colic, Crying, Teething, and Wakefulness of Infants.
No. 4.—For Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum, and Summer Complaints.
No. 5.—For Colic, Gripings, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.
No. 6.—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.
No. 7.—For Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throat.
No. 8.—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache, and Neuralgia.
No. 9.—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.
No. 10.—DYSPEPSIA PILLS—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Constipation, and Liver Complaint.
No. 11.—FOR FEMALE IRREGULARITIES, Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Periods.
No. 12.—For Leucorrhea, Profuse Menses, and Bearing Down of Females.
No. 13.—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.
No. 14.—SALT RHEUM PILLS—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.
No. 15.—RHEUMATIC PILLS.—For Pain, Lameness, or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins, or Limbs.
A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Old Mismanaged Agues.
P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.
O.—For Sore, Weak, or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.
C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In all acute diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas, the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened, and rendered less dangerous.

Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Piles, Female Debility, and Irregularities, old Headaches, Sore or Weak Eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles or Catarrh, Headache or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

PRICE.

Case of 20 vials complete, in morocco, and Book ....$[illegible]
Case of 20 vials, and Book, plain ....[illegible]
Case of 15 numbered boxes, and Book ....[illegible]
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Large case of 2 oz. vials, for planters and physicians ....$[illegible]

ALSO SPECIFICS.

FOR ASTHMA OR PHTHISIC.—Oppressed, Difficult, Labored Breathing, attended with Cough and Expectoration. Price 50 cents per box.

FOR EAR DISCHARGES AND DEAFNESS.—Discharges from the Ear, the result of Scarlet Fever, Measles, or Mercurials. For Noises in the Head, Hardness of Hearing, and Ringing in the Ears, and Ear-ache. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR SCROFULA.—Enlarged Glands, Enlarged and Indurated Tonsils, Swellings and Old Ulcers, Scrofulous Cachexy of Children. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.—Physical or Nervous Weakness Either the result of Sickness, Excessive Medication, or Exhausting Discharges. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR DROPSY.—Fluid Accumulations, Tumid Swellings, with Scanty Secretions. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—Deathly Sickness, Vertigo, Nausea Vomiting. Sickness from riding or motion. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR URINARY DISEASES.—For Gravel, Renal Calculi, Difficult, Painful Urination, Diseases of the Kidneys. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR SEMINAL EMISSIONS.—Involuntary Discharges and Consequent Prostration and Debility, Bad Results of Evil Habits. The most successful and efficient remedy known and may be relied upon as a cure. Price, with full directions, $1 per box.

Persons who wish to place themselves under the professional care, or to seek advice of Prof. HUMPHREYS, can do so, at his office 562 Broadway, daily from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M or by letter.

OUR REMEDIES BY MAIL.

Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and inclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New-York and the medicine will be duly returned by mail or express free of charge.

AGENTS WANTED.—We desire an active, efficient Agent for the sale of our Remedies in every town or community in the United States. Address Dr. F. HUMPHREYS & Co. No. 562 BROADWAY NEW-YORK

Miss M. Flint, Agent, Main Street Woburn

PURE LIQUORS AND WINES FOR PRIVATE USE AND MEDICAL PURPOSES.

WE offer the country trade and consumers, a complete assortment of every variety of LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Importers is not only a sufficient guarantee for the *Purity of our Goods*, but that it enables us to offer advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and reliable article of *Liquors and Wines* for medicinal and other purposes, we have for many years given special attention to filling orders for *Private Use*, and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to send their orders to us direct, as we employ no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons who require *Pure Liquors and Wines*, in large or small quantities, may rest assured that all orders will receive our best personal attention, and that every article sent from our house will be satisfactory in every respect. Communications by mail will receive prompt attention, with full and complete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS,
87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass.
Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1yr

BININGER'S OLD KENTUCKY BOURBON
"1849 RESERVE"

THE established popularity of this CHOICE OLD BOURBON as a medicinal agent, renders it superfluous to mention in detail the characteristics which distinguish it from the ordinary grade of Kentucky Whiskeys.

Being distilled in 1848, and manufactured expressly for us with great care, it can be relied upon as a strictly pure stimulant, and peculiarly effective for the treatment of Lung Complaints, Dyspepsia, derangement of the Stomach, Nervousness. &c

As a curative agent it has a tendency to recreate and strengthen; while age having contributed its genial charm and enriched it with a delicous flavor and an oily body, it affords a pleasant incentive to the preservaton or recovery of health, through the agreable medium of a well pleased palate.

Put up in a variety of attractive forms, in iron bound, of one and two dozen bottles each, and sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

A. M. BININGER & CO.
Established (1778.)
Sole proprietors, No. 19 Broad St. N.Y.

For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO. Nos. 11 and 12, Marshall st., WEEKS & POTTER SETH E. PECKER, D. GOODNOW & CO., REED CUTLER & CO., M. S. BURR & CO., STEPHEN WEEKS, T. L. SMITH, S. PIERCE & CO., C. S. DAVIS & CO., and JAS. MACKINTIRE.

24—1y

NEW GRIST MILL IN LYNNFIELD.

THE Subscriber having thoroughly repaired and fitted up the building in Lynnfield, known as "Pilling's Factory," for the purpose of

Grinding Corn, Rye, &c.,

is now prepared to wait upon such in that line as may favor him with a call. A Cob Cracker is also being put in, and will be ready for use in a few days.

Nov. 12, 1859 BENJ. MANSFIELD. tf

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. X : : No. 39. WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR / SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Rock me to Sleep.

Backward, turn backward, O Time! in your flight,
Make me a child again—just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O swift tide of years!
I am weary of toil, I am weary of years;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue:
Mother, O mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearnings and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again:
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sorrowing soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my eyes from the flickering light—
For oh! with its sunny-edged shadows, once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore:
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song;
Sing, then, again!—to my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your soft, light lashes just sweeping my face:
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Select Literature.

HORROR: A TRUE TALE.

I was but nineteen years of age when the incident occurred which has thrown a shadow over my life; and, ah me! how many and many a weary year has dragged by since then! Young, happy, and beloved I was in those long-departed days. They said that I was beautiful. The mirror now reflects a haggard old woman, with ashen lips and face of deadly pallor. But do not fancy that you are listening to a mere puling lament. It is not the flight of years that has brought me to be this wreck of my former self; had it been so I could have borne the loss cheerfully, patiently, as the common lot of all; but it was no natural progress of decay which has robbed me of bloom, of youth, of the hopes and joys that belong to youth, snapped the link that bound my heart to another's, and doomed me to a lone old age. I try to be patient, but my cross has been heavy, and my heart is empty and weary, and I long for the death that comes so slowly to those who pray to die.

I will try and relate, exactly as it happened, the event which blighted my life. Though it occurred many years ago, there is no fear that I should have forgotten any of the minutest circumstances: they were stamped on my brain too clearly and burningly, like the brand of a red-hot iron. I see them written in the wrinkles of my brow, in the dead whiteness of my hair, which was a glossy brown once, and has known no gradual change from dark to gray, from gray to white, as with those happy ones who were the companions of my girlhood, and whose honored age is soothed by the love of children and grand-children. But I must not envy them. I only meant to say that the difficulty of my task has no connection with want of memory—I remember but too well. But as I take the pen my hand trembles, my head swims, the old rushing faintness and Horror comes over me again, and the well-remembered fear is upon me. Yet I will go on.

This, briefly, is my story: I was a great heiress, I believe, though I cared little for the fact; but so it was. My father had great possessions, and no son to inherit after him. His three daughters, of whom I was the youngest, were to share the broad acres among them. I have said, and truly, I cared little for this circumstance; and, indeed, I was so rich then in health and youth and love that I felt myself quite indifferent to all else. The possession of all the treasures of earth could never have made up for what I then had—and lost, as I am about to relate. Of course, we knew that we were heiresses, but I do not think Lucy and Minnie were any the prouder or the happier on that account. I know I was not. Reginald did not court me for my money. Of *that* I felt assured. He proved it, Heaven be praised! when he shrank from my side after the change. Yes, in all my lonely age, I can still be thankful that he did not keep his word, as some would have done—did not clasp at the altar a hand he had learned to loathe and shudder at, because it was full of gold—much gold! At least, he spared me that. And I know that I was loved, and the knowledge has kept me from going mad through many a weary day and restless night, when my hot eyeballs had not a tear to shed, and even to weep was a luxury denied me.

Our house was an old Tudor mansion. My father was very particular in keeping the smallest peculiarities of his home unaltered. Thus the many peaks and gables, the numerous turrets, and the mullioned windows with their quaint lozenge panes set in lead, remained very nearly as they had been three centuries back. Over and above the quaint melancholy of our dwelling, with the deep woods of its park and the sullen waters of the mere, our neighborhood was thinly peopled and primitive, and the people round us were ignorant, and tenacious of ancient ideas and traditions. Thus it was a superstitious atmosphere that we children were reared in, and we heard, from our infancy, countless tales of horror, some mere fables, doubtless, others legends of dark deeds of the olden time, exaggerated by credulity and the love of the marvelous. Our mother had died when we were young, and our other parent being, though a kind father, much absorbed in affairs of various kinds, as an active magistrate and landlord, there was no one to check the unwholsome stream of tradition with which our plastic minds were inundated in the company of nurses and servants. As years went on, however, the old ghostly tales partially lost their effects, and our undisciplined minds were turned more toward balls, dress, and partners, and other matters airy and trivial, more welcome to our riper age. It was at a county assembly that Reginald and I first met—met and loved. Yes, I am sure that he loved me with all his heart. It was not as deep a heart as some, I have thought in my grief and anger; but I never doubted its truth and honesty. Reginald's father and mine approved of our growing attachment; and as for myself, I know I was so happy then, that I look back upon those fleeting moments as on some delicious dream. I now come to the change. I have lingered on my childish reminiscences, my bright and happy youth, and now I must tell the rest—the blight and the sorrow.

It was Christmas, always a joyful and a hospitable time in the country, especially in such an old hall as our home, where quaint customs and frolics were much clung to, as part and parcel of the very dwelling itself. The hall was full of guests—so full, indeed, that there was great difficulty in providing sleeping accommodation for all. Several narrow and dark chambers in the turrets—mere pigeon-holes, as we irreverently called what had been thought good enough for the stately gentleman of Elizabeth's reign—were now allotted to bachelor visitors, after having been empty for a century. All the spare rooms in the body and wings of the hall were occupied, of course; and the servants who had been brought down were lodged at the farm and at the keeper's, so great was the demand for space. At last the unexpected arrival of an elderly relative, who had been asked months before, but scarcely expected, caused great commotion. My aunts went about wringing their hands distractedly. Lady Speldhurst was a personage of some consequence; she was a distant cousin, and had been for years on cool terms with us all, on account of some fancied affront or slight when she had paid her *last* visit, about the time of my christening. She was seventy years old; she was infirm, rich, and testy; moreover, she was my godmother, though I had forgotten the fact; but it seems that though I had formed no expectations of a legacy in my favor, my aunts had done so for me. Aunt Margaret was especially eloquent on the subject. "There isn't a room left," she said; "was ever any thing so unfortunate! We cannot put Lady Speldhurst into the turrets, and yet where *is* she to sleep? And Rosa's godmother, too! Poor dear child, how dreadful! After all these years of estrangement, and with a hundred thousand in the funds, and no comfortable, warm room at her unlimited disposal—and Christmas, of all times in the year!" What *was* to be done? My aunts could not resign their own chambers to Lady Speldhurst, because they had already given them up to some of the married guests. My father was the most hospitable of men, but he was rheumatic, gouty, and methodical. His sisters-in-law dared not propose to shift his quarters; and, indeed, he would have far sooner dined on prison fare than have been translated to a strange bed. The matter ended in my giving up my room. I had a strange reluctance to making the offer, which surprised myself. Was it a boding of evil to come? I can not say. We are strangely and wonderfully made. It *may* have been. At any rate, I do not think it was any selfish unwillingness to make an old and infirm lady comfortable by a trifling sacrifice. I was perfectly healthy and strong. The weather was not cold for the time of year. It was a dark, moist Yule—not a snowy one, though snow brooded overhead in the darkling clouds. I *did* make the offer, which became me, I said with a laugh, as the youngest. My sisters laughed too, and made a jest of my evident wish to propitiate my godmother. "She is a fairy godmother, Rosa," said Minnie; "and you know she was affronted at your christening, and went away muttering vengeance. Here she is coming back to see you; I hope she brings golden gifts with her." I thought little of Lady Speldhurst and possible golden gifts. I cared nothing for the wonderful fortune in the funds that my aunts whispered and nodded about so mysteriously. But since then I have wondered whether, had I then shown myself peevish or obstinate—had I refused to give up my room for the expected kinswoman—it would not have altered the whole of my life? But then Lucy or Minnie would have offered in my stead, and been sacrificed—what do I say?—better that the blow should have fallen as it did than on those dear ones.

The chamber to which I was removed was a dim little triangular room in the western wing, and was only to be reached by traversing the picture-gallery, or by mounting a little flight of stone stairs which led directly upward from the low-browed arch of a door that opened into the garden. There was one more room on the same landing-place, and this was a mere receptacle for broken furniture, shattered toys, and all the lumber that *will* accumulate in a country-house. The room I was to inhabit for a few nights was a tapestry-hung apartment, with faded green curtains of some costly stuff, contrasting oddly with the new carpet, and the bright, fresh hangings of the bed, which had been hurriedly erected. The furniture was half old, half new; and on the dressing-table stood a very quaint oval mirror, in a frame of black wood—unpolished ebony, I think. I can remember the very pattern of the carpet, the number of chairs, the situation of the bed, the figures on the tapestry. Nay, I can recollect not only the color of the dress I wore on that fatal evening, but the arrangement of every scrap of lace and ribbon, of every flower, every jewel, with a memory but too perfect.

Scarcely had my maid finished spreading out my various articles of attire for the evening (when there was to be a great dinner-party) when the rumble of a carriage announced that Lady Speldhurst had arrived. The short winter's day drew to a close, and a large number of guests were gathered together in the ample drawing-room, around the blaze of the wood-fire, after dinner. My father, I recollect, was not with us at first. There were some squires of the old hard-riding, hard-drinking stamp still lingering over their port in the dining-room, and the host of course, could not leave them. But the ladies and all the younger gentlemen—both those who slept under our roof, and those who would have a dozen miles of fog and mire to encounter on their road home—were all together. Need I say that Reginald was there? He sat near me—my accepted lover, my plighted future husband. We were to be married in the spring. My sisters were not far off; they, too, had found eyes that sparkled and softened in meeting theirs, had found hearts that beat responsive to their own. And, in their cases, no rude frost nipped the blossom ere it became the fruit; there was no canker in their flowerets of young hope, no cloud in their sky. Innocent and loving, they were beloved by men worthy their esteem.

The room—a large and lofty one, with an arched roof—had somewhat of a sombre character, from being wainscoted and ceiled with polished black oak of a great age. There were mirrors, and there were pictures on the walls, and handsome furniture, and marble chimney-pieces, and a gay Tournay carpet; but these merely appeared as bright spots on the dark back-ground of the Elizabethan wood-work. Many lights were burning, but the blackness of the walls and roof seemed absolutely to swallow up their rays, like the mouth of a cavern. A hundred candles could not have given that apartment the cheerful lightness of a modern drawing-room. But the gloomy richness of the panels matched well with the ruddy gleam from the enormous wood-fire, in which, crackling and glowing, now lay the mighty Yule log.—Quite a blood-red lustre poured forth from the fire, and quivered on the walls and groined roof. We had gathered round the vast antique hearth in a wide circle. The quivering light of the fire and candles fell upon us all, but not equally, for some were in shadow. I remember still how tall and manly and handsome Reginald looked that night, taller by the head than any there, and full of high spirits and gayety. I, too, was in the highest spirits; never had my bosom felt lighter, and I believe it was my mirth which gradually gained the rest, for I recollect what a blithe, joyous company we seemed. All save one, Lady Speldhurst, dressed in gray silk and wearing a quaint head-dress, sat in her arm-chrir, facing the fire, very silent, with her hands and her sharp chin propped on a sort of ivory-handled crutch that she walked with (for she waslame), peering at me with half shut eyes. She was a little spare old woman, with very keen delicate features of the French type. Her gray silk dress, her spotless lace, old-fashioned jewels, and prim neatness of array were well suited to the intelligence of her face, with its thin lips, and eyes of a piercing black, undimmed by age. Those eyes made me uncomfortable, in spite of my gayety, as they followed my every movement with curious scrutiny. Still I was very merry and gay; my sisters even wondered at my ever-ready mirth, which was almost wild in its excess. I have heard since then of the Scottish belief that those doomed to some great calamity become *fey*, and are never so disposed for merriment and laughter as just before the blow falls. If ever mortal was *fey* then, I was so on that evening. Still, though I strove to shake it off, the pertinacious observation of old Lady Speldhurst's eyes *did* make an impression on me of a vaguely disagreeable nature. Others, too, noticed her scrutiny of me, but set it down as a mere eccentricity of a person always reputed whimsical, to say the least of it.

However, this disagreeable sensation lasted but a few moments. After a short pause my aunt took her part in the conversation, and we found ourselves listening to a weird legend which the old lady told exceedingly well. One tale led to another. Every one was called on in turn to contribute to the public entertainment, and story after story, always relating to demonology and witchcraft, succeeded. It was Christmas, the season for such tales; and the old room, with its dusky walls and pictures, and vaulted roof, drinking up the light so greedily, seemed just fitted to give effect to such legendary lore. The huge logs crackled and burned with glowing warmth; the blood-red glare of the Yule log flashed on the faces of the listeners and narrator, on the portraits, and the holly wreathed about their frames, and the upright old dame, in her antiquated dress and trinkets, like one of the originals of the pictures, stepped from the canvas to join our circle. It threw a shimmering lustre of an ominously ruddy hue upon the oaken panels. No wonder that the blood of the more timid grew chill and curdled, that their flesh crept, and their hearts beat irregularly, and the girls peeped fearfully over their shoulders, and huddled close together like frightened sheep, and half-fancied they beheld some impish and malignant face gibbering at them from the darkling corners of the old room. By degrees my high spirits died out, and I felt the childish tremors, long latent, long forgotten, coming over me. I followed each story with painful interest; I did not ask myself if I believed the dismal tales. I listened, and fear grew upon me—the blind, irrational fear of our nursery days. I am sure most of the other ladies present, young or middle-aged, were affected by the circumstances under which these traditions were heard, no less than by the wild fantastic character of them. But with them the impression would die out next morning, when the bright sun should shine on the frosted boughs, and the rime on the grass, and scarlet berries and green spikelets of the holly; and with me—but, ah! what was to happen ere another day dawn? Before we had made an end of this this talk my father and the other squires came in, and we ceased our ghost stories, ashamed to speak of such matters before these new-comers—hard-headed, unimaginative men, who had no sympathy with idle legends. There was now a stir and bustle.

Servants were handing round tea and coffee, and other refreshments. Then there was a little music and singing. I sang a duet with Reginald, who had a fine voice and good musical skill. I remember that my singing was much praised, and indeed I was surprised at the power and pathos of my own voice, doubtless due to my excited nerves and mind. Then I heard some one say to another that I was by far the cleverest of the Squire's daughters, as well as the prettiest. It did not make me vain. I had no rivalry with Lucy and Minnie. But Reginald whispered some soft fond words in my ear, a little before he mounted his horse to set off homeward, which *did* make me happy and proud. And to think that the next time we met—but I forgave him long ago. Poor Reginald! And now shawls and cloaks were in request, and carriages rolled up to the porch, and the guests gradually departed. At last no one was left but those visitors staying at the house. Then my father, who had been called out to speak with the bailiff of the estate, came back with a look of annoyance on his face.

"A strange story I have just been told," said he; "here has been my bailiff to inform me of the loss of four of the choicest ewes out of that little flock of Southdowns I set such store by, and which arrived in the north but two months since. And the poor creatures have been destroyed in so strange a manner, for their carcasses are horribly mangled."

Most of us uttered some expression of pity or surprise, and some suggested that a vicious dog was probably the culprit.

"It would seem so," said my father; "it certainly seems the work of a dog; and yet all the men agree that no dog of such habits exists near us, where, indeed, dogs are scarce, excepting the shepherds' collies and the sporting dogs secured in yards. Yet the sheep are gnawed and bitten, for they show the marks of teeth. Something has done this, and has torn their bodies wolfishly; but apparently it has been only to suck the blood, for little or no flesh is gone."

"How strange!" cried several voices. Then some of the gentlemen remembered to have heard of cases when dogs addicted to sheep-killing had destroyed whole flocks, as if in sheer wantonness, scarcely deigning to taste a morsel of each slain wether.

My father shook his head. "I have heard of such cases, too," he said; "but in this instance I am tempted to think the malice of some unknown enemy has been at work. The teeth of a dog have been busy no doubt, but the poor sheep have been mutilated in a fantastic manner, as strange as horrible; their hearts, in especial, have been torn out, and left at some paces off, half-gnawed. Also, the men persist that they found the print of a naked human foot in the soft mud of the ditch, and near it—this." And he held up what seemed a broken link of a rusted iron chain.

Many were the ejaculations of wonder and alarm, and many and shrewd the conjectures, but none seemed exactly to suit the bearings of the case. And when my father went on to say that two lambs of the same valuable breed had perished in the same singular manner three days previously, and that they also were found mangled and gore-stained, the amazement reached a higher pitch. Old Lady Speldhurst listened with calm, intelligent attention, but joined in none of our exclamations. At length she said to my father, "Try and recollect—have you no enemy among your neighbors?" My father started, and knit his brows. "Not one that I know of," he replied; and indeed he was a popular man and a kind landlord. "The more lucky you," said the old dame, with one of her grim smiles. It was now late, and we retired to rest before long. One by one the guests dropped off. I was the member of the family selected to escort old Lady Speldhurst to her room—the room I had vacated in her favor. I did not much like the office. I felt a remarkable repugnance to my godmother, but my worthy aunts insisted so much that I should ingratiate myself with one who had so much to leave that I could not but comply. The visitor hobbled up the broad oaken stairs actively enough, propped on my arm and her ivory crutch. The room never had looked more genial and pretty, with its brisk fire, modern furniture, and the gay French paper on the walls. "A nice room, my dear, and I ought to be much obliged to you for it, since my maid tells me it is yours," said her ladyship; "but I am pretty sure you repent your generosity to me, after all those ghost stories, and tremble to think of a strange bed and chamber, eh?" I made some commonplace reply. The old lady arched her eyebrows. "Where have they put you, child?" she asked; "in some cock-loft of the turrets, eh? or in a lumber-room—a regular ghost-trap? I can hear your heart beating with fear this moment. You are not fit to be alone." I tried to call up my pride, and laugh off the accusation against my courage, all the more, perhaps, because I felt its truth. "Do you want any thing more that I can get you, Lady Speldhurst?" I asked, trying to feign a yawn of sleepiness. The old dame's keen eyes were upon me. "I rather like you, my dear," she said, "and I liked your mamma well enough before she treated me so shamefully about the christening dinner. Now, I know you are frightened and fearful, and if an owl should but flap your window to-night, it might drive you into fits. There is a nice little sofa-bed in this dressing-closet—call your maid to arrange it for you, and you can sleep there snugly, under the old witch's protection, and then no goblin dare harm you, and nobody will be a bit the wiser, or quiz you for being afraid." How little I knew what hung in the balance of my refusal or acceptance of that trivial proffer! Had the veil of the future been lifted for one instant! but that veil is impenetrable to our gaze.

(Concluded next week.)

A Night in a Reservoir.

You may see some of the best society in New York on the top of the distributing reservoir, any fine October morning. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and half a dozen senatorial-looking mothers, with young children, pacing the parpet, as we basked there the other day in the sunshine, now watching the pickerel glide along the lucid edges of the black pool within, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wonderous variety that spreads along the two rivers on either side.

"They may talk of Alpheus and Arethusa," murmured an idling sophomore, who had found his way thither during recitation hours; "but the Croton, in passing over an arm of the sea, at Spuyten-Duyvil, and bursting to sight again in this truncated pyramid, beats it all hollow. By George, too, the bay yonder looks as blue as even the Ægean Sea to Byron's eye, gazing from the Acropolis! But the painted foliage on those crags!—the Greeks must have dreamed of such a vegetable phenomena in the midst of their grayish olive groves, or they never would have supplied the want of it in their landscape by embroidering their marble templ•s with gay colors. Did you see that pike break, sir?"

"I did not."

"Zounds! his silver fin flashed upon the black Acherus like a restless soul that hoped yet to mount from the pool."

"The place seems suggestive of fancies to you?" we observed, in reply to the rattlepate.

"It is, indeed, for I have done up a good deal of anxious thinking within a circle of a few yards where that fish broke just now."

"A singular place for meditation—the middle of the reservoir."

"You look incredulous, sir; but it's a fact. A fellow can never tell, until he has tried, in what situation his most earnest meditations may be concentrated. I am boring you, though?"

"Not at all. But you seem familar with the spot. I wish you could tell me why that ladder leaning down to the water is lashed against the stone-work in yonder corner?"

"That ladder," said the young man, brightening at the question; "why, the position, perhaps the very existence of that ladder, resulted from my meditations in the reservoir, at which you smiled just now. Shall I tell you all about them?"

"Pray do."

"Well, you have seen the notice forbidding any one to fish in the reservoir. Now, when I read that warning, the spirit of the thing struck me at once as inferring nothing more than that one should not sully the temperance potations of citizens by steeping bait in it of ny kind; but you probably know the common way of taking pike with a slip-noose of delicate wire. I was determined to have a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle.

"I chose a moonlight night; and an hour before the edifice was closed to visitors I secreted myself within the walls determined to pass the night on top. All went on as well as I could wish it. The night proved cloudy but it was only a variable drift of broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking-cane rod with me, which would reach to the margin of the water, and several feet beyond, if necessary. To this was attached the wire, about fifteen inches in length.

"I prowled along the parapet for a considerable time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade that completely foiled my steadfast gaze. I was convinced that, should they come up thicker, my whole night's adventure would be thrown away. 'Why should I not descend the sloping wall and get near the level with the fish, for thus alone can I hope to see one?' The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had one leg over the iron railing.

"If you look around, you will see now that there are some half dozen weeds growing here and there, amid the fissures of solid masonry. In one of the fissures from whence these spring, I planted a foot and began my descent. The reservoir was fuller than it is now, and a few strides would have carried me to the margin of water. Holding on the cliff above, I felt round with one foot for a place to plant it below me.

"At that moment the flap of a pound pike made me look round; and the roots of the weed upon which I partially depended gave way as I was in the act of turning. Sir one's senses are sharpened in deadly peril. As I live I distinctly heard the bells of Trinity chiming midnight, as I rose to the surface the next instant, immersed in the stone caldron, where I must swim for my life, Heaven only could tell how long.

"I am a capital swimmer, and this naturally gave me a degree of self-possession. Falling as I had, I of course had pitched out some distance from the sloping parpet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could. I felt certain at least there was some spot where I might get hold with my hands, even if I did not ultimately ascend it.

"I tried the nearest spot. The inclination of the wall was so vertical that it did not even rest me to lean against it. I felt with my hands and with my feet. Surely, I thought there must be some fissure like those in which that ill-omened weed had found a place for its root.

"There was none. My fingers became sore in busying themselves with the hard and inhospitable stones. My feet slipped from the smooth and slimy masonry beneath the water; and several times my face came in rude contact with the wall, when my foothold gave way on the instant that I seemed to have found some diminutive rocky cleft upon which I could stay myself.

"Sir, did you ever see a rat drowned in a half-filled hogshead? how he swims round and round; and after vainly trying the sides again and again with his paws, fixes his eyes upon the upper rim as if he would *look himself* out of the watery prison.

"I thought of the miserable vermin—thought of him as I had often watched thus by his dying agonies when a cruel urchin of eight or ten. Boys are horribly cruel, sir, boys, women and savages. All childlike things are cruel; cruel from want of thought and perverse ingenuity, although by instinct each of these is so tender. You may not have observed it, but a savage is as tender to its own young as a boy is to his favorite puppy—the same boy that will torture a kitten out of existence. I thought then, I say, of the rat drowning in a half-filled cask of water as he grew more and more desperate, and I flung myself on my back, and, floating thus, fixed my eyes upon the face of the moon.

"The moon is well enough in her way, however you may look at her; but her appearance is, to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the centre of a stone tank, with a dead wall of some fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely on every side of him, (the young man smiled bitterly as he said this, and shuddered once or twice before he went on, musingly.) The last time I had noted the planet with any emotion, she was on the wane. Mary was with me; I had brought her out here one morning to look at the view from the top of the reservoir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked of our old and childish loves, I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content.

"There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as my own spirits rose amid the voluptuous atmosphere, she pointed to the waning planet, discernible like a faint gash in the welkin, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall. Strange girl! Did she mean to rebuke my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy, while nature withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of noontide, were there to remind us of the 'gone forever?'

"'They will all renew themselves, dear Mary,' said I, encouragingly; 'and there is one that will keep tryst alike with thee and nature, through all seasons, if thou wilt but be true to one of us, and remain as now a child of Nature.'

"A tear sprang to her eye, and then searching her pocket for her card-case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Madame Ferrero's opening of fall bonnets at two o'clock.

"And yet, dear, wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her then. You have probably outlived this kind of thing, sir; but I, looking at the moon, as I floated there upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears I knew would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy to awfulness.

"And how often we talked, too, of that Carian shepherd, who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing as I do on the lustrous planet. Who will revel with her amid those old superstitions? Who, from our unlegended woods, will evoke their undetected, haunted spirits? Who, peer with her, in prying scrutiny into Nature's laws, and challenge the whispers of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter? Who laugh merrily over the stupid guesswork of pedants, that never mingled with the infinitude of Nature through love exhaustless and all-embracing, as we have? Poor girl! she will be companionless.

"Alas! companionles forever—save in the exciting stages of some brisk flirtation. She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with love's lore she has learned from me; and then, Pygmalion-like, grow fond of the images she has herself endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

"How anxious she will be lest the coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket.

"I felt chilly as this last recollection crossed my mind, partly at the thought of the coroner, partly at the idea of Mary being unwillingly compelled to wear mourning for me, in case of such a disclosure of our engagement. It is a provoking thing for a girl of nineteen to have to go in mourning for a deceased lover, at the begining of her second winter in the metropolis.

"The water, though, with my motionless position, must have had something to do with my chilliness. I see, sir, you think I tell my story with great levity; but, indeed, I should grow delirious did I venture to hold steadily to the awfulness of my feelings, the greater part of the night. I think, indeed, I must have been most of the time hysterical with horror, for the vibrating emotions I have recapitulated, did pass through my brain, even as I have detailed them. But as I now became calm in thought, I summoned up again some resolution of action.

"I will begin at the corner, said I, and swim around the whole inclosure. I will swim slowly, and again feel the sides of the tank with my feet. If die I must, let me perish at least from well-directed, though exhausting effort, not sink from mere bootless weariness in sustaining myself till the morning shall bring relief.

"The sides of the place seemed to grow higher as I now kept my watery coarse beneath them. It was not altogether a dead pull. I had some variety of emotion in making my circuit. When I swam in the shadow it looked to me more cheerful beyond in the moonlight. When I swam in the moonlight, I had the hope of making some discovery when I should again reach the shadow. I turned several times on my back to rest, just where these wavy lines would meet. The stars looked viciously bright to me from the bottom of that well, there was such a company of them; they were so glad in their lustrous revelry; and they had such space to move in. I was alone, in sad dispair, in a strange element, prisoned, and a solitary gazer upon their mocking chorus. And yet there was nothing else with which I could hold communion.

"I turned upon my breast and struck out almost frantically, once more. The stars were forgotten, the moon, the very world of which I as yet formed a part—my poor Mary herself was forgotten. I thought only of the strong man there perishing; of me in my lusty manhood, in the sharp vigor of my dawning prime, with faculties illmitable, with senses all alert, battling there with physical obstacles which men like myself had brought together for my undoing. The Eternal could never have willed this thing! I could not and would not perish thus. And I grew stronger in insolence of self-trust; and I laughed aloud while I dashed the sluggish water from side to side.

"Then came an emotion of pity for myself—of wild, wild regret; of sorrow, oh, infinite for a fate so desolate, a doom so dreary, so heart-sickening. You may laugh at the contradiction if you will, sir; but I feel that I could sacrifice my own life on the instant to redeem another fellow-creature from such a place of horror, from an end so piteous. My soul and my vital spirit seemed in that moment to be separating; while one, in parting, grieved over the deplorable fate of the other.

"And then I prayed.

"I prayed, why or wherefore I knew not. It was not from fear. It could not have been I hope. The days of miracles are past, and there was no natural law by whose interposition I could be saved. I did not pray; it prayed of itself, my soul within me.

"Was the calmness that I now felt torpidity—the torpidity that precedes dissolution, to the strong swimmer who, sinking from exhaustion, must at last add a bubble to the wave, as he suffocates beneath the element which now denies his mastery? If it were so, how fortunate was it that my floating rod at that moment attracted my attention as it dashed through the water by me. I saw in an instant that a fish had entangled himself in the wire noose. The rod quivered, came again to the surface and rippled the water, as if shot in arrowy flight from side to side in the tank. At last, driven toward the southeast corner of the reservoir, the small end seemed to have caught foul somewhere. The brazen butt, which every time the fish sounded, was thrown up to the moon, now sunk by its own weight, showing that the other end must be far. But the cornered fish, evidently anchored somewhere by that short wire, floundered several times to the surface before I thought of striking out to the spot.

"The waves are low now and tolerably clear. You may see the very edge there, sir, in yonder corner, on which the small end of my rod rested when I secured that pike with my hands. I did not take him from the slip noose, however, but, standing on the ledge, handled the rod in a workmanlike manner, as I flung that pound pickerel over the iron railing on the parapet. The rod, as I have told you, barely reached from the railing to the water. It was a heavy, strong base rod, which I had borrowed in the Spirit of the Times office; and when I discovered that the fish at the end of the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me from drawing my tackle away from the railing around which it entwined itself as I threw, why, as you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in making way up the face of the wall with such assistance. The ladder which attracted your notice is as you see, lashed to the iron railing in the identical spot where I thus made my escape, and for fear of similar accidents they have placed another one in the coresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank ever since my remarkable night's adventure in the reservoir."

The Printer's Estate.—The printer's dollars—where are they? A dollar here, and a dollar there, scattered over numerous small towns, all over the country, miles and miles apart—how shall they be gathered together? The paper maker, the building owner, the grocer, the tailor, are all assistants to him in carrying on his business have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the large liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to his widely-scattered dollars something like the following:

"Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which ye are divided, collect yourselves, and come home! Ye are wanted! Combinations of all sorts of men that help the printer to become a proprietor, gather such force, and demand, with such good reasons, your appearance at his counter, that nothing short of a sight of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are in the aggregate, single you will never pay the cost of gathering. Come in here, in single file, that the printer may form you into a battalion, and send you forth again to battle for him, and vindicate his feeble credit!"

Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes?

☞ At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to one of his courtiers, "What is that which did not come last year and will not come next year?" A distressed officer, starting up, said, "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The King was so diverted that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his pay.

Burke's was a complete failure when he flung the dagger on the floor of the House of Commons, and produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan. "The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork?"

La Fontaine was so absent-minded as to call and visit a friend whose funeral he had attended. He was much surprised at first; but recollecting himself said: "It is true enough, for I was there."

☞ The people of the rebel States are endeavoring to get recognized abroad as a full-grown government. One of the difficulties in the way, we should judge, would be that they can't yet stand a *loan*.

The Middlesex Journal,

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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One Square (fourteen lines), one insertion, $1.00, each subsequent insertion 25 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 20 cents. One Square, per year, $12.00; six months, $7.00; three months, $4.00.—Half a Square, per year, $6.00; six months, $3.50, three months, $2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, *leaded*, 20 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn:—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & Co.
East Woburn:—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
Stoneham:—E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading:—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading:—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Winchester:—JOSIAH HOVEY.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston; and JOHN STILES, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The question has been raised in weeks gone by, whether, taking into account the present distracted state of the country, and the gloomy prospects that seem hanging over it, it is best or expedient to observe the 4th of July in the usual manner. Eighty-five years ago our fathers stood boldly up and before the nations of the world declared themselves free and independent. After years of conflict with their mother country they succeeded in making good their declaration. Since then this nation has prospered as no other people upon the face of the earth have done. We have been honored, and our flag has been respected the world over. Within a few months, however, rebellion has reared its monster head and has sought to break in pieces this glorious Union, and overthrow the Government. But in this matter the people of the North have concluded to have a voice, and one quarter of a million of her armed sons, already in the field, have given forth an emphatic No. The Government of the United States has no intention—and with more men ready to take the field than they want or know what to do with—they need cherish no idea of permitting any breaking up of the Union of the States. Every thing should go along in its ordinary channel. We do not intend to yield to the South, so let us not fail to keep in remembrance the birth day of American freedom. It will be time enough to give up its celebration when our Eagle shall have folded his wings and forever ceased from his upward flight. But till then, let the day be remembered, and especially the present year, let us seek, one and all, to cause it to be so celebrated that our children shall learn to attach an importance to it beyond that of firing crackers and making noise. Some of the public Journals have proposed bonfires on the highest hills all over the land, and one long, unanimous, thundering shout for the Union, so loud, so full of meaning, that it shall be heard south of the Potomac, and even to the shores of the Gulf. We shall not, we will not suffer this Union to be broken up. It cost too much, it is worth too much for us to allow any such thing. We must, we shall continue, severe and long though the struggle may be, a united nation. Law and justice will yet be established throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the names of those who have sought for honor and power upon the ruins of their nation, will themselves become a reproach and a by-word, and be despised and dishonored throughout the world no less than was Benedict Arnold. It becomes us, then, not to abate one jot or one tittle from our respect and love, not only for the Union, but for our National festive day. We should by all means do something to render it greener and more pleasant in the minds of all than we have ever hitherto done.

A pretty and suitable way of observing next Thursday would be by a floral procession of the children. There is no need of expense, or of a troublesome collation. The banners that were got up for our last celebration would do now, with slight changes. Our children could march through the streets, giving to all who beheld them the purest pleasure, and experiencing the same emotion in their own hearts.

But the day is near at hand, and if anything is done it must be started without delay. Red tapeism need not trouble us, as we must not stand for ceremonious formalities. Our school teachers would be an admirable committee to arrange and carry out the whole thing, while there are enough others who would be glad to render all needed assistance. Shall anything be done to commemorate the day in Woburn?

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—The forty-third anniversary of the organization of the Sabbath School connected with the First Congregational Society in this town, was celebrated in the church last Sabbath afternoon, taking the place of the usual afternoon exercises. The day was pleasant, though warm, and a very large audience was in attendance. The children of the school occupied the four central rows of pews. The exercises consisted of singing by the children, prayer, an address by the Superintendent, in which he gave a brief history of the school. Addresses were made by Mr. M. H. Sargant of Somerville, Mr. Joseph Story, of Boston, and Rev. Mr. Worcester of the Mission House, Boston. The occasion was one of peculiar interest to all present. A Sabbath School was established, according to one of the oldest officers of the church, as early as 1815, but there was no systematic organization prior to 1818.

POST OFFICE.—Our new Post Master, Nathan Wyman, Esq., is having a place fitted up for his office in first rate shape in the large and commodious store of Mr. J. W. Hammond. He has had an elegant case of letter boxes—300 in number—made, with two openings for the delivery of letters. We understand that the office will be moved to its new location July 1st. It has been the good fortune of this town to have faithful and accommodating Post Masters for a long series of years, and the present change will not break up the pleasant chain of experience.

☞ The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Company G., Capt. Timothy Winn, has been attached to the Sixteenth Regiment.

MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS AT THE WEST.—In the Seventh Illinois Regiment, now at Camp Defiance, Cairo, no less than three of the Captains are Massachusetts men. Capt. C. W. Holden, of the Gates Rangers of Lincoln, formerly belonged to the old Woburn Mechanic Phalanx; Capt. A. J. Babcock, of the Springfield Zouaves, was a member of the Lowell Mechanic Phalanx, and Capt. Cummings, of the Bunker Hill Company, emigrated from Lawrence. The Drum Major of the Regiment, Major William Holden, is also a Massachusetts man, having gone from Woburn. He is a veteran soldier, and wears ten stripes upon his arm, indicative of fifty years' service.

☞ Harper's Monthly for July is promptly upon our table through the courtesy of Messrs. J. J. Dyer & Co. Its contents are particularly interesting — particularly "A Summer in New England, illustrated by Porte Crayon," (D. H. Strother,) and "New York circumnavigated." The Monthly record of current events will be found replete with interesting facts. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

☞ The Stoneham Riflemen, Company F., Capt. J. P. Gould, and the South Reading Riflemen, Company G., Capt. John Wiley 2d have been attached to the Nineteenth Regiment, (Riflemen).

HARRIS' ENTOMOLOGY.—We received the impression from some source that the forthcoming edition of Dr. Harris' very valuable work upon "Insects injurious to Vegetation," had been revised and illustrated by Prof. Agassiz. The following letter, however, which we take pleasure in publishing, sets the matter right and bestows the credit where it belongs. Our error was from misinformation, not from intention.

BOSTON, June 25, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Noticing in the *Journal* of June 22d a report of the Natural History Association of your place, which contains one or two errors in reference to the Treatise on Insects, by Dr. J. W. Harris, I desire to correct them, on the principle of rendering "unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

The only edition of this work now in press is edited by Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Mass. Board of Agriculture, assisted by the first Entomologists of this country, while the illustrations are almost without exception from the pencil of your gifted townsman, August Sonrel, Esq.

JUSTITIA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Glorious Fourth.

MR. EDITOR:—Some of the papers are calling the attention of the people to the prophesy of JOHN ADAMS, in the letter to his wife on the occasion of the memorable Declaration of our Independance—that the day would and *should* be recognized as our National birth day by bonfires &c., &c. Now sir if ever it was called for, it is at the present time, while our beloved country is, as it were, convulsed to its very centre, and while that almost sacred symbol—Our Flag, is dishonored, and our original compact looked upon as of doubtful expediency. It is most fitting at this trying moment that our Banner be raised *high* and that such demonstrations should be made as will lead the uninformed to ask the reason why? and thus keep alive and aglow the fires of Patriotism. It has been proposed that each city and town in Massachusetts shall select their hightest point and at a preconcerted moment there be a grand simultaneous *Bonfire* accompanied with such a *shout* as will make the welkin ring, and be heard by the traitors themselves. UNION FOREVER.

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE.—The First Massachusetts regiment is encamped above Georgetown, near Frizzel's farm, on the hill north of the canal. They are picketing the road all the way from Georgetown to the Chain Bridge. On the side of the bluff above which they are encamped, they discovered a leaky place, where the water was dripping through, and running in an almost imperceptible rivulet down the hillside.

Taking a spade and slicing off the bank perpendicularly, they knocked the bottom off a pop bottle, and inserted it neatly in the earth, when immediately there spouted out a splendid stream of water, which, for purity and refreshing coolness, is not to be surpassed, and which has been diligently running ever since, and from whence they obtain water for drinking purposes for the entire camp. They have christened the new spring "The Inexhaustible Bottle."—*Washington Star.*

WORTHY OF NOTICE.—A conductor of one of the Metropolitan cars yesterday received of a lady a two dollar and a half gold piece for a penny, neither noticing it at the time. But when the conductor came to make up his cash account, he found he was one cent short, unless he counted the gold piece as a penny. He put it into his pocket, thinking he knew the lady who gave it to him. The same evening he found her and gave her the money. Delicacy forbids our mentioning his name, but we congratulate the company on having so worthy a man in their employ.—*Herald.*

A REBEL GOVERNOR IN PETTICOATS.—Gov. Jackson, of Missouri, fled from that State, dressed in women's clothes. His appearance is represented as pitiable in the extreme: haggard, care-worn, without appetite, and drawing frequent spiritual consolation through the neck of a bottle.

WILL NOT BE SOLD.—Citizens of Western States assert that should a peace be negotiated upon any terms, the great North-west will regulate the affairs of the Mississippi valley in their own way and under their own leaders. They will assent to no treaty with rebels.

CONGRESS.—In accordance with President Lincoln's Proclamation, Congress will assemble next Thursday—July 4th. There will be a few men there with proclivities in favor of the South, but it is to be hoped that the expression of treasonable sentiments there will be followed by a prompt arrest of the offender or offenders.

☞ The United States Government has recognized the new Provisional Government at Wheeling, Va., and has communicated to Gov. Pierpont the apportionment of Virginia for the 38th Congress.

☞ Columbia College has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon President Lincoln. Dr. Lieber carried the Diploma to Washington.

Letters from the Seat of War.

We present our readers with three letters this week from the seat of war. They will be read with interest as they show the fact, that, whatever may be the hardships and privations of camp life, "our boys" are hardy, healthy and contented to labor in the noble cause in which they are engaged—that of putting down one of the most abominable rebellions the world has ever known. From two of the writers we shall receive communications as regularly as the duties of the camp will permit.

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS,
ALEXANDRIA, VA., June 25 1861.

The Squad of Woburn Mechanic Phalanx which started from your town on Thursday last, safely arrived at the encampment of the 5th Massachusetts Regiment in this City, and have been placed in Co. G. No. 7, Capt. G. L. Prescott. The encampment is about one mile from the city; and upon the right of the Massachusetts 5th is the Pennsylvania 5th above them the Ellsworth Zouaves, and upon Shuters Hill, in their rear, is the Michigan Regiment, which is well fortified. The city of Alexandria is at present under martial law, and the houses around our encampment are deserted by their owners, and anything is wanted about our tents that can be found in them, is taken, and the Virginia fences suffer when we want floors. There is nothing new; the troops seem to be waiting for an advance of the enemy. At the depot, in the City the engines are fired up, ready at any moment, and all the troops are expected to be ready at a moment's notice, and upon two occasions we have been ordered to be ready for a start at the dead of night, but after standing upon our arms a half hour, we received orders to retire. We are having very pleasant weather. The evenings are somewhat damp, but general good health seems to prevail. Yesterday one of Capt. Wardwell's Company met with an accident; while loading his Revolver, it exploded and planted the ball in his left side. He is improving and hopes are entertained that he will recover. He is a Stoneham boy; his name is Willie Richardson. All is quiet.

Yours truly T. F. W.

CAMP BANKS, GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, D. C.,
June 20th, 1861.

DEAR PARENTS.— * * * * You see by the heading of this letter where we are, and a splendid place it is, on the Columbia bank of the Potomac, opposite Virginia, and very near the advance post. The enemy are supposed to be about twenty or thirty miles from us. I am perfectly satisfied, although some of our stoutest fellows are grumbling greatly, and according to the general opinion not without some reason, for being marched long distances in the hot sun with our overcoats and equipments on. Nevertheless I went through it all tip top and am ready for twice as much more. Now don't think I am saying this to allay your fears, for in truth I feel quite gay and see no cause for grumbling. We started from Boston with four day's rations, consisting of seabread, &c., and I ate nearly nothing until we arrived at Washington, with the exception of two collations on the way. The next day we marched to this place with our overcoats and equipments on as usual, which made several sick men on our list, but this child went through it all right and is all ready for another march. E. F. Wyer has just been here from Alexandria where he is annexed to the 5th Mass. Regt.; he appears to be having a good time there. There is very little prospect of fighting at present, if at all. We have a very healthy location and the country is perfectly splendid. Here we are in the very midst of "secesh," but have no more fears than as though we were at home. There are 30,000 Government troops on the opposite side of the river, and troops are arriving in Washington constantly. * * * *

P. M. GRIFFIN.

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS, VA.,
June 24th, 1861.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Since I wrote you last I have been thinking that if all the false alarms we have were real ones, and followed by a severe fight, hardly a soldier of the "bloodless Fifth" would be left to tell the tale. One week ago yesterday we came in for supper from Battalion drill, and were ordered to pack up our knapsacks and get our supper *if we could*, and hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning. But the evening advanced, and at last we were ordered to lie down and sleep with our equipments on. About three o'clock on Monday morning we were aroused by the order to fall into line without speaking a loud word, and in grim silence the men took their places. After waiting for an hour in the chill morning air we were again ordered to "turn in;" and this was the last of it.

On Wednesday morning the same thing occurred, with the same result; and this seems to be the nearest we get to fighting.

Yesterday afternoon a revolver report followed by a scream called us from our tents to see a man of Capt. Wardwell's company fall to the earth, shot by his own revolver through the left breast. The wound was at first thought to be fatal; but this morning the surgeon announced that the ball struck a rib and without breaking it passed round the side, following the rib, and lodging near the edge of the shoulder blade, and that the wounded man would in all probability recover. The accident occasioned the order that all pistols should be given up to our officers, to be used only upon special occasions. This is as it should be, for private soldiers are stronger without than with them in battle. They are apt to throw away their muskets after the first fire, and after the first discharge of the revolver, which seldom does much harm in the excitement, the soldier is without that most efficient weapon—the bayonet. If a charge is made upon them by cavalry you can judge what their condition is.

There is talk here that we shall be ordered home by July 4th. I don't believe it myself, but many do; for several of the staff officers have commissions in the regular army and are to report themselves at Washington by the 15th of July. I don't at all relish the idea of coming home without having a brush or two with the enemy, if blood *must* be shed; but still it is pleasant to think of getting home and seeing the loved ones again, and forgetting, amid the joys of home, the hardships of camp life.

I sometimes ask myself where is all this to end? What is to be the condition of things when the rebels are subdued? for we cannot doubt for a moment that they will be subdued, and that the stars and stripes will float again, the symbol of our *whole* country's glory and freedom. Sooner than see it disgraced by final defeat, I would lay the offering of my poor life upon the altar and deem it the highest of earthly honors to die for my country. I am not more patriotic than thousands of others, but it would be sweet to feel that my life was purchasing or securing the sacred flag from dishonor.

If you could see the letters that are daily received here from the wives, sisters and mothers of our soldiers, you could not doubt that the women of to-day are as patriotic and self-denying as those of the Revolution. One who is far away in another State, and who knows the Mass. volunteers only by sympathy, writes: "If I can do nothing more I can pray for the soldiers that God may make them victorious." Such are the words which we hear daily; and with such hearts to cheer us on how *can* we fail?

The troops are remarkably healthy, quite as much so I think, as at home, for they are now fed regularly, and *get enough*. The officers of the regiment held a meeting a few days since and overhauled the Quartermaster, and we get our due now. We now exchange our "salt junk" for green vegetables, milk, and the like.

But I must stop here, promising to write again soon. Very truly yours,

CHARLES RUSSELL.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Westborough Reform School.

That the above Institution has failed to accomplish the design of its founders, is now acknowledged by those best acquainted with its history and workings. The system of associating together two or three hundred boys, many of whom, surrounded by the worst influences of our large towns and cities, have contracted habits of the lowest order, is bad. If a boy is sent there who has not lost all self respect, all sense of shame, and really feels himself degraded in the opinion of the community, and is more than half inclined to do right that he may regain his lost character and assume a respectable position in society, the contaminating influence of those around him overpower his good resolutions, and he leaves the school no better, but often worse than when he entered it. This fact is known to the teachers, and officers, and it is gratifying to the friends of reform to learn that a marked change has been made with special reference to this evil, viz, the associating together of smaller numbers, in order that a greater moral power may be brought to bear upon them. Good results are already apparent from the change, though far too many are now kept in the main building, which has two hundred and fifty boys divided into four schools. A separate building called the "garden school" has thirty boys, who work in the garden three or four hours a day and study five or six. Another building called the "farm school" has thirty boys who work on the farm three or four hours a day and attend school five or six. These boys are more reliable, and are allowed more liberties than those in the main building, for good behavior. They reside in the building with their teachers, and sleep in a hall over their school-room, which is very neat and comfortable. Every thing about the grounds is in good taste, while the youthful groups of pleasant faces impress one that their tasks are not so irksome as to deprive them of happiness. The Institution is under the able management of Mr. Allen, whose system of discipline is excellent. The teachers possess rare abilities for their work—firm, yet mild, while the power of kindness is exemplified in a remarkable degree. They are not allowed to inflict corporal punishment without first giving the reason in writing to the Principal. The order in the several schools will compare well with our own here, and one cannot fail to observe that the ruling power is not fear. The recitations are well-conducted, while a mutual feeling of friendship is apparent between teachers and pupils. The primary and intermediate departments are taught mostly by oral instructions, object lessons being explained by simple illustrations. The phonetic system of reading is deemed of the first importance and is admirably taught. This is one of the most interesting exercises of the school. The energy, enthusiasm, and willing compliance with the commands of their teacher is a marked feature of this department, under the excellent charge of Mr. Daniels. Much attention is given to singing, which is well conducted and is an important aid to discipline and improvement. While in this room we distinctly heard the little ones in the primary department, singing "Dixie's Land," and felt very much like joining with them in the chorus. The advanced school under the able management of Mr. Walter Seaver, dispels at once in the mind of the observer the idea of its being in a penal institution. So cheerful, studious, and orderly in deportment were they, that were it not for their uniformity of dress, one would not suspect them to be youthful insubordinates. Here regular lessons are assigned, and recitations conducted like our own schools, though more oral instruction I think is given. Careful attention is paid to map drawing, and we found them well prepared to locate any of the places visited by our troops at the seat of war. Grammar is taught orally and by illustrations upon the black-board. One of the most pleasing and profitable exercises we witnessed in this school, was their method of writing compositions. The teacher told them to take their slates and write five minutes, asking us to give them a subject. We suggested "summer," and they went to work with a will, and at the close of five minutes each as they were called upon would read what he had written. Some had very good thoughts, well expressed, and referred to the labors of the farmer, the singing of birds, the luxuries of foreign climes, their choice of the seasons, and their frolics with past companions. One little fellow was quite comical, and nearly "brought down the house," at any rate he drew *audibly suppressed* expressions of merriment from teachers, visitors, and schoolmates, by the frank and simple manner in which he expressed his love for fruit, and how he used to gratify that desire by visiting a certain gentleman's orchard, which was the cause of his being sent to the *Institution*. At recess the boys from all four of the schools in the main building play together and have a merry time of it. They play roughly, and are quite expert in many gymnastic exercises, such as turning somersets, standing on their heads, and jumping. We visited the workshops, laundry, cook-room, dining-room, hospital, dormitories, bathing-room and chapel, all of which bear evidence of that system of neatness and order that characterizes the schools. About half a dozen only were in the hospital. We then passed into the knitting room, which was a busy scene. There were about fifty boys sitting in chairs, arranged like those in a school-room, without the desks, each one knitting or sewing. They make their own clothes, a matron overseeing the work. One bright looking boy was cutting pants, and a little negro boy who was knitting very busily is one of the smartest in the school. Three only were at work in the shoe shop, and about seventy-five in the chair factory. Nearly a dozen were washing, and seven or eight ironing in the laundry. A visit to the "garden school" terminated our day's experience here, where we were shown the teacher's private room, the dining-room, and sleeping hall, and after spending a pleasant half hour in the school-room listening to the recitations, singing, and examining the journals kept by the scholars, many of which were very neat, we took our leave with many kind wishes for the future happiness of teachers and pupils.

All friends of education are welcome to visit the Institution, where they may be sure of a cordial reception, and cannot fail to be amply repaid for their trouble. C****.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A notice has been received from the Governor that the company in this town can be transferred from the Massachusetts Volunteers, where they originally enlisted, to the U. S. Volunteers, for three years, provided a sufficient number of names can be procured to enable him to appoint the officers, three in number, according to United States laws. The number required is seventy-nine, to be afterwards filled up to one hundred and one. As but about forty of the members of the company are in town, the rest being at Washington with the Fifth Regiment, or serving in other regiments, it will be necessary to get a large number of additional names to enable the company to be accepted. The paper will accordingly be open at the armory of the Phalanx every evening this week, and with the Clerk in the daytime, for signatures.

Per order of the Company,
H. N. HASTINGS, Clerk.

WOBURN, June 26, 1861.

☞ The manner of appointing the officers of the U. S. Volunteers for three years, may be seen by the following letter to the citizens of Westfield, from the Governor, which we copy from the *Transcript* of the 26th inst:—

THE ELECTION OF COMPANY OFFICERS.—The citizens of Westfield, at a large and enthusiastic meeting, adopted a series of resolutions, complaining of the act of the Legislature, which deprives the volunteer companies of the right of choosing their own officers, and asking the Governor to appoint the First Lieutenant of the Westfield Volunteers, who had been displaced by the law. These resolutions were sent to the Governor, who has returned the following reply:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Boston, June 26th, 1861.

Mr. J. M. Ely, President of a public meeting in Westfield,—Dear Sir:—I have the honor to have just received from you a copy of certain resolutions adopted at a meeting of the citizens of Westfield, objecting to certain legislation of this Commonwealth which relates to the appointment of military officers, and also objecting to the substitution of some officers (not named) for some others (also not named) in the Westfield company.

Your citizens, however, are under a mistake in ascribing the appointment of the officers, of the volunteer regiments by the Governor, to the authority of the statutes of our Commonwealth. These regiments are not *militia*. If they were, then by our Constitution the officers must be elected, not appointed. But they are *volunteers*, specially enlisting themselves under the authority of the United States government. One of those terms, as contained in General Order, No. 15, of War Department of the United States, is that the commissioned officers—except the chaplain—of each volunteer regiment shall be appointed by the Governor of the State furnishing it; and I am held by the War Department, by my own conscience and by public opinion, to rigid accountability for the manner in which I use this grave and important power. Every officer not capable of his duty is charged to my account, not to that of his regiment. Nor can I avoid the responsibility thus imposed if I would. I therefore yield to the necessity of my position, and endeavor to the best of my limited capacity to perform its duties.

My method is, after the Colonel of the regiment is designated, to require him to confer with the Captains (who are in the first instance agreed upon in conference with the Colonel, and if practicable the Lieutenant Colonel)—and after such conference, having reference also to the recommendations received and filed at this Department, and to all extraneous information that can be gathered concerning the candidates, to nominate to me or arrange with me the lists of Staff Officers and Lieutenants.

In the case of the 10th Regiment, the remoteness of which from the Capital is considerable it being organized from the four Western counties, I took great pains, as did also the officers of my own Staff, to study the recommendations. And I have to remark that before any appointment as subalterns was made I received a list from Col. Briggs, with his certificate, from which the following is an extract: "I recommend the persons above-named for the respective offices designated, having so far as the company officers are concerned, acted upon the advice and recommendation of the commanders of companies."

On inquiry I have been informed that the objection felt by gentlemen in Westfield is limited to the instance of a First Lieutenant. I can only reply further to your communication, that in conferring the appointment in question, I understand that it was deemed the best possible by the Colonel of the Regiment and the Captains of the Companies.

Knowing personally—as I do—that militia elections frequently turn in favor of inferior officers, and feeling a purpose, which nothing can control, to commit the lives of my fellow-citizens and the honor of Massachusetts into the hands only of such officers, as, according to the light which is afforded to me, I believe to be the most competent within my reach, I should never hesitate, wherever I have the power of appointing, to take the best man at my command, even from the ranks, to lead a division, if that were needful. But I cannot myself affect to know personally all men, and therefore I act in view of the weight of evidence, and I hold that the Colonel and the Captains—all other things being equal—are more likely to judge correctly of the qualifications of individuals, than those whose personal safety and honor is less immediately concerned. I therefore pay great heed to their recommendations.

I regret that the good people whom you represent should find any act of mine unworthy of their approbation; but I also regret that instead of making a direct and personal representation to myself and assuming that I would readily correct, if possible, any error, if any were made, they resorted to the form of a public meeting expressive of discontent; since that method, in cases of this description, is not so well adapted to the end of correction of errors, and tends to injure the military service.

I trust, however, that on closer examination, the acts which are not approved by them, will be found correct, or at least founded on a proper basis of advice and information; and that the citizens of Westfield, whom I know to be zealous only for the welfare and the rights of all, whose very criticisms I regard as intended for the good of the common cause, will hereafter speak to me directly, by word or letter, promptly and clearly, whenever any of their views or wishes require expression.

I am, very respectfully and truly,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN A. ANDREW.

TO MONEY LENDERS.—An opportunity for the safe investment of money is offered by the town of Woburn. See advertisment in another column.

STRAWBERRIES.—The strawberry crop is unusually abundant this year. Fine fresh berries were retailed at one shilling per box.

LOUISIANA ZOUAVES.—The Virginians complain bitterly of the depredations committed by this company.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal

It is probable that there will be much less demonstration on the 4th of July this year than formerly. Our citizens have a programme which, without much outlay, promises to furnish a few hours pleasant pastime, if the weather king should smile propitiously. It will be the occasion for raising a new flag upon the pole recently erected on the common the two Military Companies and the Engine Company have been invited to perform escort duty. The schools will be present with flags, banners, flowers, &c. It is proposed to occupy the time in marching, speech-making singng by the Glee Club, or the several choirs, &c., &c. A poem is also expected. Convening on the Common at 8 o'clock A. M., the exercises will continue only two or three hours, giving the people opportunities for making and fulfilling other engagements. Committee of arrangements—Mesrss. L. Eaton, E. Mansfield, P. C. Wheeler, J. F. Emerson, and Geo. O. Carpenter; President of the day—Hon. Lilley Eaton; Chief Marshall—N. S. Dearborn, Esq.

In the afternoon the people of Greenwood are to have a floral procession, a pic-nic in Sweetser's Grove, &c. A pic-nic of course includes sentiments and speaking. The general interest felt there in the matter will be quite likely to insure success in the undertaking. Hon. P. H. Sweetser will act as President of the day.

The first Exhibition of Flowers and Fruits under the direction of the South Reading Horticultural Society, held on Wednesday afternoon, was decidedly a success, and greatly encouraged the hopes of the members of the Society. Considering the season, a great variety was on exhibition, carefully selected and tastefully arranged. The contributors were more numerous than was anticipated, and the collection was highly creditable. From notes taken in the room, the following contributions are reported:—

Strawberries—By B. F. Bancroft, John Eaton, Rev. Dr. Cushman, Adam Wiley, G. A. Colburn, James F. Woodward, Thomas Emerson, Jr., J. H. Newman, Franklin Poole, Dr. J. D. Mansfield, A. C. Perkins, Wm. H. Hutchinson, Dr. J. G. Brown.

Bouquets—By Mrs. M. Knight, Mary R. Skinner, Adam Wiley, Mrs. Luther Crocker, Mrs. R. F. Richardson, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. John Eaton, Mrs. Heath, Mrs. Dr. Brown, Mrs. C. Patch, J. F. Wiley, Mrs. Thomas Emerson, Jr., Abbie M. Foster, Mrs. Hiram Eaton, Francella Wiley, Fannie A. Ransom, Lucy Kingman, Mrs. P. C. Wheeler, Mrs. Peter Smith, Mrs. Spaulding, Martha Hutchinson, Mrs. J. N. Eames, Mrs. Joseph McKay, Mrs. Wm. P. McKay, Abby M. Aborn, Mrs. Lilley Eaton, Mrs. Lemuel Sweetser.

Pot Plants—By Adam Wiley, Sarah Barr. H. B. Dunn, Mrs. Emmons, Mrs. Dr. Brown, Mrs. Lilley Eaton, Mrs. Hiram Eaton, Wm. H. Hutchinson, Eunice A. Wiley.

Cut Flowers—Mrs. Spaulding, Mrs. C. Wakefield, Mrs. Dr. Brown, Mrs. C. Patch, Mrs. E. E. Hill, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. John Eaton, Mrs. E. Mansfield, Mrs. Ira Wiley, Mrs. D. D. Foster, Mrs. S. Kingman.

Fruits—By L. Fairbanks, Aaron Butler, E. Mansfield, A. Wiley.

Vegetables—James Eustis, B. F. Bancroft, Thomas Emerson, Jr.

Native Grape, Blackberry and Currant Wines, by Dr. J. D. Mansfield. Grape and Currant Wines, from two to five years old, by Adam Wiley. Grape Wine four years old, by L. Fairbanks. Paintings of Fruit, by J. H. Carter, Wm. J. Mansfield, and Mrs. Jonas Evans. Pine Apple Plant, by Mary O. Skinner. Stuffed Duck, by Mrs. Martha Eustis. Ornamental Stone Basket, by Mrs. H. B. Eustis, and Mrs. John Eaton. An English Ivy Plant, by Mrs. Dr. Mansfield.

Where all were beautiful it may be invidious to distinguish, but the exquisite bouquet by Miss Martha A. Hutchinson, and a platter of cut flowers, red, white, and blue, arranged to represent the stars and stripes, by Ira Wiley, Jr., deserve special mention. Several others, in fact, fall but little short. Should the interested reader discover errors in the hasty report, they were unintentional and perhaps unavoidable.

The second Exhibition will be held in four weeks.

The party who left town for Washington and the camp ground, on Saturday, 15th inst., consisting of Dr. S. O. Richardson and son, Geo. O. Carpenter, Esq., and Thomas Emerson, Jr., returned last Saturday night, having enjoyed a pleasant trip. They report the members of the Richardson Light Guard in excellent health, and generally very well contented. Their rations are now ample and promptly supplied. The Company will be at home about the first of August.

A female, supposed to be Abby Jackson, of New Hampshire or Vermont, was instantly killed on the Boston & Maine Railroad in South Reading, by falling or jumping from the 5½ o'clock express train from Boston last Saturday afternoon. It is said by some persons who were near the road when the train passed, that she was standing upon the platform smoking. Coroner Boswell summoned a jury of inquest, who, after two sittings exonerated the employees of the Railroad Corporation from all blame in the matter, unless an exception be made in the case of the brakemen, who, though he thought that somebody or something had fallen off, made no report of it to the conductor until the train reached Reading.

The Military Company under command of Capt. John Wiley, 2d, expect soon to be called into service. M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Your issue of last week contained a communication from "M" which from a due sense of regard and justice to myself, requires a public notice. The high and honorable position which "M" has always maintained in the community, as a citizen, a christian, and a man, precludes the idea, that he wrote only in the spirit of kindness, and if his reputation was otherwise, the kind and friendly language in which he expressed his feelings, would forever silence the first whisper of complaint against his motive and intentions. It is not my purpose to justify, excuse, or palliate the unfortunate consequence of the occasion, which was the subject of "M's" communication, but only to relieve myself of the responsibility which he has innocently placed upon me in connection with the unhappy affair. I was not informed that I was to be the subject of visitors till some hour in the day of their expected coming, although the information had been communicated to others during my absence, and consequently I had made no preparation to receive, nor did I, during that day, or at any other time purchase, or cause to be purchased any drink of a stimulating nature, which any of the company may have used that night, neither was there any individual present by or through any invitation of mine, and this I am ready and willing to verify.

No person more keenly deplores and laments the unfortunate result, than myself, and if I considered myself responsible, no greater punishment could be received than what the sting and remorse of conscience could inflict. I trust the time has not yet come, however near it may be, for me to violate or prove unfaithful to the confidence and trust which the public has reposed in me. I am aware that scandalous and untruthful stories have been freely circulated, but to give them a public denial would only be a waste of time and paper, for they will die without assistance, and their death will recoil upon their authors and retailers. Hoping that I shall not be required to make any further public explanation of my connection with the subject of "M's" communication, I remain,

Yours truly,
E. A. UPTON.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Our beautiful Lake or Pond (I hardly know which to call it,) is much frequented by the persons residing in its vicinity together with visitors from other places. Its shores often echo with the music and singing of our young ladies and gentlemen as they sail or row over its placid waters.

A few days since as Mr. James Russell was upon the Lake in his boat, he came across two large turtles engaged in fighting each other and so busily employed as not to notice his approach. It seemed to him as though each had the other's head in its mouth. He seized one of them and after some hard struggling succeeded in getting the creature into his boat. The other escaped. The turtle was of the snapping kind, quite powerful in its jaws, and weighed about thirty pounds. It will probably be reserved for that camping party which goes next week to Salem, and will afford the material for an abundant supply of soup.

It would be well for bathers in these waters to look out for their fingers and toes lest they find them unceremoniously *snapped* up.

Fishing seems to be quite prevalent, whether from lack of business or for amusement I cannot say; probably for both reasons.—The boys have caught the mania and may be seen with fishing poles following the example of their elders. Large sized pickerel are caught in the waters of our town and vicinity.

The provision store so long kept by Mr. Burnham was closed up about a week since on account of the times. Many of our citizens who have been dependant upon this store for their supplies of meat, &c., are somewhat annoyed and troubled to provide themselves with these indispensible articles, there being no other store of the kind in town. It would seem that one store at least might be supported if reasonoble prices, were charged, although many patronize the travelling provision dealers who pass through this place, or do their marketing in the city.

SCHOOLS.—The quarterly examination of the schools (excepting the High) took place on Thursday and Friday. In that of the Mystic, on Thursday morning, an unusual interest was manifested on account of the graduating class which is said to be one of "unusual promise." A large number of the parents, friends, and former pupils of the school were present. The house was neatly decorated with festoons, crosses and wreaths of evergreen while, beautiful bouquets filled the room with their sweet fragrance. The exercises consisted of the recitations of the several classes, interspersed with singing. The Salutatory was spoken by Master Bolles. A dialogue, in which an ancient lady was represented, dressed in the costume of the days of yore, meeting the sights which appear at the present day, was well performed by some of the girls and boys. It created no little amusement and gave variety to the occasion. The Valedictory was delivered by Master Sanborn and was very appropriate. The recitations passed off well in this school, and gave additional evidence, if any were needed, of the superior qualifications of the teacher (Miss Hobbs) for the office which she fills.

There will be a vacation of nine weeks, and the Fall term commences September 2d.

EXCELSIOR.

The Casulties of the War.

The following comprises all the casualties to troops and civilians that have been reported up to June 7th since the first bloodshed at Baltimore:—

April 19. Coporal Sumner H. Needham, Addison O. Whitney and Luther C. Ladd fatally wounded at Baltimore. Sergeant Ames of the Lowell City Guard, private Collum of Lowell, private Michael Green of Lawrence, H. W. Danforth and Edward Cooper, slightly wounded. Of the citizens killed were John McGhan, Sebastian Giles, Patrick Clark, P. Thomas Miles, William Maloney, W. Reid, W. Davis and Patrick Griffen.

April 24. John Murphy of sixty-ninth regiment, drowned from a steamer while it was passing up the Potomac.

25. Henry Hammer, of Memphis, a passenger on board the steamer Westmoreland, was instantly killed at Napoleon, Arkansas, in an attempt by rebel troops to capture the steamer.

May 2. Frederic Mowbray killed by Charles Mowley at the naval brigade encampment on Staten Island.

6. James C. Hagerty, of second regiment of Fire Zouaves, died from injuries received April 29, by falling through the hatchway in Devin's building in Canal Street.

7. Private Lloyd, Eighth New York regiment, killed at the Relay house by accidental discharge of his musket.

8. John Howard, of the Metropolitan Guard, shot at Washington by a policeman.

8. John R. Simonton, of the New York *Times* shot by the accidental discherge of a musket in Washington.

9. Patrick Cooney wounded at Albany by Edward Webb of a Saratoga company.

9. J. Lawrence Keese of Eighth company National Guard, accidentally killed at Washington.

10. Daniel Kane of Twenty-eighth New York regiment, killed by falling out of a window at the Brooklyn armory.

10. Simmons, of the Johnstown volunteers killed at Fonda, New York, by falling from the cars.

1 Walter McDonald, Thomas A. Havens, Nicholas Kushblack, Emily Somers, Claiborne Wilson, Truman Wright, John Sweckerhart, Casper H. Glureol, John Waters, Thomas A. Horen, Wm. Ichenhower, J.

J. Jones, P. Doane, Eric Wright, Henry Mugle, James McDonald, Francis Whalow, Job Carter, Jas. Podden, M. McAuliffe killed in the riot at St. Louis.

11. Jerry Switzer, John Garvin, William Cady, John Dick, killed; and C. W. Woodward, J. Godfrey, Michael Davis, James F. Welsh, wounded in the riot at St. Louis.

13. Private Sweeney, of Providence marine artillery lost one of his hands by the premature dicharge of a connon at Washington.

13. Private Adams, of First New-Jersey regiment, wounded in the foot by the accidental discharge of a revolver.

16. Thomas Benbow of Co. F. Twelfth regiment died of disease in Washington.

16. Private McCarty, of Sixty-ninth regiment drowned at Washington while bathing.

19. Private Smith of Co. K. National Zouaves, died of disease at Sandy Hook.

20. A. S. Vosburg, Colonel Seventy-first regiment, died at Washington.

24. Elmer E. Ellsworth, Colonel Eleventh regiment N. Y. Volunteers, assassinated at Alexandria,

24. John Butterworth, Corporal Eleventh regiment N. Y. V., shot at Alexandria by a sentry.

25. Private Buckly, of Co. F., Zouaves, shot by an officer at Alexandria.

26. J. E. Jacobus, Co. E. Seventy-first regiment, drowned at Washington.

27. Thomas C. Pallock, Co. D., Ninth regiment, killed at Bordentown, N. J., by falling from the cars.

31. Henry Cornell, Co. G., Eleventh regiment, New York Volunteers, killed at Cloud's Mills, near Arlington Heights, by rebel skirmishers.

June 2. Col. Kelly, First regiment Virginia volunteers, severely wounded at Phillippi, Va.

6. Five persons wounded on the Harriet Lane, at the engagement with the Pig's Point battery.

7. A private of the Massachusetts Fourth wounded at Fort Monroe, and one of Duryea's Zouaves accidentally killed.

WHEAT GROWING COUNTRIES.—The New York *Tribune* published an article recently upon wheat culture, in which it was shown that this is not the greatest wheat producing country in the world, as both France and England exceed it in an average yield. Our last year's crop is assumed at 180,000,000 bushels, which as is well known was unusually large, while the average, it is thought would not be far from 120,000,000. The average yield in other countries is given as follows:—

France,	191,422,248
Britain,	145,300,000
Two Sicilies,	64,000,000
Canada,	60,470,134
Spain,	46,914,800
Austria,	27,735,568
Sardinia,	19,975,000
Russia, ex. only,	18,921,776
Belgium,	13,350,000
Portugal,	5,500,000
Turkey, ex. only,	4,629,000
Holland,	3,000,000
Denmark,	3,000,000
Sweden and Norway,	1,200,000

Here is an annual production of over 606,000,000 bushels. If the crops of this continent are included, the total may be safely assumed to be 900,000,000, as the unascertained product of Russia and Turkey must be very large. No better evidenc of the primary value of the wheat plant to the human family could be given than such an exhibition as this.

INTERESTING TABLE.—The following table of distances will be read with interest, now that the places named figure so conspicously in the daily reports:

	Miles.
Harper's Ferry to Winchester	32
Winchester to Strasburg (just beyond Front Royal,)	18
Strasburg to Manassas Junction	50
Manassas Junction to Alexandria	27
Winchester to Romney	35
Cumberland to Harper's Ferry	100
Alexandria to Strasburg	38

The Northwestern Virginia Turnpike extends from Winchester to Parkersburg on the Ohio river. The enemy's forces have been driven beyond it into the interior of Virginia, leaving it open to the advancing column of Gen. McClellan from the West.

HOUSEKEEPERS, TAKE NOTICE.—If you study economy, pleasure, and health, use JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS in the manufacture of bread, biscuit, and cake. It is pure, and therefore free from nauseous and poisonous qualities. It is *all Saleratus*, and therefore economical. Its manufacture is peculiar, *known only to Mr. Pyle*, and can not be successfully imitated by others. It has no equal. "Try it and see" for yourselves—but be sure the name of JAMES PYLE is on the package.

Special Notices.

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York

Died.

DOW—In Woburn, 23d, inst., Judith, wife of B. F. Dow, aged 36 years.

KIMBALL—In Stockbridge, 24th. inst., Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Daniel Kimball, Esq., formerly of this town, aged 42 years.

BRANNAGAN—In Cambridge, 25th, inst., Rev. F. X. Brannagan, late pastor of St. John's Church, East Cambridge.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

IN INSOLVENCY.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

NOTICE is hereby given that Honorable William A. Richardson, Judge of Insolvency in and for the said County of Middlesex, has issued a warrant against the estate of CALVIN RICHARDSON jr., of Winchester, in said County of Middlesex, insolvent debtor and the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to said insolved debtor, to him or to his use and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law.

A meeting of the Creditors will be held at the Court of Insolvency in Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the tenth day of July next, at nine o'clock, in the forenoon, for the proof of debts and the choice of an Assignee or Assignees.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

June 28th, 1861.—2t.

IT CAN BE DONE.

OLD HATS can be made into the Spring STYLE by leaving them with J. W. HAMMOND, Lyceum Building.

March 13th, 1861.—3m

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE AT AUCTION!

On Monday next, July 1st,

AT 4 O'CLOCK, P. M., will be sold at Auction, without reserve, that beautiful residence situate in Woburn Centre, on the East side of the Railroad, on Prospect street. The premises consists of a two-story house, 31½ by 23, with an L 12 by 20, all finished and in good condition, with 10,000 feet of Land and two good wells of water. It is well stocked with various kinds of fruit. Said premises are within five minutes walk of the Churches, Schools and Post Office.

The above sale offers a rare opportunity for a person to obtain a beautiful situation in the village of Woburn Centre.

By order of H. BATES.
WILLIAM WINN, Auct.

WOBURN, June 24th, 1861.

GRASS AT AUCTION!

On TUESDAY next, July 2nd,

AT 4 o'clock P. M., will be sold at Auction in Lots, all the GRASS standing on the Farm belonging to the late Sylvester Dean, of Burlington.

CATHERINE M. DEAN.
WILLIAM WINN, Auct.

BURLINGTON, June 27th, 1861.

PROPOSALS will be received until the 15th of July, by the Town Treasurer of Woburn, for a Loan, not exceeding Fifteen thousand Dollars, in sums not less than One Hundred Dollars, for a term of years not less than five or more than fifteen. Persons making proposals will state the amount offered and rate of interest.

The interest to be paid semi-annually at the Woburn Bank. All notes made payable to bearer.

Woburn, June 26th, 1861—2w.

MIDDLESEX MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y.

THE annual report of the Directors shows the condition of the Company June 1st, 1861.

Property at risk	$5,940,739 00
Amount insured last year	1,466,616 00
Deposit Notes	221,839 00
" " taken last year	56,556 04
Cash Assets	65,048 38
" " last year	23,008 21
Losses paid last year	14,008 73
Dividends paid last year	5,268 92

ABIJAH THOMPSON, AGENT.

At the annual meeting of the Company, held June 10th, 1861, the following named persons were chosen Directors for the ensuing year:

Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Brooks, Stedman Buttrick, George Heywood, Concord; Abijah Thompson, Woburn; James Russell, West Cambridge; Joel Adams, Lowell; George W. Bacon, Newton; Charles Tower, Stow.

The losses during the last year have been larger than for several years past. The amount at risk and the cash assets have been increased.

DANIEL SHATTUCK, PRESIDENT.
N. BROOKS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Concord, June 27th, 1861.

Mortgagee's Sale of REAL ESTATE.

PURSUANT to a power of Sale, and for breaches of the conditions contained in a mortgage of Real Estate, given to me by Alvan Cheney of Winchester, in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated 25th day of April, A. D. 1857, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds Lib. 768, Fol. 90, Sarah S. Cheney, wife of Alvan Cheney, joining in said mortgage in release of both dower and homestead in and to said premises, I shall sell by public auction on Monday, the fifteenth day of July next at four o'clock in the afternoon, upon the premises, to wit, on the parcel of land first described, all the right, title and interest, in and to said premises which were conveyed by said mortgage, and all the right, title and interest in the same premises remaining in the said Alvan Cheney upon the giving of said mortgage, such sale to be made for breaches of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the money secured thereby.

Said premises consist of a certain piece of or parcel of land situated in said Winchester, being a part of the Symmes lot, so called, and contained in a plan of said land recorded with the Middlesex Deeds, beginning at the corner of Stevens and Symmes streets, as laid down on said plan, and running about west on the line of said Symmes street one hundred feet, then turning and running nearly south across Symmes street to the line of a new street, then turning about east on the line of said new street one hundred feet, then again turning and running a little east of north across said Symmes street to the point of beginning, being the same land which was conveyed to said Alvan Cheney by Edward L. Stevens by his deed dated the sixteenth day of October A. D. 1850, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds Book 607, Page 303. Also a tract or parcel of land situated in Winchester aforesaid containing fourteen thousand one hundred and thirty seven square feet, more or less, and bounded Easterly by Stevens street, so called, one hundred and forty-two feet, Southerly by said Cheney's other land, formerly called Symmes St. one hundred feet, Westerly by land of Benjamin A. Shepard one hundred forty-nine and a half feet Northerly by land of Joel White one hundred feet, being the same land which was conveyed to the said Alvan Cheney by James Bridge, by his deed dated the fifteenth day of April A. D. 1851, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds Book 607, Page 303. For a more particular description of said premises referance may be had to said deed of mortgage and record

Terms and conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

ELBRIDGE GERRY, Mortgagee.
SILAS DEAN Auctioneer.

Stoneham June 18th, 1861.

To the Honorable Commissioners of Middlesex County:

THE undersigned respectfully represent that the public good requires that a public highway should be laid out and built from Franklin Street to Melrose near the Stoneham Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southerly over Tremont Street, crossing Melrose Street and thence Southerly over lands late of heirs of Winthrop Richardson's and others, and nearly parallel to the Boston and Maine Railroad, to Emerson Street at the internection of Lake Avenue therewith, and thence Southerly and Easterly to Main Street in said Melrose.

FRANK A. MESSENGER, and others

Melrose, May, 1861.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County of Middlesex, at Concord in said county, on the first Tuesday of June in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one,

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Highland Station on the Boston and Maine Railroad in Melrose on the twenty-sixth day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., by serving the Town Clerk of Melrose, with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in *Middlesex Journal*, a newspaper, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in Melrose fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and order therein,

Attest, M. PRESTON, Ass't. Clerk.
A true copy Attest,
MOSES PRICHARD, Deputy Sheriff.

To Consumptives.

THE Subscriber will cheerfully send (free of charge) to all who desire it, the copy of a SIMPLE RECIPE by which he was cured of that DIRE disease Consumption.

Sufferers with CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, or any lung affection, he sincerely hopes will try this Recipe, well satisfied if they do so they will be more than satisfied with the result. Thankful for his own complete restoration, he is anxious to place in the hands of every sufferer the means of cure. Those wishing the recipe with full directions, &c., will please call on or address

REV. WM. S. ALLEN,
No. 66 John Street, New York.

June 22—2m.

HOUSE AND LAND FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, in Woburn, a TWO-STORY HOUSE, situated on Vernon Place, leading from Railroad street, containing eight rooms. There is a good well of water on the premises, and about half an acre of land with thirty good fruit trees. Terms favorable. Apply to ISAIAH BOWMAN, on the premises.

Woburn, June 8th, 1861.—tf.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE undersigned grateful to his many Patrons and friends in Woburn and vicinity for past favors, takes this opportunity to announce his intention of pursuing his present business strictly on the

CASH SYSTEM!

Our goods will be sold at prices that will make it an object for every one to purchase for cash.

J. W. HAMMOND,
Lyceum Building, Woburn.

June 8—3m

Diaries for 1861!

ALL styles of Diaries for 1861, can be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture Warerooms, Main street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice. Every description of SOAP STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

R. PICKERING,
J. F. PICKERING.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860. 1y.

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF

SPRING PATTERNS —OF— ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to $1.50 per roll.

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Papers ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles.

☞ Purchasers are invited to call and examine samples at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn,

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces,

and all articles used in Millinery. Also,

Dress Making attended to,

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to her business to secure a countinuance of the same.

April 19.—tf

MRS. C. F. PORTER,

HAS taken the Store formerly ocupied by MR. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the

Ladies of Woburn,

and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of

MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861.—3m

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL FOR $30.

CALLING AT CORK.

THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steamships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin, $75. Third Class, $30. Third Class, *from Liverpool*, $40. Third Class, *from Cork to New York*, $30. Third Class, *from Cork to Boston*, $32,50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents 99 State Street and Constitution Wharf, Boston, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

REMITTANCES:—Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britian or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN.

LBACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.

☞ New and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale.

GEORGE ALLEN.

Winchester, Sept. 1. tf

Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank.

THIS Bank pays interest on all sums from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Regular dividends five per cent. Extra dividends every fifth year. Interest not withdrawn is added to the principal. Bank hours every Saturday from 2 to 4 o'clock, in City Bank rooms West Lynn, near Lynn Common Depot. Depositors from other towns than Lynn, can deposit every day from 8½ to 12 and from 1 to 2.

B. V. FRENCH, *Treasurer*.

Dec. 8, 1860.—1y.

BARGAINS!

BOOTS AND SHOES will be sold for a few weeks at very low rates. Prices range as follows:

Gents Boots	from	$2.75	to 4.00.
" Shoes	"	1.00	" 2.50.
Ladies' "	"	.40	" 1.50.
Misses' "	"	.40	" 1.00.
Boy's "	"	.50	" 1.25.
Child'n's "	"	.25	" .75.

Also, just received, Two cases fine French Calf Gent's Boots, at A. ROUNDY'S.

Woburn, May 25, 1861.

FOR SALE

IN Woburn, a COTTAGE HOUSE, BARN and WORKSHOP, within a few minutes walk of Churches Schools and R. R. Depot. There is a never failing well of water upon the premises Will be sold low for cash. Inquire at this office.

TO LET.

THE subscriber has several PLEASANT ROOMS in his new building on Union street, which he is desirous of letting for some light business. Particulars will be given on application.

L. W. COOPER.

Woburn, Dec. 15th, 1860.—tf

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without injury

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New England. It may be had at wholesale of

MANSFIELD & FESSENDEN,
143 Hanover Street, Boston.

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, School Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL, WINCHESTER

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept. June 7

An Important Fact!

1
It is a fact,—none will dispute,
Each day doth show it clearly,—
The Yankees sometimes,—though they're 'cute,—
"Pay for the whistle" dearly!

2
Sometimes they come in Town to buy
A handsome suit of "CLOTHING,"
And find they've paid so mighty high,
They think of it with loathing.

3
Hereafter, to avoid mistake,—
Just listen to my ditty,—
Whene'er this way your tracks you make,
Go further down the city.

4
In Old Dock Square you'll always find
Good "CLOTHING" cheap and plenty,—
You cannot buy so much to your mind
Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.

5
At 29 and 30 call,
To all our kind advice is,—
There MORSE will "SUIT" you, one and all,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

BOOKS BOOKS.

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book sellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

Lyceum Building, Winchester, June 7.

BOSTON AND LOWELL and Nashua and Lowell Rail Road.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroads, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 5.30 p m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', at 7.30 a m, 12.00, 5.30 p m.
North Chelmsford, 7.30 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30, 5 30 p m.
Groton Junction, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 2.30 p m.
Lowell, 7.30, 10.00 a m, 12.00 m, 2.30 5.30 p m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 7.30 10.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a m, 2.30, p m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10 a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m.
Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, am, 3.00 5.16, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 3.00, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30* p m.
*Saturdays at 10 p. m.
Mondays at 11.30 p m, for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Wilton at 6.15, 11.00 a m, 3.30 p m.
Milford, 6.20, 11.05, a m, 3.55 p m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.13 a m, 4.08 p m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.21 a m, 4.23 p m.
Nashua at 7.00, 11.45 a m, 5 p m,
Tingsboro' 7.15, 11.57, 5.12.
North Chelmsford, 7.22, 12.06, 5.19.
Groton Junction, 8 a m, 12.45 p m.
Lowell at 7.30*, 9.30, 12.15* a m, 2.15, 5.30*, p m.
North Billerica 7.40, 9.39, a m 2.22, 5.41, p m.
Billerica and Tewksbury at 7.48, 9.46 a m, 2.29, 5.47 p m.
Wilmington at 7.55, 9.55, a m, 2.39, 5.55, p m.
South Wilmington at 10 a m, 2.43 p m.
North Woburn at 10.03, a m, 2.45 p m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8.10, 10.08, a m, 2.53 6.04, p m.
East Woburn at 8.12, 10.10 a m, 2.54, 6.06, p m.
Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, a m, 1.15, 5.15, 7.15 p m.
Winchester at 6.05. 7.05, 8.15, 8.37, 10.15, a m, 1.20, 3.00, 5.20, 7.20, p m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 8.25, 8.45 10.22 a m, 1.30, 3.07, 5.30 7.30, p m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant
B. L. and N. & L. R. R.

May 1st, 1861.

H. HARRIMAN,

HARNESS AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER.

Corner of Ockley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices

Repairing neatly done.

Nov. 20.

GEORGE E. WHITING,

Gives instruction on the

ORGAN and PIANOFORTE.

Apply at this Office.

Woburn, January 11, 1861.

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
Woburn Centre

Jan. 21, 1860. tf

HAT MANUFACTORY

W. A. HASLAM,
PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS and CAPS of his own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to business, to give perfect satsfaction to all who may call upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head can have one made by leaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each. ytf

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS,

OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed. Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yt

Central Market

Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.

Oct 8, 1859. tf

E. D. HAYDEN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

NO. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN, MASS.

Feb. 13. ytf

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

A. E. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

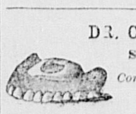
West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils. &c.

No. 3 Wade's Block.

Woburn, April, 1854.

DR. C. T. LANG

SURGEON DENTIST,



Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.,

WOBURN CENTR, MASS

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices*.

East Woburn, Sept. ytf

CHARLES A. SMITH

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

SOMETHING NEW!

I AM just opening some new and very beautiful styles of

LIGHT AND DARK GOODS —FOR— SPRNIG CLOTHING.

G. R. GAGE.

PERRY, BELL & EATON,

Manufacturers and dealers in

HARD, SOFT AND FANCY SOAPS.

☞ *Soap made expressly for Curriers' use.*

All orders promptly attended to.

NORTH WOBURN, MASS.

Feb. 14. 1y

T. RICKARD, M D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Residence on BENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant Street, on the right.

Woburn, Dec. 4. tf

Keep it before the People!

HONESTY is the best policy. Don't be deceived any longer. We, the originators of the Gift Book business, will send our new Catalogues, postage paid, to any address. Also for ten cents, our History of the Gift Book Business, originally published for 25 cents. 1000 Book Agents wanted.

ALBERT COLBY & CO.,
No. 20 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

ALSO, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

☞ *Melodeons For Sale and to Let.*

(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).

Nov 1, 1858. ytf

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL Printing Establishment,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WE call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

Printing of Every Description.

All classes of the community can have their wants supplied in any style of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS,
INSURANCE POLICIES,
BANK CHECKS,
NOTE BOOKS,
BLANK RECEIPTS,
LEGAL BLANKS,
BILL HEADS,
CATALOGUES,
SERMONS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
PAMPHLETS,
ORDER OF EXERCISES,
BUSINESS CARDS,
ADDRESS CARDS,
BALL CARDS,
ORDER OF DANCES,
SHOW BILLS,
POSTERS,
AUCTION BILLS,
SHOP BILLS,
MILK BILLS,
LABELS,
&c., &c., &c.

Particular attention paid to printing

Posters of all sizes; also Visiting, Marriage, Invitation, Ball and Business Cards.

☞ Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS *STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER, LBANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c.*, has just been added to the former tock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry, Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Intermediate and Primary Schools.

American and English Family, Pocket and School Bibles and Testaments, a very large stock; Psalmist, Watts and Select, Plymouth Collection, and Christian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post, Political and Ornamental Writing Papers. White, Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes.—Gillott's and Commercial Pens and Holders of various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and Indellible Ink. Covered, Plain, Transparent, and Porcelain Slates. Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper. Whitney's Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Ink Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Faber's, Carpenters, and Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders, Drawing Books, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Tearers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

JUVENILE BOOK,

in Cloth, Morocco, and paper covers.

Blank Books and Memorandums of all kinds in general use, Full and Half-Bound Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, and Letter Books, Tablet Paper and Ivory Memorandums, Writing and Exercise Books, School Journals, &c.

HOUSE PAPERS.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand, and supplied to order.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff, Back, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crotchet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and Toys of all kinds.

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand

☞ SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.

Woburn, Feb. 14.

WILLIAM WINN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estat attended to on reasonable term

Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive prompt attention.

A. B COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Stree

At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office in the Post Office building.

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND Daguerreotype Rooms,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, ... WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1858. ytf

A. W. POLLARD,

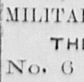
Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in

MILITARY, REGALIA, AND THEATRICAL GOODS.

No. 6 Court St., Boston.

THE FREEMASONS' MONITOR,

BY THOMAS SMITH WEBB.



A new and beautifully illustrated pocket edition, containing, in addition to the Manual of Webb, (carefully collated with the original,) a Manual for the Degrees of Royal and Select Master, full Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, and Installation, in Council and Encampment, a historical sketch of the Lectures of Masoury, a correct Likeness of Webb, (with a fac-simile autograph,) and a complete Burial Service for the Orders of Knighthood, by George W. Chase Editor of the Masonic Journal. This is the only *complete* Masonic Monitor ever published, as it is the only one containing complete Rituals for Constitution, Dedication, Installation, in Lodge, Chapter, Council and Encampment, or the above named Burial Service. The MONITOR contains 352 pages, is splendidly illustrated, bound in best Morocco, tucks, gilt, and is sold at $1 per copy. The same bound in Muslin, 75 cts. per copy.

Also, the THREE FIRST DEGREES of the same work, in muslin, price 37 cents, at retail, (postpaid to any part of the United States.) A liberal discount made to the trade.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

Bellingham's Celebrated

STIMULATING UNGUENT,

For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

The Stimulating Unguent

is prepared by Dr. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair If applied to the scalp, it will cure BALDNESS, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn RED or towy hair DARK, and restore gray hair to its original color leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Unguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price One Dollar a box—for sale by all Druggists and Dealers; or a box of the "Unguent" (warranted to have the desired effect) will be sent to any who desire it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1.18. Apply to or address HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO., DRUGGISTS, &c.,

21—6m. 24 William Street, New York.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Office 33 Bromfield St., Boston.

Rev. N. Day, *President*. Rev. P. Mason, *Vice do*
Charles R. Greene, *Treasurer*.

PHYSICIANS:

R. GREENE, M. D. | I. HUTCHINS, M. D
MARY HARWOOD, FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

THIS Institution was established to secure greater perfection in the science of Medicine, and a more successful practice in the treatment of the various diseases upon natural or rational principles, discarding the use of poisonous drugs, and using such remedies, and such only, as act in harmony with the laws of life. Invalids, therefore who wish to employ sensible means in a sensible way, for the recovery of health, will find advantages at this Institution not to be found elsewhere.

The Electro-Chemical Baths, together with Dr. Greene's improved Medication, have been adopted in this Institution, and have greatly aided in the removal of many diseases.

Most Diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Complaint, Female Complaints, and the great variety of diseases with which the human body is afflicted, are successfully treated with medicines which can be sent to any part of the world, with full directions, as a very correct knowledge can be obtained from answers to the questions in the "Indian Arcana," a copy of which will be sent free when requested. Persons wishing to learn more fully the theory and practice of this Institution, will be supplied with a pamphlet by mail, free, on the receipt of four postage stamps.

All persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should avail themselves of the personal attention of the physicians at the Institute, where proper boarding-houses are provided.

Consultations at the office, free of charge, from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M., or by letter on the receipt of a postage stamp.

All communications should be directed to DR. GREENE, 36 *Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.*

$1200 A YEAR AND EXPENSES GUARANTEED AGENTS FOR

FULLAM'S

$10 Patent Stencil Tools.

THE WHOLE OUTFIT IN A NEAT TRUNK FOR $10.

TWO hours' practice enables any one to use those tools with facility. The outfit contains Chisels and Gouges for LARGE WORK, and stock enough to retail for $150. Circulars and samples sent free.

Address A. J. FULLAM, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston; 212 Broadway, New York; or Springfield, Vt.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

A Cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, General Debility, and all Scrofulus Humors.

THIS COMPOUND has been used with the most complete success by our most celebrated Physicians, for the removal and permanent cure of the above diseases. Hundreds for whom there was no hope before the discovery of this simple yet effectual remedy, have been raised to health and happiness by its timely use. The following case of Mr. J. Williams is sufficient to convince all of its Wonderful effects. He says:—

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for several months. I had used the clear Cod Liver Oil most of the time, but had derived but little benefit from it. I had an attack of Bleeding at the Lungs, which alarmed my friends very much, as they now supposed there was no hope for me. About this time I heard of your Compound Cod Liver Oil and Lime. I immediately commenced using it, and began soon to perceive its benoeficia effects; in two months my cough had entirely left me, and I am now enjoying perfect health. Truly yours, J. Williams."

N. B. This Compound does not nauseate like the Clear Oil.—Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, No. 166 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Rubber Coats,	-	$1.50 to $8.00
Rub'r Horse Covers,		2.50 " 5.00
Rubber Foot Balls,		.60 " 1.60

All Goods at the Manufacturers' Lowest Prices.

ALFRED HALE & CO.,
India-Rubber Manuf'rs, 23 School Street, BOSTON.

ANDREW J. MORSE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Soda and Mineral Water Apparatus,

40 Congress Street, Boston.

Catalogues containing prices and description of the various articles will be sent upon application.

NATURAL HISTORY STORE,

16 Tremont Street, Boston.

CHARLES G. BREWSTER,

DEALER in Preserved Birds, Animals and Skins. Live Birds, fine singing Canaries, Cages, Marine Shells, Minerals, Insects, brilliant Feathers, Moss and Feather Work, Artificial Eyes and Leaves. Also, Aquaria Tanks, Goldfish, Glass Shades, Bird Seed of all kinds, Nests, Sand, &c.

Birds and Animals preserved to order. When sent from other places they will be safely packed.

J. A. BRUCE,

NO. 105 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Dealer in

Horses, Carriages, Piano-Fortes, Iron Safes, Cigars, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

And various other kinds of Merchandise. Also, *Real Estate* bought and sold. Money loaned on Personal Property. Always ready to buy, sell, or exchange property.

FAIRBANKS & BREED,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Ale, Porter, Cider, Mineral water,

Congress Spring Water, Draught Ale, Porter, and Lager Beer.

Howard Athenæum Building,

HOWARD ST., BOSTON.

The French Burr Millstone Shop

Is removed from the foot of WEBSTER ST., East Boston, to

Nos. 17 and 19 Eastern Avenue,

THIRD DOOR FROM COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

CONSTANTLY on hand a choice selection of all kinds of French and American Esopus Burr Millstones. Stones dressed and repaired in Mills at short notice, and by most competent workmen. N. CRILLY.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL COMPANY.

Kerosene, Illuminating, Lubriacating and Binnacle Oils.

THE above Oils, from the manufactory of this Company, constantly on hand and for sale by the Agents,

BUSLEY & KING,

March 14, 1861. 36 INDIA STREET.

$40 EUREKA LOCK-STITCH $40

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To THOMAS DERMOTT, ESQ., No. 260 Washington Street, Boston.

Dear Sir:—The "Eureka Sewing Machine" which I purchased of you last October works to a charm, and has given, thus far, *perfect satisfaction*. We find it a matter of great convenience that it makes a stitch alike on both sides. We cheerfully recommend the "Eureka" to any who desire to get the best Family Machine.

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DR. J. W. PHELPS, celebrated throughout New England and the West, as the inventor of various kinds of apparatus for the cure and correction of all kinds of deformities, keeps constantly on hand at his establishment, *No. 68 Tremont Street Boston*, a full assortment, such as Patent Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Knee Caps, Elastic Stockings, &c., &c.,

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DR. WHEELER'S CHERRY WINE BITTERS have gained a repetition for excellence in driving out of the human system such complaints as dyspepsia, nervous debility, scrofulous humors, eruptions of the skin, hysteria, headache, jaundice, languor, vertigo, flatulency.

They combat with other disease, viz. lowness of spirits, diarrhœa, dysentery, and readily conquer.

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BROWN'S BRONCHICAL TROCHES CURE

Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, clear and give strength to the voice of

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FEW are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "slight cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are the most valuable article, especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarsness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at 25 cents a box.

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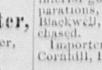

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DELICIOUS SAUCES,
FINE MUSTARD, and
GENUINE KETCHUPS,
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Meats, Fish, Soups, Gravies. &c.

They should be furnished for every table, and supplied to every cook.

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Roman and Portland Cement, for brick or stone work, hydraulics, gas and water pipe joints, &c.,

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MANUFACTURER of every description of Polished ENGRAVED METAL SIGNS, for Store Windows, Office Doors, Door Posts, &c. Silver Door Plates neatly engraved to order. No. 221 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. Machine Carriage, and Coffin Plates, furnished and engraved to order. Silver Letters and Numbers, Pew Figures, &c., &c. Orders sent from a distance will receive prompt attention. Diploma awarded at the late Mechanics' Fair, for Engraved Metal Signs.

Almanacs for 1861!

BROWN'S, Thomas', Pilgrim's and Christian Almanacs for 1861. laso as soon as published, the Boston and Lady's Almanacs at the Woburn Bookstore.

Miscellaneous.

The Massachusetts Line.

AIR: *Yankee Doodle.*

Still first, as long and long ago,
Let Massachusetts muster;
Give her the post right next the foe;
Be sure that you may trust her.
She was the first to give her blood
For freedom and for honor
She trod her soil to crimson mud:
God's blessing be upon her!

She never faltered for the right,
Nor ever will hereafter;
Fling up her name with all your might,
Shake roof-tree and shake rafter.
But of old deeds she need not brag,
How she broke sword and fetter;
Fling out again the old striped flag!
She'll do yet more and better.

In peace her sails fleck all the seas,
Her mills shake every river;
And where are scenes so fair as these
God and her true hands give her?
Her claim in war who seek to rob?
All others come in later—
Hers first it is to front the Mob,
The Tyrant and the Traitor.

God bless, God bless the glorious state!
Let her have way to battle!
She'll go where batteries crash with fate,
Or where thick rifles rattle.
Give her the Right, and let her try,
And then, who can, may press her;
She'll go straight on, or she will die;
God bless her! and God bless her!

Mississippi River Life.

Every avocation of life, no matter what it may be, has its eccentric features — and "characters" are always found whose peculiarities mark them with an especial stamp. Among our river men—whose lives are more variegated than any other—this feature is particularly prominent—for, thrown into all sorts of society, mingling in friendly communion with all grades of people from the pauper to the prince, the witless and witty, the foolish and the wise, the rough and the refined, their opportunities to read nature mountainize above all that philosophers ever have written. Show us the captain of a western steamer who cannot assert the precise location of a man's soul by his eye, and see as clearly through him as though he were but a sheet of glass, and his faculty, which he has acquired by practical experience and the instincts of association, enables him to make himself easy any where among men, and to accommodate himself to the varied notions of a varied people. In fact, he is and is not like the chameleon—he is, so far as his individual intercourse with men goes in assuming their colors, but is not, so far as the fabled existence on air is concerned, as that don't pay the wood bills.

There are some quaint old characters on our waters, and their anecdotes of river life would make an amusing collection—such a one as would be worth the attention of any enterprising collater. Some of the "yarns" of these quaint old Captains out Hood Hood himself, and contain more of the *material* of humor than would furnish texts for a prolific author's life time.

There was once a steamboat coming up the Mississippi one dark night, and the captain, according to "time honored usage" was playing cards in the social hall. The mate stepped in:

"Captain, out of wood—not enough left to make the water hot enough to shave with."

"Ring the bell," replied the captain,—"Show a light, and scare some up, along the shore."

The mate went out, and the captain went on with the game. In a few moments the mate returned.

"Found a yawl, sir."

The Captain left the table, and went out.

"How do you sell your wood?" shouted the Captain to the people at the yard.

"Two and a half."

"Too much," said the Captain. "However, take a cord or two and look further."

A couple of cords were taken in, the game was resumed in the social halls, and the boat went on.

A half hour elapsed, when the mate again appeared.

"Out of wood, sir."

"Bell and light—My deal."

The orders were obeyed, and the mate again announced a wood-yard. The Captain went out.

"What's the price of your wood?"

"Two and a half."

"Too high, but will take a couple of cords till we can do better."

As before, a couple of cords were taken in, and not twenty minutes elapsed before the mate again appeared."

"Out of wood, sir."

"Ring the bell."

"Better take more this time."

"Show a light."

"It's done, sir."

In a few minutes a wood yard was again "rung up," and the steamer went in.

"How do you sell your wood?"

"Two and a half."

"Two and a half be d—d!" cried the Captain.

"Well, Captain," answered the woodman, "we will put it to you this time at two and a quarter, as *this makes the third time you have wooded with us to-night.*"

The Captain had nothing to say; but took the wood, and got quickly out of that stiff current, which the boat was unable stem. The B—— was so "solemnly slow" that the Captain himself used to say she must have been intended for a hearse. She is the same boat which the newspapers once said made the trip from New Orleans to Louisville in six days and—four weeks!—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A NON-RESISTANT.—"Obadiah," said a venerable elder to his grandson, "thee knows it is against discipline to fight."

"Yes, grandfather."

"Is that shooting thing in thy hand rifled?"

"Of course it is, you don't think I would have any other."

"I'm told that is the best kind; now take it right out of my sight."

☞ A convention of editors at Washington is suggested, to devise ways and means for obtaining reports from the seat of war which shall be reliable without thwarting the plans of Government by premature announcements of contemplated movements.

"If I caught one of the rebels, I would brand him as they do cattle." "That would'nt hurt them," said the Deacon, "they are used to being brandy-ed."

☞ A Western editor says that 'a child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed, with pantalets on, which never spoke afterward.'

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASMATIC & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medicine will be needed.*

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The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co. Tremont street, Carter, Colend & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carny, and Weeks & Porter, Washington street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

T. A. SWEETSER,
Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.
January 25th, 1860.—1ly

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HOME CIRCLE.—Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Marches, &c., for Piano, $1.50. *Shower of Pearls*, Vocal Duets, $2.00. *Operatic Bouquet*, Duets, Quartetts, Choruses, &c., from the best Operas, $2.00. *Home Melodist*, Words and Music of about 100 Favorite Songs, 25 cts. *Shilling Song Book*, Words of 175 Popular Songs, 12 cts. 100 Scotch Songs, 100 Irish Songs, 100 Comic Songs, each 50 cts.

Sent post paid, on receipt of price. Pianos and Melodeons for sale and to let at very low prices, by DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

HORSE SHOES,

BURDEN'S NEW PATENT MACHINE HORSE SHOES, punched, creased, and ready for fitting, warranted to fit up as easily and wear as long as the best hand-made Swedes Iron Shoe, and sold at the price of good shoe iron. Weight from ten ounces to three pounds, packed in kegs of one hundred pounds, one size or an assortment, as preferred in each keg. Samples may be seen at the store of LEEDS & TOBEY, 23 BROAD ST., BOSTON. Agents for the sale of Burden's Railroad, Ship and Boat Spikes, Boiler Rivets, Horse Shoes, and Merchant Iron.

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THE READY FAMILY SOAP MAKER, AND UNIVERSAL CLEANSER.

WILL make hard water soft, clean Paint, remove Ink from Type, Grease from Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.

One Box costs.......................25 cents
4 to 4½ lbs. refuse grease, usually given away, at about ½ cent per lb., say..............20

45 cents

Forty-five cents, therefore, is the cost of a barre of FIRST RATE SOFT SOAP.

Recipe for making different kinds of Soap, SENT FREE by addressing depot of Company.

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THIS DELICIOUS TONIC STIMULANT,

ESPECIALLY designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, has all of those *intrinsic* medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic) which belong to the *old* and *pure* Gin. It has received the personal endorsement of *over seven thousand physicians* who have recommended it in the treatment of Gravel, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Obstruction or suppression of the Menses, Affections of the Kidneys, etc.

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March 1, 1861,—1y.

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Boston Post,	Ballou's Pictorial,
" Herald,	New York Ledger,
" Bee,	Middlesex Journal
" Traveller,	Lowell Vox Populi,
" Ledger,	Gazette,
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FENDT'S
BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,

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Winter Style!

—OF—

HATS AND CAPS

For 1860,

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W. A. HASLAM'S,

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☞ Silk Hats Warranted Waterproof

HATS and CAPS, made to order at short notice Old Hats renovated and made to look as good as new.

Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Manufacturers at Augusta, Me., would respectfully inform their former customers and the public generally, that they have opened on

HARLESTOWN STREET, NO 24,

(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. As they manufacture their own articles, (mostly from St. John e mber,) and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.

☞ Particular attention paid to orders by mail or express.

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CRANE'S PATENT RUBBER BAND

Carpet Sweeper.

THIS is the only article fit to sweep a Carpet. They save all the labor and dust, and the Carpets will last twice as long. They are one of the most important articles in house-keeping, which no one will be without after once using it. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

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JOSIAH HOVEY.
Lyceum Building, Winchester, June 7.

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Publisher of Music and Music Books and Dealer in

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FROM all the publishers in the U. S., Bertini's Huntins, and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments; Church Music Books; Music elegantly Bound; Music paper, and all kind of Music Merchandise,

At the Lowest Prices.

NEW PIANOS,

At $175, $200, $225, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $160; New Melodions, $45, $60, $75, $100, and up to $200; Second Hand Melodeons, from $30 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $160; nine stops, $185 and $225; thirteen stops, $250, $275 and $300; fifteen stops, $320 and $375. A liberal discount to Clergymen Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

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"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two more: they will be more popular than any other make."

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H. Waters, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Having, used one of your Piano Fortes for two years past. I have found it a very *superior Instrument.*

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"The Piano I received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place."—JAMES L. CLARKE. *Charlestown, Va.*

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"Your piano pleases us well. It is the best one in our county."—Thomas A. Latham, *Campbell on, Ga.*

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The Bell is publishedin small numbers, entitled Anniversary and Sunday School Music Book, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in order to accommodate the million; price $2 and $3 per hundred. No. 5 will soon be issued—commencement of another book. Also, Revival Music Book, Nos. 1 and 2, price $1 and $2 per hundred, postage 1c. More than 350,000 copies of the above books have been issued the past eighteen months, and the demand is rapidly increasing. Published by

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New York, Nov. 26 '59.—tf.

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For Family and Medical Use.

THIS natural product of the most nutritious grain recommends itself as presenting in a concentrated form the nutritive properties of Wheat, and has received the highest encomiums from eminent medical authorities, as possessing qualities that are absolutely FATTENING;—this desideratum renders it invaluable to those who are suffering from consumption, Lung Complaint, Bronchitis, Impaired Strength, Lack of Vital Energy, and all diseases which, in their incipient stages require only a generous diet, and an invigorating, nourishing stimulant.

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Nov. 1860.—1y

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FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS,

THE MAKORA ARABICA,

DISCOVERED BY A

Missionary while traveling in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

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All who are suffering from Bronchitis should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Asthma, Scrofula and impurities of the blood should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

It cures Consumption.
It cures Bronchitis.
It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds.
It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and impurities of the Blood.

This unequalled remedy is now for the first time introduced to the public.

It was providentially discovered by a missionary while travelling in Arabia. He was cured of Consumption by its use after his case was pronounced hopeless by learned physicians in Europe.

He has forwarded to us in writing, a full account of his own extraordinary cure, and of a number of other cures which have come under his observation, and also a full account of the medicine.

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THE proprietor of this medicine refers with confidence to the following testimonials in regard to its efficacy in relieving pain and curing the diseases for which it is recommended. The persons who have given these certificates can be referred to at any time, as they have signified their willingness to answer any communication concerning this Curative that may be addressed to them.

WILMINGTON DEPOT, May 16th, 1859.

PETER LAWSON—My Dear Sir: It is a sensation of pleasure to ourselves, and gratitude to you, that I take my pen to inform you of the recovery of my wife by the use of your "Nervous Curative." For two and a half years past my wife has been unable to attend to her family and household duties, on account of intense suffering from the most agonizing of all pains arising from Neuralgia on the sciatic nerve. The consequent loss of sleep and debility, rendered her recovery almost hopeless, and no remedy proved efficacious, although many of them had been prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the state. On the recommendation of J. Short, conductor on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" was forwarded to her by Mr. Leavitt, our worthy station-agent, a few months since; and, applied during one of the severest attacks of the disease, to our astonishment it afforded almost immediate relief, and has restored her from suffering, so that she now enjoys sweet and refreshing sleep. We have used two bottles of it, and stil. continue to use it, as we find it strengthens her nerves every day. She now enjoys better health than she has for years. We earnestly and most sincereiy recommend your invaluable remedy to all afflicted with nervous diseases, satisfied they will find it such a blessing as never to be without it, or recommending it to their friends We are sincerely and gratefully yours,

L. STRATTON,
M. B. STRATTON.

PETER LAWSON, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your "Neuralgic Curative and Nerve Tonic." It is truly a curative. For a long time I had been a sufferer from Neuralgia in the face and teeth, and for which I could get no relief. Though I had but little faith in any remedy, having made trial of almost every thing without any benefit, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, I tried a bottle of the Curative. It gave immediate relief—has entirely removed the trouble and effected a permanent cure.

I give this cheerfully, as I feel that this remedy should be known to all. Yours truly,

T. FOSTER FARMER.
Billerica, Mass., March 14, 1860.

Nashua, N. H., March 11, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your *Nervous Curative* for the cure of *Chilblains* and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your *Nervous Curative*, according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your *Nervous Curative*, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted. Yours truly, J. B. EATON.

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DRACUT, Nov. 19, 1860.

HON. PETER LAWSON:—I think it my duty to the public, as well as to myself, to inform you, that I was completely cured of "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," in December, 1858. I had been troubled with it very often, and when it did affect me it was very severe, entirely prostrating me, and laying me up from my daily work. I had tried many remedies, which did no good whatever, until I tried your "Neuralgic and Rheumatic Curative, and Nerve Tonic." By gargling my throat often with it, and applying it warm outside, as you directed, its application entirely cured me in two nights and one day. I am truly glad to add, thrt I have never had the slightest trouble with it since. I do most heartily recommend it to all persons troubled with "Diphtheria or Sore Throat," knowing that I shall receive their thanks for so doing. Hoping you will be rewarded for your great and valuable discovery, I am truly and gratefully yours,

WILLIAM McCUTCHEON

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ASA MORGRIDGE.

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Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

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PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1855.

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From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.

Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *bilious complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Washington, D. C., 7th Feb., 1856.

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I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the *natural secretion* when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to *cleanse the stomach* and *expel worms.* They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

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